

ONE SHILLIN

BRITANNIA *and* EVE

Vol. I

No. 1

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

MAY 1929



IN THIS ISSUE: Major P. C. WREN: JEFFERY FARNOL: CLEMENCE DANE: Lord BIRKENHEAD: MAY EDGINTON: Lion FEUCHTWANGER, etc. COMPLETE WOMEN'S SECTIONS — SPORT, HEALTH, HOUSEKEEPING, GARDEN, etc., etc.

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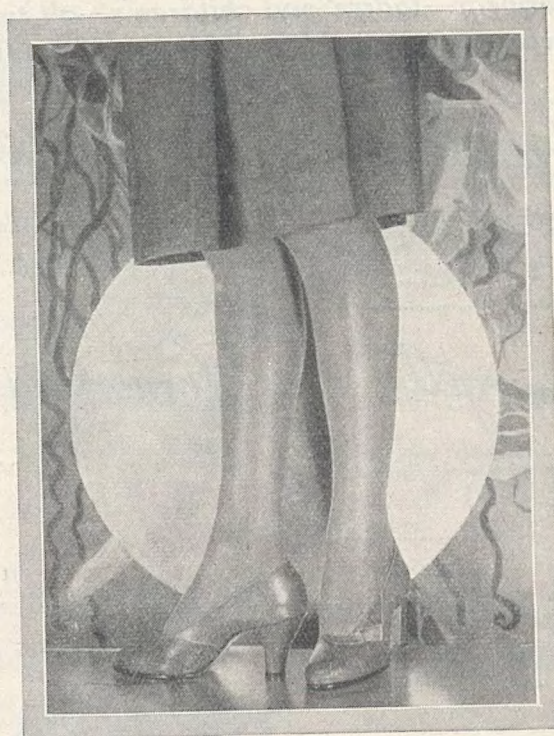
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BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

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The £1,000 Film Competition (preliminary announcement).

The "Famous Women of History" series, painted by the great artist, F. Matania.

The eight-page Paris Fashion Section in Colour-gravure.

The "Better Paper Pattern" Service.

"The Fun Fair," a four-page loose supplement in Colour for the Children.

The 16 pages of Photogravure.

The quintette of complete stories, by May Edginton, William McFee, P. C. Wren, Hector Bolitho and Jeffery Farnol.

The four-page Cookery Section illustrated by natural colour photography.

The completeness of the Woman's Section, which includes special sub-sections dealing with House-keeping, Physical Culture, Health and Beauty, Social Etiquette and Woman's Sport.

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THE FUN FAIR.

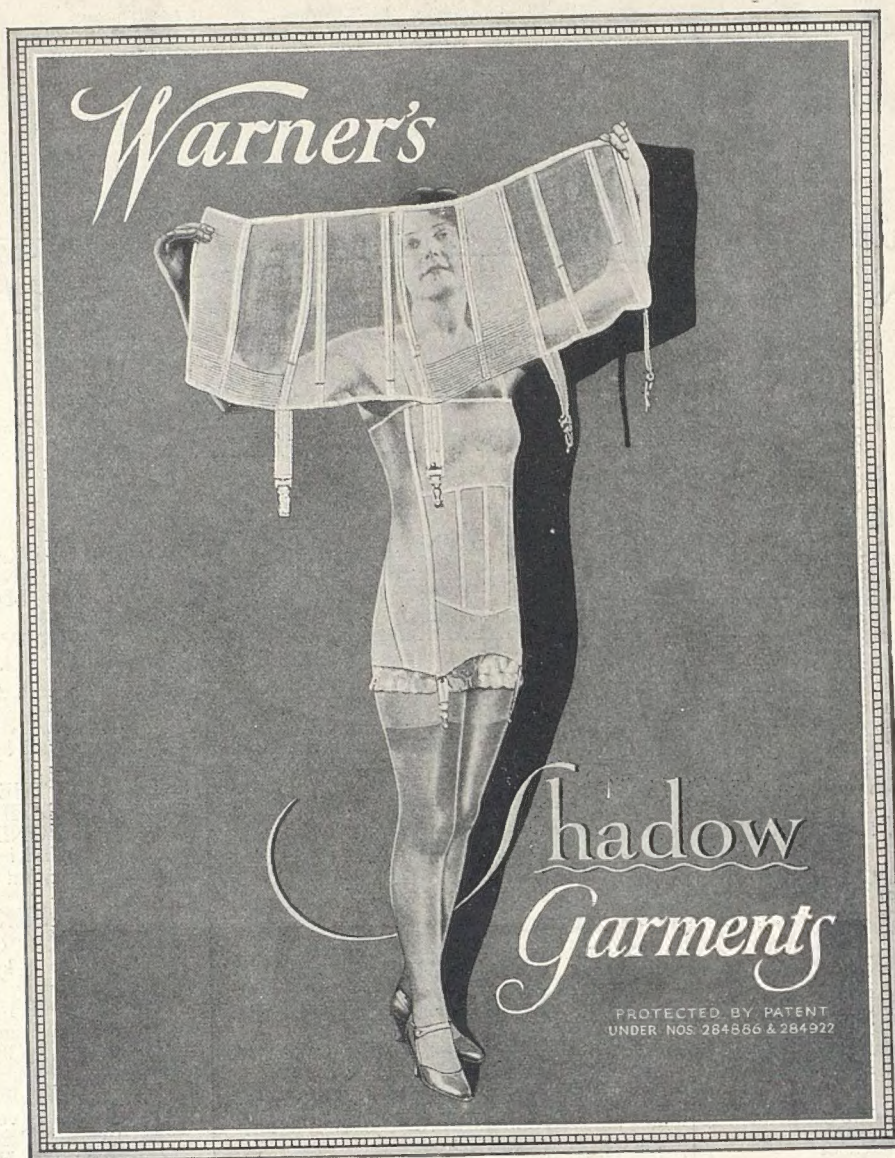
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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MS. but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable.

The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 220.

The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



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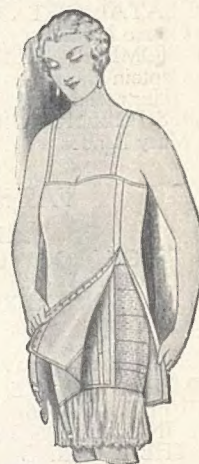
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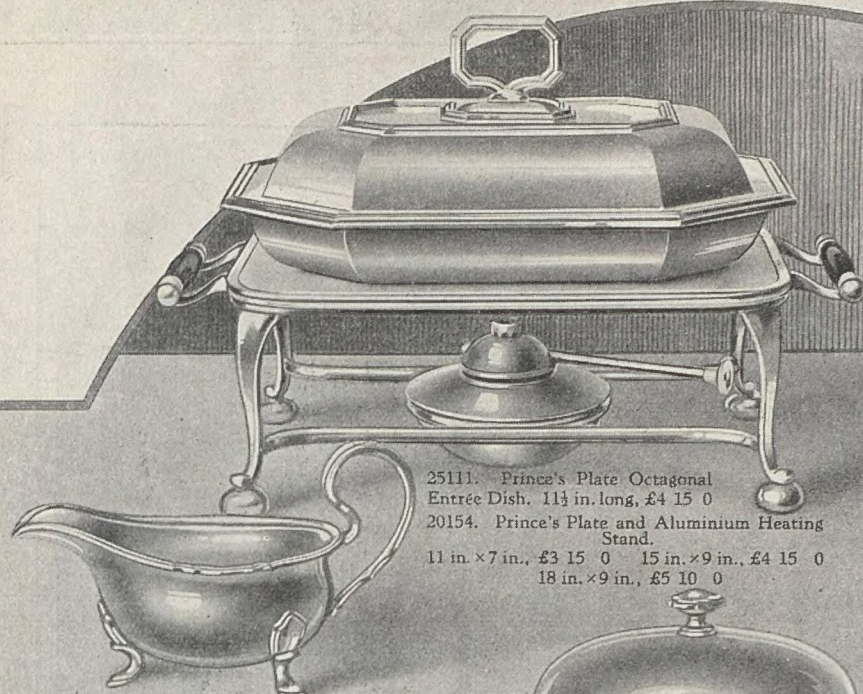
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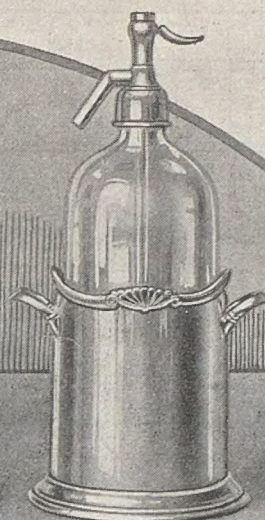
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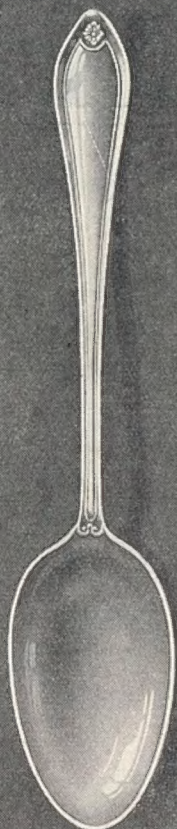


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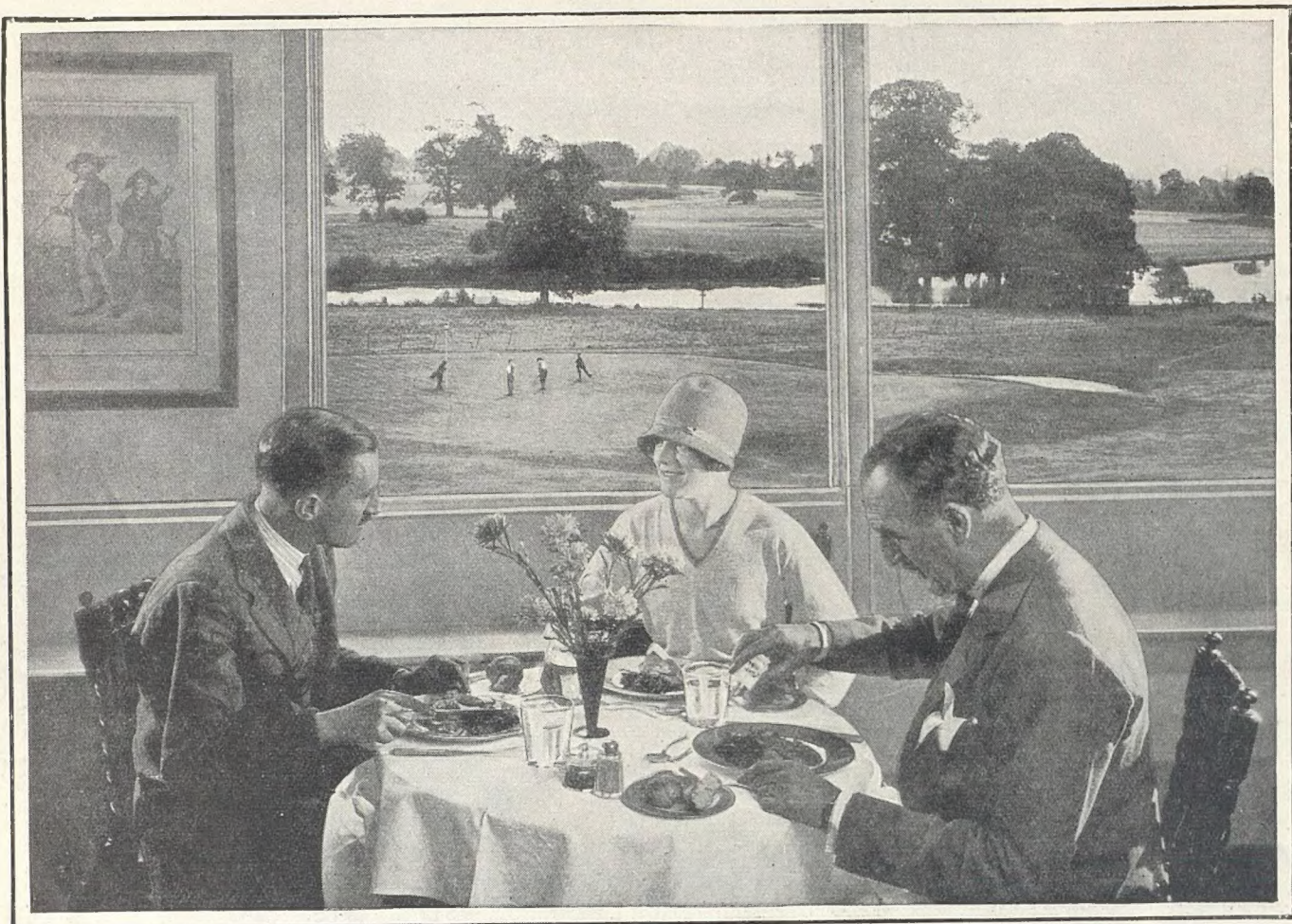
BUENOS AIRES.

SAO PAULO.

ETC.



BY APPOINTMENT



A BALL ON THE MATCH

The result in doubt till the last putt. Now for luncheon. Lamb cutlets and a long refreshing drink. The world seems a very, very good place. Salt? Certainly—Cerebos—reflecting the good taste of the ideal club.

Cerebos

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IN sheer loveliness of style and fabric, this new **Luxury CHILPRUFE** is the supreme development of modern times. There has never before been anything in **PURE WOOL** so light or so beautiful. There is a complete absence of bulkiness and yet it provides "CHILPRUFE" protection when worn with lightest of summer frocks, or evening wear. To fully appreciate the "silk stocking" lightness of "LUXURY" CHILPRUFE you must handle it.

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JOHN A. BOLTON, Proprietor. — LEICESTER.

OUR NEW ELECTORATE



MISS PREJUDICE

- "Have you seen the Political Lizards who bask on front benches and yawn?
 "Have you heard them rise up with a wriggle and snap at each other till dawn?
 "Have you watched them make notes about nothing till papers lie thick on the floor?
 "Oh, my Sister Electors," groans Claudia, "have you been in the House when they snore?"
 "Male M.P.'s are no longer in fashion," states Claudia, enchantingly grim.
 "You must vote for high-soul-powered Women, alert and volcanic with vim.
 "Friends and Flappers," smiles Claudia the cunning, "if you care to elect little Me,
 "The State shall supply your silk stockings, and every Abdulla be free."

F. R. HOLMES.

VOTES FOR ABDULLA

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

IN GREAT VARIETY FROM 5/- PER 100 UPWARD

BRITANNIA & EVE - May 1929
 PHOTOGRAVURE SECTION



Inveresk House
 Drawing made expressly for this issue
 of *BRITANNIA and EVE*
 by
 HANSLIP FLETCHER

The Home of the new monthly
 magazine of which the present
 issue is the first



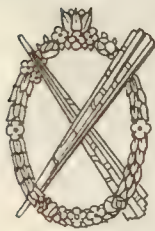
Bond Street, Noon.
Drawing expressly made for this issue
of BRITANNIA & EVE by Joseph Pike



Piccadilly (Devonshire House), Noon.
Drawing made expressly for this issue
of BRITANNIA & EVE by Joseph Pike



WHAT THE
WELL-DRESSED
PARISIENNE
IS WEARING
THIS SPRING



Madame Drake-Exner
dressed by
CHANTAL

Photographs by ALBAN





Above: JENEFER, the amusing little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grey Wornum.



On right: MOYRA, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Guthrie of Guthrie, and grandchild of the Hon. Mrs. Gough.

Above: LADY CECILIA EVELYN ANSON, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield.

On left: CHRISTOPHER, younger son of Sir Edward and Lady Dawson.



On right: The Hon. ELA BEAUMONT, only daughter of Viscount Allendale.



THE MEN and WOMEN OF TO-MORROW



Below: MARY and JACK TEMPLE THURSTON, children of the well-known novelist.



Above: PATRICK, son of Sir Edward Chichester and the Hon. Lady Chichester.



Above: FELICE, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Maynard Greville.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHO ARE WELL KNOWN IN LONDON SOCIETY



Mrs. ARTHUR BENDIR, and her lovely little four-year-old daughter, Jane. Mrs. Bendir is the well-known racehorse owner.



VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSSE, the graceful and elegant lady who recently married a well-known journalist peer.



Mrs. RAYMOND MASSEY, professionally known as Miss Peggy Fremantle, who has contributed an article to this issue.



Mrs. OLIVER LOCKER LAMPSON, the Society hostess and wife of a prominent Conservative politician, pictured in a delightful Indian costume.

Pictures by Edmund Harrington, Yevonde, and Lafayette.



PRINCESS FAUCIGNY LUCINGE. A well-known hostess in London and Paris. She was formerly Miss Baba d' Erlanger.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING



Above : Miss JEVONS and Mr. KENYON at Le Touquet, where week-ends are a pleasant mixture of golf by day and a gamble in the evening.

Right : Lady HADDINGTON comes to town from Scotland. She is the daughter of Mr. G. W. Cook, of Montreal.



An unmistakable figure with his button-hole and cigar, Lord LONSDALE pauses for his photograph on the steps of his house in Carlton House Terrace.



Three decorative members of the younger set: Mrs. Cunningham Reid, Lady Ashley (formerly Miss Sylvia Hawkes, the actress), and Lady Scarsdale, formerly Miss Mildred Dunbar.



Above : Prince and Princess WIASEMSKY are well known in London, and find a day's racing a pleasant diversion.



Left : The Earl of CARDIGAN, who edits our Motoring pages, and his wife at home at their house in Savernake Forest. Lord Cardigan is the son and heir of the Marquess of Ailesbury.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING



Above: Sir OLIVER LODGE, the Grand Old Man of Science, on a holiday on the Riviera. He is seen here dictating letters to his secretary in the sunny gardens of his hotel at Cannes. Sir Oliver is in his seventy-eighth year.

Below: One of young Society's newly-married couples, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley. Mrs. Kindersley was formerly Miss Oonagh Guinness, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness.



Above: Miss VIOLET LORRAINE (Mrs. Joicey) plays golf with enthusiasm. After retiring from the stage she made a welcome return in a "straight" part. Revue has missed her sadly.

Below: Miss Sykes, Mrs. Fabian Trollope, & Mrs. Tozer at Le Touquet.



Above: Lady MARY LYGON, and Lady LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER go racing.



MAY IN DEVONSHIRE

*Picture made expressly for
this issue of BRITANNIA & EVE
by EDGAR & WINIFRED WARD*

A NEW BIOGRAPHICAL VIGNETTE

By the GREAT GERMAN NOVELIST

Who Created "JEW SÜSS" and "The UGLY DUCHESS"

DR. LION FEUCHTWANGER

THE SWABIAN LADY
OR
LADY WARREN HASTINGS

Translated from the German by PAUL SELVER



"... Mrs. Imhoff was much younger than her husband; she may have been twenty-two. Her complexion was delicate and yet freshly coloured; her fair hair was matched by a very fine skin. ... A short gentleman in a coffee-coloured suit came up to her, with a long face, a long nose, long eyes beneath a broad forehead, a powerful chin ..."

I.

IT was the third week since they had left Portsmouth, and by now all the passengers on the "Duke of Grafton" had sized each other up, made friends or were at loggerheads. Everybody knew what everybody else was worth, whether he was going to Madras or Bengal, who he was, what he was like.

It was a long voyage from England to India all the way round the Cape of Good Hope. If things went smoothly it would take nineteen weeks from Portsmouth to Madras, but it sometimes happened that as much as six months were spent on board. When they had

DR. LION FEUCHTWANGER wrote "Jew Süß" and "The Ugly Duchess," two brilliant historical novels which swept across Europe as only a few such works do in a century. The talented German author is now busily engaged on another historical novel dealing with the amazing life story of the Swabian lady who eventually became LADY WARREN HASTINGS, the wife of the ruthless 18th century conqueror of India: this INDIAN MINIATURE is the first sketch for the larger work which Feuchtwanger hopes to complete in two or three years' time.

put to sea the weather had been pleasantly cool; now while they were sailing along the west coast of Africa, it was confoundingly hot.

The ship belonged to the East India Trading Company. Anyone who went to India had to be prepared for a rough time of it. There was no need to make the voyage attractive; as it was, there was quite a rush of people to the territories served by the company. And so the ships of the East India Company were not the most comfortable of vessels, and the "Duke of Grafton" was not the most comfortable among them. The lack of comfort was

unpleasant, the heat was more unpleasant, but the dullness of it was the worst of all.

BESIDES the crew the number of persons on board was forty-one. Most of them were soldiers, the majority going out to India for the first time.

There were also a few officials of the trading company, and a clergyman. Only five ladies were on board: the wife of General Clavering; a Miss Pearce; wife and daughter of the company's resident at Moorshedabad; a German lady, Mrs. Imhoff, accompanied by her husband and her four-year-old child.

India was a place of hardships, but it was enticing. Those who went there were either very hard up or else were full of courage and confidence that they would do well there. Many came back with plenty of money but with shattered health; many with shattered health and nothing else, while quite a large number came to an untimely end as a result of the treacherous climate. It was an unpleasant country, a hundred degrees in the shade even in spring, and the natives were an uncanny lot. Seventeen thousand white people among seventy million coloured. They were all unreliable, nobody could tell what they would do next. When people lived in that country, they never had firm ground beneath their feet, but floated in strange, warm water which assuredly did their health no good.

The prospects in the Army, of course, were varied and promising; the chances were ampler than anywhere else. Why, John Charles Maclin, although only thirty, the brother of Hugh Dilke who was on board, had made forty thousand pounds in four years. Plenty of people were willing to put up with a deranged liver at that price.

SO it was clear what thirty-eight out of the forty-one passengers on board the "Duke of Grafton" were after in India. But what on earth did that German want on board? He was a brisk stoutish person with streaks of grey in his hair, and a wife and child.

The name he went by was Christopher Karl Adam Baron Imhoff. Several people remembered that a Herr von Imhoff had been Governor of the Dutch Indies thirty years previously. But this man did not look as if he would ever be a Governor. The other passengers were not inclined to take his title very seriously, and in the passenger list he figured as plain Mr. Imhoff. He had told some of them that he was a painter who was going to India to look for subjects there, and that his principal aim was to paint miniatures on ivory and porcelain, which were then in fashion, for the native princes. The idea was a fantastic one, and doubly mysterious in the case of a man who was encumbered with a wife and child. The highly coloured stories which he told in fluent and defective English met with a cool reception. His obtrusive attempts to scrape acquaintance encountered an attitude of reserve, and the German and his wife were left largely to their own devices.

Nevertheless all the passengers felt highly inquisitive about the queer couple. Mrs. Imhoff was much younger than her husband; she may have been twenty-two. Her complexion was delicate and yet fresh coloured, her fair hair was matched by a very fine skin; her eyes were grey, her forehead narrow. She laughed frequently, showing her small, dainty teeth. Although she was tall and big, with features which appeared perhaps rather sharp to a close observer, yet on the whole there was something tender and nimble about her. When this

dubious baroness was walking on deck, the men's demeanour and talk underwent a change. Their voices became louder and they tried to shine as conversationalists, they strove to impart a touch of elegance to gesture and movement.

The ladies, on the other hand, notably General Clavering's wife, stopped talking when Mrs. Imhoff came near them, and their faces assumed a wooden expression.

THE sky was changelessly tropical. Sweat and dullness were the order of the day. Three weeks on a ship is a long time, and when a person sees that the other passengers form a complex and varied community from which they themselves are shut off, the monotony of the voyage is intensified.

Perhaps it was this which caused the German couple the greatest distress; perhaps of all those on board their future was the gloomiest and hardest. Yet the Baron continued as before to make cheerful, futile attempts to approach the other passengers, while the Baroness clung to her winsome radiant smile with its display of small teeth. Nor did she seem to be adversely affected by the continual strain of looking after her child.

Apart from the rats, the little boy, who was four years old, was the most active creature on board. While his mother, with unvarying kindness, reproved, entreated or comforted him, the podgy little fellow would dash from one end of the ship to the other, played with dog and bird, asked the captain unintelligible questions in German, crowed, crooned, disturbed the sailors in their work, got lost three or four times a week under the sailing tackle in the ship's hold, was always running into danger, crawling and slipping about between the passengers' legs. "Karl, you naughty boy," protested Mrs. Imhoff day after day in the clear voice of hers, and the passengers explained to each other that Karl was the German for Charles.

ONE day, as he was persistently and clumsily playing with a whip-top, Karl crossed the path of General Clavering's wife who, clad in a dignified and copious style in spite of the heat, was walking along the deck. The whip-top got caught in the train of her dress. The podgy urchin rushed up, tumbled over, clutched at her dress and tore it apart. The general's wife gathered the torn dress together, twisted her large countenance wryly, and was about to pass on without a word. Mrs. Imhoff came up, with a delicate flush on her face, and volubly, in a mixture of German and English, began to address the General's wife and also the little boy, whom she was evidently ordering to beg the lady's pardon. But the child stood there, chubby and solid, his round eyes staring straight in front of him. The general's wife replied in chilly tones:

"I can't make out what you're saying," raised her shoulders, lowered them meaningly and swept along with her head in the air and her eyes rigidly fixed before her.

Mrs. Imhoff no longer looked bright and cheerful. Her back drooped, her face, distressed and flushed, twitched, sharp lines made their appearance. She had suddenly become a weary and sorrowful woman.

Just as she was about to move away, holding the sulky and mulish child by the hand, a short gentleman in a coffee-coloured suit came up to her, with a long face, a long nose, long eyes beneath a broad forehead, a powerful chin, his clothing neatly creased, fastened, buttoned, in spite of the heat, and said slowly and politely:

"It must be troublesome to make such a long journey with a child, even if the

child is very well behaved and the mother very patient."

Mrs. Imhoff looked at the gentleman in the coffee-coloured suit, and remembered vaguely that the Baron had told her the short gentleman, so reserved in manner, was a very important person who allowed nobody to approach him. She at once found her pleasant smile again and looked tender and girlish.

"Oh," she said in her broken English, "not at all. It is nice, it is sweet," she corrected herself, "to have a child with you, and it is horrible without one."

The gentleman listened attentively, and once more remarked, very slowly and in simple words so that she could understand him, how well behaved the little boy was.

He was probably the only person on board, except Mrs. Imhoff, who was of this opinion. Mrs. Imhoff replied eagerly, excusing her dreadful English. The gentleman said that her English was wonderful. They got on admirably together. He was not much to look at, but he was no fool. The Baroness was taller than he was, and her bright, cheerful manner contrasted with his rather stolid attitude.

The ladies watched the conversation with sour disapproval, the gentlemen with curiosity. The Baron now arrived on the scene. In the heat and boredom which prevailed on the ship, these three seemed to be the only persons who were at their ease.

At lunch-time they sat together, and Karl spilt some broth over the gentleman's coffee-coloured suit, and the gentleman thought this charming.

AFTER lunch, when the passengers were resting in their cabins, the Baron told his wife about the gentleman in the coffee-coloured suit. He was a certain Mr. Warren Hastings. The Baroness had never heard the Christian name Warren, and tried in her high-pitched Swabian accent to pronounce it properly. The Baron explained to her that this Mr. Hastings was going to Madras as First Councillor, and as the Governor of Madras, a Mr. Du Pré, was old and now merely a figurehead, this Mr. Hastings would, to all intents and purposes, rule over the Presidency of Madras.

The Baroness asked with a yawn what the Presidency of Madras was, for now she had a feeling, although not an unpleasant one, of heat and weariness. Was it as big as the Duchy of Wurtemberg? She was a native of Stuttgart, and until this long journey the only place which she had seen besides Stuttgart was Nuremberg, where the Baron had lived for the last few years.

Yes, the Presidency of Madras was bigger than Wurtemberg. The Presidency has a population of something like twenty millions, while that of Wurtemberg was eight hundred thousand. So the short gentleman in the coffee-coloured suit was practically more powerful than Duke Karl Eugen, said the Baroness, and could not help laughing.

Yes, declared Karl Adam, with emphasis, just as his uncle, Baron von Imhoff, Governor of the Dutch Indies, had been more powerful than any German sovereign. And once again he began to give Marianne a highly coloured and romantic account of Indian affairs.

THE huge country, swarming with people, the queer inhabitants, highly civilised but as weak as babies, whom any determined man with his head screwed on the right way could twist round his little finger. Lord Clive had shown that nine hundred Englishmen were a match for fifty thousand natives. Now a total of seventeen thousand white men were ruling

seventy millions of the coloured population. Queer fellows these natives. For all their cowardice, they were sometimes very dangerous. Especially where their gods and sacred animals were concerned. They were gifted with magnetic powers. Wriggled, shuffled, gave their opponents the slip. Swore false oaths wholesale for the sake of paltry trifles, and were astonished when this caused astonishment. Died staunchly, without a word, for the sake of just such paltry trifles.

Herr von Imhoff went on talking fancifully about legendary treasures, jungles, pagodas, rajahs enthroned on gold, and elephants, miracle-working saints, temple dancing-girls, the endless swarm of slaves at the beck and call of every white man.

He spoke of the magnificent opportunities which were at the disposal of a shrewd man in this country, by reason of the juncture of circumstances in Europe, the war, the tangle of Dutch, English and French interests. All he need do was, say as adviser to a native prince, to juggle with the interests of the various European nations.

Her von Imhoff had dreams of gaining the favour of one of the native potentates by means of his miniature-painting, making himself indispensable, cutting himself a rich slice of the huge Indian cake, returning to Europe with millions in his pocket, buying a German estate. And he also dreamt of perfecting his art; for he was devoted to his painting, and he imagined that he would discover new forms, a new technique for the new themes in India.

MARIANNE listened in silence. Her delicate blueish eyelids drooped, showing the long, tawny lashes. She loved her husband and liked hearing him talk, because his ideas were diverse and fantastic.

It had been so dull in Stuttgart, the small residency where they had lived in straitened circumstances, she, the little Anna Maria Apollonia Chapuset, the third daughter of a family of poor French emigrés, keeping in contact with only the fringe of the sumptuous court life of Wurtemberg, always struggling against ill-concealed contempt. And when the Baron from Franconia appeared on the scene, a widely travelled and talkative man who ardently wooed the slender, delicate, inexperienced Marianne Chapuset, it was not surprising that she thought his gallantry the fulfilment of her loftiest dreams. She gave way to him quickly and readily, and she marvelled with what ease and in what fine style the thing was done.

Her parents did not like Baron Imhoff at all; he was a chatterbox, and adventurer, he had no money. All the same, as Marianne stood out and was otherwise without prospects, her father and brother, in an interview at which there was much high-flown talk on the part of all concerned, obliged the middle-aged and threadbare Baron to marry her.

Karl Adam von Imhoff had had a chequered past, and from a longish journey in Turkey he had brought back a certain fatalism.

Why not? he asked, and got married.

The marriage had not turned out at all badly. They moved to Nuremberg, their first child died; that was perhaps just as well. Then an opportunity presented itself of contracting debts in a manner which would not have borne a close inspection. Marianne understood nothing about business transactions and did not worry about debts. When things became awkward, and the Baron suggested the fantastic journey to India, she had no scruples about one last, bold venture, and on her own account wheedled a final and substantial loan from the foolish creditor who had been considerably defrauded. And now they were on board the "Duke of Grafton" with a

He was accustomed to scrutinise goods, to arrange transport of commodities on a vast scale, to build warehouses which at the same time were fortresses, to worm his way out of the ups and downs of maritime warfare which bore a suspicious resemblance to piracy, to transact business deals which smacked of high politics.

It amused him in an unbearable climate to blend business, strategy, native psychology, English civilisation, Indian culture in such a way that it resulted in high dividends for Leadenhall Street. In his spare time he read Latin classics, wrote verses, practised sport, learnt native languages. The only thing that really upset him was a lack of occupation. He knew that the harder the situation was, the more his powers increased. On board ship he could do nothing but read classics and play chess with Major Archibald Callender. That made him ill.

He could not sleep.

In the hot cabin he reflected that under the most favourable circumstances it would take another sixteen weeks before he reached Madras. He reflected that he had been compelled to contract debts to continue the payment of the liberal pensions which he had granted to his numerous poor relatives during his stay in England. He thought of the Daylesford estate which he had recently seen again, the old family property which had been disposed of three generations back. Were ten years of work in Madras and Bengal too much to recover Daylesford? They were not. His long lips smiled.

WHEN the cool of the evening came on, he met the German lady on deck. He thought that the little boy was really quite nice, but still it was not unpleasant to find that Mrs. Imhoff had already put him to bed.

Mr. Hastings again wore a coffee-coloured suit, but this time it was a different one.

The Baroness had changed her dress, and she was now attired in a medley of bright kerchiefs, veils, pieces of lace, a vast structure surmounting her fair hair. Hastings told her about Madras and Bengal. In a vein very different from Herr von Imhoff's. He talked about figures, taxes, customs-duties,

administrative measures. The Baroness listened with an affable smile. Diverged from the matter of fact, became sentimental as the fashion prescribed. But, owing to differences of language it proved difficult to reach an understanding in this direction.

The gentleman watched attentively the fair-haired lady's long, rosy lips, misunderstood, or did not understand at all much that she said, and both of them, while discussing the changes produced in the mind by a foreign country, were compelled to laugh often and heartily at their failure to understand each other's words.

ALL the other thirty-nine passengers, including the captain, the crew, the servants, white and coloured, watched their conversation with interest. General Clavering's wife said, first to herself and then to others, that evidently what was disreputable about this couple emanated from the wife,

(Continued on p. 172.)



Baroness von Imhoff married Warren Hastings in 1777, when she was about thirty. This portrait of her, with her son, is from a mezzotint by Robert Edge Pine (1730-1788). She was twice painted by Zoffany, one portrait belonging at one time to the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston

sturdy child, much self-confidence and very little money.

THE gentleman with the coffee-coloured suit and the difficult Christian name was also resting on his narrow bed in the hot cabin. He had been sixteen years in India, and was accustomed to the bad climate, precarious conditions, hardships of all kinds. Accustomed to form rapid decisions in situations of military difficulty, to carry on complicated diplomatic negotiations with unintelligible natives. Accustomed with great patience to vindicate, for London against London, measures which in Madras or Calcutta seemed as obvious as they were incomprehensible in the offices of the East India Company in Leadenhall Street. Accustomed when London wanted both money and humanitarian principles, always to discover a way out of the dilemma, money or humanitarian principles.

TWO MILLION WOMEN

By
Clemence
Dane

20,486,000 Women
18,804,000 Men
1,682,000 "Superfluous Women"

"Spinsters of this great Parish".... the band of nearly 2,000,000 single women who will always remain single, loveless, childless....

THE "Superfluous Woman," like the poor, is always with us. Indeed, writing articles about her is rapidly becoming, for the modern spinster author, the equivalent of "leading apes in hell." In vain does she pray with *Beatrice* to be allowed to write of heaven where the bachelors sit! Her attention is firmly directed to the fact that there are 20,486,000 women in England and Wales and only 18,804,000 men! What has she, as one of the superfluous women, to say about it?

She says, to begin with, that she thinks that a good deal of unnecessary fuss is being made of the fact, and that, anyway, it is no new fact. The first article (Oh, youth! oh, thrill!) that this pen was ever paid to write was upon that very subject and that is fifteen years ago. It was as provocative a subject then as it is to-day: and even then, according to Meyrick Booth, whose *Women*



"... The Matron is a lucky woman. . . ."

by ten thousand. It is the later years that create the superfluous woman. Woman, it seems, is the longer lived. Is that because, as *Katherine*, the tamed shrew, pointed out, while the married man for her maintenance commits his body—

"To painful labour both by land and sea
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,"

she lies warm at home.

Possibly—for if there are less superfluous women than there used to be, it is, perhaps, because "the superfluous woman" works harder than she used to do, works more or less as a man does, even to "watching the night in storms" if the experiences of the Miss Lowells and the Miss Ederles are

to be remembered.

One of the principal complaints against the superfluous woman, indeed, is that she insists on "descending into the arena"—horrid phrase—and battling for bread and butter on it, instead of being a good little Cinderella and living on dry crusts. If such conduct is gradually abolishing her, need man grumble?

However, she is not yet abolished; the figures, indeed, stand to-day at 20,486,000 women as against 18,804,000 men in England and Wales. There she is, the extra woman, close on two millions of her, a potential blessing, a possible curse, at any rate a mystery. How will she vote? How will

she govern? What does she think and hope? What are her ideals, her desires, her limitations, her powers? How much does she know of life?

HER knowledge is, for one thing, a different knowledge from that of the man and the married woman. The married woman may have shared the superfluous woman's experience of a single life, of earning her living, fending for herself, assuming burdens and undertaking responsibilities—but all these experiences have ended for the married woman in harbourage—it may have been a good harbour, or a pitifully inadequate one—but it has been a harbour. She has known the change of attitude that comes of sharing life, personality, responsibility. It is impossible that her recollection and judgment of her single state should not be altered by the fact that she is no longer in that state of life.

Indeed, the matron is a lucky woman; for she has had the advantage of two types of educational experience, if not three—she has had her independent single life, her married life and her life of motherhood. But the superfluous woman, as we call her, the woman who has not had the experience of marriage and motherhood, has had a harder time of it. She is two experiences short—she is, in relation to the mass of women, much as is the man who has not been through public school and university to the man who has been. He may become as good a citizen. If he has character he will become as good a citizen; but the path has been made less easy for him. He has had to eke out the gaps in his experience unguided. He has had to make his niche instead of finding it, to a certain extent, made for him.

The self-made man is inclined to boast of his self-making; and it is generally forgiven him, for the rest of us realise his difficulties and admire his success. If the superfluous woman, the ordinary, respectable, single woman who has made a success of life, who has made herself a place in society, who has

Decorations by

HOOKWAY COWLES

and *Society* has just been published, it was not new—no, not by five centuries!

"The excess of women over men in the European lands is now much smaller than it was at any period in the last five hundred or six hundred years. In the fourteenth century the excess of women over men in Central Europe was about 15 per cent."

AND he goes on to say that "under the age of twenty-five there is virtually no excess of females; there is, in fact, a lad for every lass." He gives, in proof, the figures for England and Wales for 1926; and shows that between twenty and twenty-five there are actually more men than women

made herself respected and needed as a citizen, if she, in turn, is sometimes inclined to boast a little of her successful citizenship, she should be forgiven, for she has been much handicapped. The common forms of education have been denied her—change of experience, companionship of married life, sex life and motherhood. Possibly sex life has not been altogether denied her; but, at any rate, it has been a different type of sex experience. It has not been the common experience of the married woman. A love affair is not at all the same thing as being married.

SO, looking at the "superfluous women" and their problems, one has to begin by realising that life, nowadays, is for them peculiarly difficult—not that it is easy for the married woman either, unless she or her husband is moneyed. Life for woman used to be a much simpler affair. She was brought up to catch a man, to marry and have children. If she did these things she was a success; if she didn't, she was a failure and knew it, and, apologizing in vain, was punished for it as mercilessly, as nowadays, to judge by the newspaper reports, a prize-fighter who lets himself be beaten is punished by the general "yah!" As for the unmarried woman who was *ra-h* enough to do part of her duty by nature and the state, but failed to attach her man permanently, she was outside the pale altogether. Let her drown!

To-day things are changed. So far from marriage being the economic reward of virtue, it is, in England at any rate, so far penalised that women are in some professions disqualified from earning their own bread and butter if they are rash enough to wed; which is hard on the husband as well as the wife, and, hardest of all on the state of marriage.

"I WANT a wife, not a pet animal!" as Mr. Wells' valiant Mr. Combs remarks to his lady, and society is all on his side in his demand that his wife should put her shoulder to the wheel and run the little house or, at a pinch, help in the little shop. But the refusal to allow married women to continue in work outside the tiny flat, the lodging, the furnished apartment, which is all nowadays many a hard-working husband is able to provide, bears cruelly on those impecunious Mr. Combs's who cannot provide a little shop for Mrs. Combs to earn an extra unauthorised bit in! Little shops are going out of fashion, and so are babies! Why? Because Mr. Combs cannot afford them unless Mrs. Combs earns money, too; and, too often, Mrs. Combs is not allowed to earn money. "The wife's place is the home!" And so the home has to go without extra babies and extra comforts, because Mrs. Combs is not allowed to do her bit. Mr. Combs must support her and himself and the family. It's hard on Mr. Combs, and hard on Mrs. Combs who looks back sometimes to the days when she was a single woman and could earn her own money, and spend it as she pleased. She is as bitter against the fact that she has lost her job as the single woman can be against those married women who have not lost their jobs—there is no bitterness like

bread and butter bitterness! It's hard all round, and it's hardest of all on the marriage state.

So long as marriage implies the financial responsibility of one partner for another, and a possible loss of financial independence, so long will marriage be regarded by all but true lovers as a trap instead of the partnership that it should be. Mutual responsibility for children is one thing; but responsibility for an able-bodied partner seems to the modern mind an unfair and unnecessary responsibility. Insurance against sickness and nursery expenses should, in a business world, be as much a matter of course as the marriage lines or the will; but the right to earn a living should not be denied to any human being.

IS it horribly cold-blooded to write of marriage in terms of money? It is certainly unsentimental, but it does not imply a lack of belief in the beauty of the idea of marriage. On the contrary, marriage is so fine an institution that the sensible citizen takes pains to be practical about it, lest, through enthusiastic vapourings, its value be lessened. A honeysuckle country cottage, or a Venetian palace for that matter, is not the less beautiful for a periodic overhauling of its drains. Marriage may be of God or mammon; but it may as well be recognised that marriage and money have a good deal to do with each other.

It should be recognised, also, that the root of the rivalry between men and women, and, still more, the rivalry between married and unmarried women is economic. Out of the bed and board problem all the conventionalities and all the moralities have arisen. Woman to-day no longer necessarily depends on man to feed her. She can bring her own

family? She could not do so because she was not trained to money-making employment—her brothers had their own families to look after. Obviously, for the unmarried, child production was economically impossible. But how persuade your unmarried woman to submit to barrenness?

MAKE fertility immoral! said civilisation. Call in religion to forbid nature! You can always appeal to woman through her religious sense of duty!

The idea, in early and middle Christian civilisations, worked; but it has had consequences that make life exceedingly hard on the unmarried to-day, who, to live at all, have to fight daily the once necessary habits of thought that have become conventions. The modern world will not have peace until we have evolved a new economic moral code. And it must be a code which legislates for the unmarried woman regarded not as a nuisance, a hanger-on, but as part of the working power and part of the earning power of the state. Then, and not till then, will another side of the vexed question be dispassionately reviewed—"What right has the single woman to sex experience?"

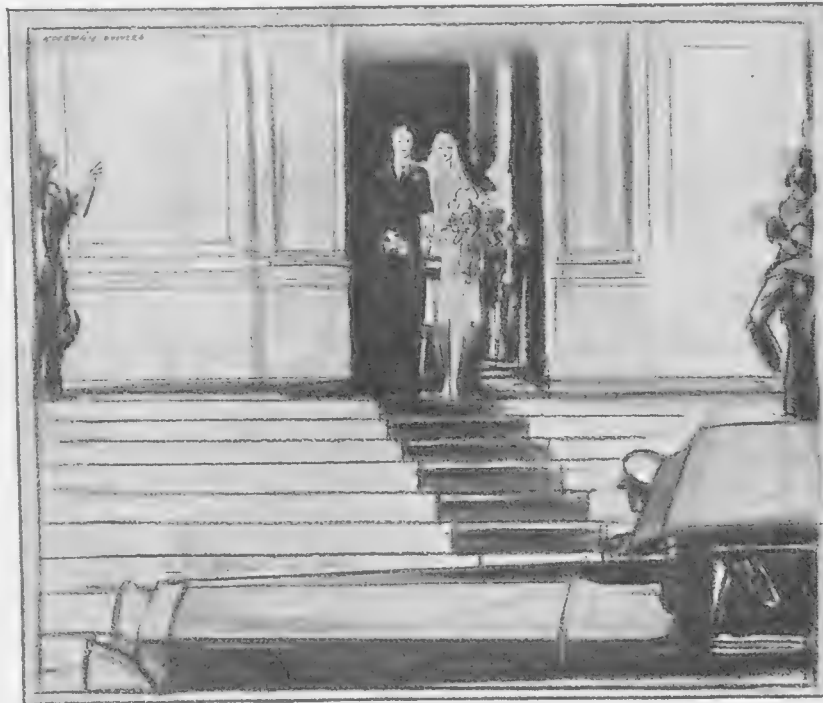
What will be the result of such dispassionate review is difficult to foresee; but one thing seems certain—that such a review with a probable readjustment of code will do much to nullify certain undesirable developments in the career and life of the single woman. It is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that the modern single woman, economically independent and self-supporting, yet conventionally debarred through the numerical inequality of the sexes from marrying and founding a family, has, nevertheless, the problem of sex to face. The experience of the centuries shows that complete abstinence

from sex life tends to develop a creature too narrow and one-sided in her judgment of life and her fellows to be an ideally useful citizen. Who would be judged by a jury that had on it Chaucer's *Abbess*, *Tabitha Bramble*, *Matilda Jenkins* or *Rosa Darle*?

That the modern spinster is a very different person goes without saying, nevertheless, if one were being tried by a jury on any matter connected with sex, one would be sorry to be judged by a jury without married women on it. But yet what is the modern "nice" woman to do? She is perfectly aware of the value of sex experience; but she is equally well aware that its value for her, a decent, modest and sensitive creature, vanishes if she cannot have it without a sense of social if not moral guilt so far as her personal relations with society are concerned. Also, she will not consider endangering the social future of any child born to her.

THE result of this uncertain position of the modern surplus woman is to expose her to two dangers—

the danger of over-repression, and the danger of furtive rebellion. There is a third danger—there is the danger that the sexually abnormal woman will regard the very young independent normal woman as a promising subject for propaganda. It is one of the tragedies of the diseased and abnormal that they do not always recognise their state. There is a famous tale by H. G. Wells,



"... Marriage is so fine an institution that the sensible citizen takes pains to be practical about it. . . ."

energies to the market; but he and she are still, in their moralities and their habits, governed by laws that were evolved to meet the needs of a cruder state of society.

In that cruder state of society the single woman, as a servant, duenna, gouvernante, or universal aunt, was worth her keep; but if the spinster had produced a family like her married sister, who would have fed that

The Country of the Blind, which serves better than any sermon to rub home that sad truth. The man who adventured into the *Country of the Blind* found himself treated as the abnormality, the blot, the mistake of nature. "What is—sight?" asked the blind, and would have put out his unnecessary eyes if he had not fled from them in horror. And there is to-day a *Country of the Blind*, a country of blind women, who, cruelly cursed by nature, (who is also blind) with an abnormal mentality, even an abnormal body, do not accept their fate, as other whipping boys of the normal have learned, sadly, patiently, to do.

The physically diseased and maimed have their martyrs' honours at the hands of the healthy of their race. That is because the healthy know that these sufferers' poor, pitiful hands can give or withhold from the race—health! These sick folk know their duty to the race and do it as nobly as any soldier in any war. In the old days the leper clapped his bell lest he conveyed his taint; to-day, the decent man or woman stricken with infectious disease does not breed; and the hunchback is honoured for his endurance of his martyrdom, because he knowingly endures it—because he does not go about among his luckier fellows crying—"Methinks I am a marvellous proper man!"

BUT the sexually abnormal do not appreciate this self-sacrifice. They cry like the blind folk of Mr. Wells—"What is—normality?" They claim from the normal rights that no other sick folk ask from the healthy, they claim the right to be considered as representing another form of health; a normality in fact of equal value with the general normality; and to draw the normal, if they can, out of the sunshine into their own dark caves!

With this claim to spread abnormality—to say "Fair is foul, and foul is fair!" the situation is altered. Who would be so brutal, so pitiless, so inhuman as to judge the physically abnormal? Their lives are their own; to condemn them, even to judge them is to be a Pharisee. But to protect the unjudging from them—is that to be a Pharisee? As soon as the abnormal by their conduct affect the lives, adversely, of normal and inexperienced people, their doings cease to be their own affair, they become society's affair. You must report smallpox in a house for the sake of the rest of the street, you must check exploitation of the normal by the abnormal for the sake of the rest of the sane.

THE need for such protection of the normal "superfluous woman" against the influence of the abnormal woman was emphasised recently, when a novel dealing with the lives and passions of abnormal women was first published and then banned. There has been much discussion since, as to whether the book's suppression could be justified. No one, of course, has a right to suppress any true work of literature. But one of the tests by which one can discover the difference between literature and rhetoric is the form in which it deals with any moral problem. It has been often said that art has no concern with morality; nor has it. Its function is to state. But so soon as a book in dealing with any particular subject ceases to state and pleads, it becomes a social or anti-social weapon: it ceases to be literature. So soon as it falsifies or sup-

presses any point of view in order to bolster up another point of view, it becomes a book fit only for the blind alleys—it becomes, in fact, propaganda; and propaganda is, of course, as much the business of the censor as any other form of anti-social activity. That a book may deal with difficult or dangerous subjects without ceasing to be



"... What are her ideals, her desires, her limitations, her powers? How much does she know of life . . . ?"

literature, yet, at the same time, without softening or falsifying its study of a phase of abnormal life, and that such a book need arouse no indignation or alarm on the part of the public, is evidenced by the quiet acceptance in this country of the novel *Marie Boniface*, translated from the French by Winifred Stephens.

HERE, once more, is a study of a superfluous woman, and an abnormal one at that. Her cruel fate, her unhappy history, is set out for us unflinchingly. Indeed, her tragedy is heightened by the surroundings in which she is set. She is represented as friendless and unfortunate, misunderstood, and most cruelly ostracised. Yet, because the book is literature, there is no suggestion of championing the abnormality which makes the woman's life a misery, any more than the cruelty of the normal is championed. The author does not say "This is vice—how dreadful!" Neither does he say "This is vice—how admirable!" He says merely, "Here is a human being, and this is the story of her life. I neither blame nor praise: my business is to draw a set of circumstances, and, lest my drawing be out of drawing, balance them against other sets of circumstances. And so we listen neither to sermon nor to denunciation, neither to self-righteousness nor to hysteria, but to statement. As a result, though the book is vividly alive, the censor leaves it alone. It is not happy reading, certainly; but it is sane reading. To censor such a statement as the author's would be as childish as to censor any sober report of a tragic case concerning which the public needs to be informed.

ANY book that depicts the wrecking of a normal girl by an abnormal woman as a natural and defensible action, and does not emphasise the fact that there are other points of view of such an action, and that such points of view deserve at least as much respect and sympathy, such a book cannot be truly sane—it belongs neither to life nor to literature—it becomes propaganda. And against such propaganda the public is entitled to protect, not only its inexperienced young people, but also the thousands of normal single women who are a part of the public. There is the type of mind that would find the affection of Ruth and Naomi a matter for suspicion. The advertising of the vices of the abnormal must encourage an attitude of suspicion on the part of such minds horrible to contemplate. The thousands of normal, innocent-minded single women, the superfluous two million, in fact, who find comfort and companionship in the society of their own sex have a right to protection against such fantastic and intolerable shadows of suspicion. The right "to live one's own life" ceases to be a right when it prevents other folk from living their own lives in peace and quiet, in friendliness, sobriety and decency.

THAT will always be the answer to the reproaches of the abnormal. "Pharisee?" Of course! It is the inevitable stone flung by the abnormal woman at the normal women—married or single. Possibly, it is from certain angles a justifiable reproach. But such a reproach the normal woman must be content to bear, for there is no question, reproach or no reproach, where woman's duty lies. Her duty, as mother, or as aunt, as bearer, or as teacher, is to the young. It's a sad enough world; and deformity, whether of mind or body, can be cured neither by pity nor by harshness, but only by common sense, and indirectly. We cannot cure the present, but we can heal the future! The abnormal woman has no future—that is part of her tragedy. But she can see to it that no normal woman's future is warped through her! And the normal woman who has a future, is it not in her power to prevent the recurrence in the future of the curse of physical abnormality? Not altogether—but surely in part and in time? Good health, education, sympathy, guidance, understanding. The future woman asks these things of the women of to-day. She asks for her right to be born with a good inheritance, and she can have it, if we choose to give it.

HOW can we, single women, superfluous women, give it? By spending on her some of the energies we spend on ourselves. If we spent half of ourselves on the woman of to-morrow, what a good world it would be, even to-day! We might even spend a little money on her!

She wants health. And we could give it to her if we bought out the slums, if we invested in sunshine, and fresh air, and wise food! She wants wisdom. She could have it if we purchased the thousand kinds of education that the thousand types of children need! If we spent to-morrow on construction what we spend to-day on destruction, what a future we could make for her! We have the vote! We could do much with it—and patience—and money!

I wish we hadn't always to come back to money—but one may as well recognise the fact. Money to-day is not only the root of our evil, it is also one of the roots of our good.

The ex-Wife, the Wife, and the Lady Who Longed to be Wife. . . . A modern Comedy, with a hint of the Tragic, by one of the foremost woman Novelists of the day



. . . Across the space of diners, of colours, and talk, music and flowers,
Mrs. Pole regarded Arthur Sutton with his second wife, and remembered:
"He liked tables in the middle of the room: liked limelight. . . ."

I.

MRS. POLE took the wine list from the head waiter, who, with an experienced eye upon her sables, appeared with it a minute after she had taken her seat; and she chose a château wine in the kind of unerring, unhesitating way that she had of dealing with wines and foods; not even pausing to consider the quick choice of the usual woman—champagne. Her friend Irma, sitting on her right, regarding her, thought, with a little twitch of the mouth: "I believe that efficiency of hers is what makes men afraid of her. Men don't like women to know too much."

Mrs. Pole loosened her wide sable scarf about her well-set white shoulders, and looked about her. The large restaurant of this seaside hotel was slowly filling, and people were unusually smart. That, of course, was for the dance following dinner. She did not know the place well; had only been there twice before, but being the kind

Encore

By
May Edginton

of woman whom hotel staffs remember, she felt at home. She felt, also, very well indeed as regards health, having stayed at Deauville long after the season proper had ended, going on bathing, and golfing, and

playing tennis. Also, she was pleased with her new car, in which she had driven her friend of a year, Irma Eton, down here to the sea for the week-end. And also, she liked life. She did not talk about it, having learned the habit—now unnecessary—of keeping her likes and dislikes to herself in case they should be taken from her; or multiplied a thousandfold. There were other things that added to Mrs. Pole's present content with life; one of which was that men were not at all afraid of her; and that is saying

the least of it.

Mrs. Eton was fond of Mrs. Pole. "I'm devoted to Gloria Pole," she would tell people. "And one feels sorry for her. A lonely woman. Women must feel stranded when they've lost a husband in the way she did. To have to divorce your husband! That's a confession of failure! Yes, she's proud and she's brave; but a woman always knows when she's failed. It must gall."

Mrs. Eton looked at her friend privily and sharply in the way women do. The

Illustrations by
FORSTER

head waiter, standing back from them, looking at nothing and seeing everything, knew that way. It was the way ladies had of looking sharply—jealously, he called it—at each other. There was always something strangely satisfied and sleek about Gloria that Irma could never fathom; and yet, something exuberantly alive.

A very, very quiet woman, hard to know . . . one heard nothing at all about her; no gossip; no scandal; almost, no opinions at all. She was just Gloria Pole—who hadn't been able to keep her man; sad story but ordinary; women should take more care; marriage needed guarding—living in a well-chosen flat; with one excellent well-chosen maid, keeping a well-chosen table, wearing rather disturbingly good clothes, playing an average amount of golf, of bridge; looking always quietly and knowledgeably at her world that was faintly sorry for her; looking at it as if she *knew* something.

SOMETIMES her lips stirred to a faint smile—when there was nothing to smile at—as if the something were a joke.

"Good run down, wasn't it?" said Gloria.

"Delightful."

"I'm glad I got a Wanderer car after all. It was a toss-up between that and an American."

"You drive so well, dearest."

They had had cocktails in the lounge. Now they sipped the claret; soft, silky on the palate.

"Pretty frock, Irma."

Irma sighed softly. "New. From Madame André."

"Brown. Rather subtle for evening. I like brown."

Irma sighed: "It was Teddy's favourite colour for me."

Mrs. Pole looked over the rim of her glass, at Irma; but she did not look furtively or sharply; she looked frankly and with sympathetic interest that had more than a tinge of curiosity.

She knew, of course, having heard the facts often during their recent friendship, of Irma's three-year widowhood.

The tinge of curiosity offended Irma a little. It was as if Gloria were saying: "I know what loss is; do you feel as I do?"

As if Gloria, who had lost ignominiously, could feel as she felt, who had lost sorrowfully but with pride undimmed!

"Irma," said Gloria, "it is wonderful to be free, isn't it?"

"You could not have ever been happy with your husband if you say that," Irma replied.

"I was not."

"Gloria," said Irma solemnly, "forgive me, dear; but it is always the woman's fault."

One of her funny little spasms of silent amusement twitched Mrs. Pole's healthy red lips; and a quiet merriment brimmed into her eyes, too.

"You don't like my saying that," said Irma, nettled, and shrugging a little.

"On the contrary, my dear, it is the kind of bromide I've heard so often that it has become funny, like one of those jokes made by repetition."

"You're awfully cynical," said Irma, adding, "Men hate cynicism in women."

"Naturally," said Mrs. Pole, now with a quaver of laughter in her voice also.

"I hate cynicism, too," said Irma, "about such matters. But then Teddy and I were all in all to each other."

Mrs. Pole looked at Irma goodhumouredly, looked away, and signed to their waiter. "Olives, please." She dug her teeth with pleasure into one of the sour green things.

IT was never worth while telling people anything uncomfortable. Just over three years ago, at Biarritz, she had seen a noticeable man with an obvious blonde. "That's a fellow named Teddy Eton; doesn't get on with his wife, I've heard," said Gloria's own escort. "Is that his wife?" "Lord, no!" Gloria never forgot names and faces. The history book that one could write from names and faces was so absorbing. And then, rather more than twelve months later, at a Bridge Club in Dover Street, she had met Teddy Eton's widow. And now, twelve months after that, here she sat with her friend Irma Eton in the restaurant of the big, smart seaside hotel. Both free, both sufficiently moneyed, both in the late thirties or early forties.

"Life's fine—fine!" Gloria thought, feeling, as she had so often felt during the last four splendid years, that she could smell it, savour it, touch and hold it like some carnate thing. And with her painfully acquired learning and philosophy she was aware that while for the Irmas life was less fine, life never reached a peak, still it was good enough so long as they kept their eyes tight shut to anything uncomfortable.

How restless, though, were the faces of the Irmas. Just because they hadn't felt enough, wept enough, suffered enough—how restless were their faces! What a

ENCORE

nauseating hunger lay almost uncovered in the shallows of their seeking eyes.

"You're so sufficient to yourself," said Irma suddenly in an abrupt voice. "Cold women score over my kind when it comes to loneliness. You're happy alone; now I—I need a man to share life with."

"I've been so much lonelier than this," Mrs. Pole murmured.

"I've wondered sometimes what your husband was like," said Irma, now into her second glass of the warm blooded claret. "What was his name?"

"Arthur."

"Arthur Pole. . . . I've never heard any one mention him, you know, Gloria—though we have several mutual friends."

"Not Arthur Pole," Gloria thought, "Arthur Sutton. But why should one tell Irma that?"

WHY, indeed, tell Irma about the change of name demanded by the conditions of a relative's legacy before she

" . . . The door flung open. Marjorie and Arthur were there, both in dressing gowns. Evelyn Welsh screamed a small, high, shocked scream. Old



by May Edginton

and Gloria met—the legacy which provided the car, the exceptionally well-found table in the well-found flat? And she said casually, "None of our mutual acquaintances ever knew Arthur, or much about him."

"I am not happy alone; I need a man to share my life," Irma repeated.

One read her thought: I am a real woman; flesh and blood; no plaster imitation like you, my dear.

"You must marry again, Irma," said Mrs. Pole sympathetically; in her secret heart asking: "I wonder if she'll ever have the chance?"

And then, from their corner where they had so comfortably ensconced themselves, they saw the new couple enter the restaurant.

Irma's hand stilled in its twiddling about the stem of her wine glass.

Mrs. Pole did not notice the arresting of her friend's attention, because she herself was all at once nervously occupied—hugging the sables closely up round her again; speaking to the waiter; thinking: "I've

altered my hair, of course. And I daresay I've altered altogether."

"Very interesting people, Gloria," said Irma.

Mrs. Pole looked up casually.

"You're very silent," said Irma, "you don't notice anything. Are you bored?"

"Was I silent?"

"You haven't spoken for two minutes. Look, he's brought the entrée. Very interesting people, don't you think?"

"Where?" said Mrs. Pole casually.

"Oh, there. In the middle? I hate sitting at those indecently exposed tables myself. . . . Oh, yes; probably quite interesting."

Across the space of diners, of colours, and talk, music and flowers, Mrs. Pole regarded Arthur Sutton with his second wife, and remembered: "He liked tables in the middle of the room; liked limelight."

BUT it was not in Arthur that Mrs. Pole was so coldly, keenly interested. The second Mrs. Sutton claimed her thoughts, her surmises. "Marjorie, poor young fool," she thought. "I wonder what it will have done to her." And, discussing a savoury with the head waiter, setting her teeth slowly into another olive, shrugging the sables about her shoulders—that shivered icily with the excitement which shot through

her—she read, as if from a page, every shadow, every line, every sadness, every despair, in Marjorie's face. The interpretation thereof she did not need; the language of Marjorie's face was so plain to her.

The girl would be now twenty-four.

There was Irma saying: "How silent you are, Gloria."

Had she been silent? How much time had passed? Some minutes, for there was their waiter—under the supervision of his superior—showing her the savoury she had asked for, upon a dish, specially cooked for her.

Irma was saying: "What a wonderful face that man has! What a wonderful face! And how unhappy."

Mrs. Pole looked leisurely but attentively at Irma; and the twitch lifted her red upper lip again for the briefest fraction of a second.

"The girl is his wife; she's got a wedding ring," said Irma. "How totally unsuited they are! How could a woman of that type ever understand a man of his?"

Mrs. Pole listened with attention that was curiously rapt.

"That man is miserably married; that man is misunderstood," said Irma.

II.

IT had been a hot London night. The Suttons did not entertain much; Arthur's "work"—his extremely precious poem and essays appearing with reserved infrequent regularity between slim morocco covers—did not allow that. But to-night in their small house in Edwardes Square they had had a little family dinner party; just Gloria's elderly cousins, Sir Henry and Lady Welsh, and Marjorie, the last young woman who had lost her head to Arthur's silences, his delicate, remote cynical air, his general aura of bitter and quietly-suffered misunderstanding. And to the slim volumes and the pent-up longings they contained, Marjorie had lost her head.

It was Lady Welsh speaking to her younger cousin Gloria.

"You're too complaisant."

"Complaisant, dear?"

"Don't put me off, Gloria. Henry and I have your welfare at heart—"

"And though we hate butting in—that from Henry, grey and precise, and concerned.

"We do both want to say to you, Gloria: Why don't you stop it? You're his wife! He's always got some woman hanging after him; and you shouldn't stand aside as you do. You're so casual over it all—"

"I'm used to it, you see, darling. A cigarette . . . ? So many women have been . . . sorry for Arthur."

"Sorry for him! Well, Gloria—"

"Well, darling?"

"I suppose they think, as a great many people do—people are so uncharitable—that you're—rather cold."

"I wonder if that is how I seem to people?"

"Well, people do think—"

"Women think, you mean."

From Henry: "This girl's behaviour to-night was atrocious. She's been practically insulting you over your own dinner table."

"Young," said Gloria with a slow smile, "and honest. And passionate."

Henry shivered a bit in his mind at the word. "And going off with Arthur to his study to hear his last poem just as if no one else existed!"

"You must put your foot down, Gloria."

"Do you want to play three-handed bridge?"

"We want to talk very seriously to you dear girl. It's beyond a joke. Everyone

grey Henry, as man of Gloria's side, stood stoutly forward. Gloria fixed her veiled, triumphant gaze, upon Arthur's pallid face and uneasy eyes. . . .



knows how you are treated, and that you don't seem to care. But Henry and I know that you *do* care—"

ARTHUR and Marjorie came in then. She was a soft pink plump thing, but with a flame-like brilliance of passion lighting her now incongruously. Gloria looked at Marjorie and her passion.

Woman after woman had come with her passion into that house and passed away again unsatisfied, knowing Arthur was the most wonderful man that ever lived—mated to a cold and cruel wife; and still finely faithful to an ideal of what faithfulness should be.

"Do play, Arthur," said Lady Welsh, persuasively.

He could play the piano excellently.

"I'd rather not," he said sombrely, sighing. He leaned on the grand piano, and Marjorie leaned on it too. Across its shining top they looked deep into each other's eyes.

Gloria could hear the mental gasp of her elderly cousins.

Henry cleared his throat.

"Been enjoying the poem, Miss Marston?"

The girl turned her eyes to him grudgingly.

"Oh, so much! Arthur reads divinely."

"I didn't read it as I wanted to read it to you, Marjorie," said Arthur. "I'd had too many distractions this evening."

Lady Welsh got up briskly.

"Meaning us?" There was good-natured laughter all about the room, but with an edge to it. "Henry and I are going home early to-night, aren't we, Henry?"

"Don't hurry away on my account, or on Marjorie's," said Arthur; and then he reached out, and, before them all, fondly took the girl's hand. The Welshes blenched; but Gloria did not blench; the scene, or its equivalent, was a commonplace to her after fifteen years of marriage with Arthur.

A commonplace. . . only this time it was different! Down in her, deep, stirred all her old fighting qualities that had died down, her hope, her own dormant life. And this time they were allied with a new cunning; a deliberation; a feeling of mastery over the scene that she saw before her; which should have made her flinch and shrink, cut to the core.

"I'm taking Marjorie home now," said Arthur. "We've had three late nights dancing at the Embassy this week, and she's tired; aren't you, child? Come on."

"We can drop Miss Marston on our way," said Sir Henry.

The girl: "But I only live round the corner."

And Sir Henry: "All the better, then!"

But Arthur drew the girl towards the door, she hardly remembering to look back and speak her adieux.

"Good-night, Marjorie," said Gloria, sweetly. "I wish I'd heard the poem."

The hot blaze of hatred and contempt in the young eyes! "Oh, you haven't time, have you? You're such an absorbed person!"

And then, "Good-night."

"Good-night."

"Good-night," from everyone, Arthur adding to the Welshes, "It has been so

charming to see you. If only Gloria had let me know earlier that you were coming, I could have put off my reading. But it was arranged for—and—" critically—" Gloria did not let me know."

THEY were gone.

"Put your foot down!" said Lady Welsh urgently.

"I love your frock, dear," Gloria replied.

"We're coming down to you for the week-end; to Bourne," said Sir Henry abruptly.

"Is that young woman coming, too?"

"Arthur would miss her if she didn't, Henry!"

"Gloria! I don't believe Henry and I—"

"Oh, darling!" For the first time that evening the elderly cousins saw agitation, stress, strain, on her face. "You must come! Please, please—"

"You'll be very crowded in the cottage if that young woman—"

"Oh, no, indeed. Arthur is sleeping in the little study off the hall for the week-end—"

"Now, there! You and Arthur never—"

"My dear, my dear! Come along." That

"... A very, very quiet woman, hard to know. . . One heard nothing at all about her; no gossip; no scandal; almost no opinions at all. She was just Gloria Pole. . ."

was Henry with masculine sense refusing to discuss embarrassing things.

"You *must* come! Both of you! Please, please!"

"Dear Gloria, of course we will. Only —"

"Now, my dear. Come on. Come on."

So Gloria was alone in the first floor drawing-room of the Edwardes Square house.

Curious evening, with, all the time, the undercurrent of simmering excitement and hope! The undercurrent, though, had been overlaid with a caution that the years had taught, and no one else had perceived it. It ran, swift and silent, only in her own heart. She looked in a mirror and saw her eyes like dark pools with blue-black rings about them, so exhausting was her hidden excitement. She took a cigarette and lighted it, tremblingly, and walked to the opened windows, and stepped out to the tiny balcony looking over the starlit dark of the big beautiful garden-square. Tennis had stopped there two hours ago, but one saw pale figures still sitting or sauntering slowly in the exquisite hot night. How exquisite—how ravishing—life was!

If only . . .

"Keep quiet," she said to herself.

And a petulant entry into the room behind her told her that Arthur was back.

She turned into the room again and saw him flung into an armchair of gold brocade. His pale, contemptuous face received faint tints from it. He stared moodily, patiently and contemptuously before him.

It was that patience which women read so compassionately, whispering to themselves: "Poor Arthur Sutton!"

It was his long elegant figure; sensitive

hands, witty turn of phrase, and his apparently infinite reserves, which sent women crazy about him.

Gloria stood just within the French windows.

"You're back early, dear."

"Why not?"

"You usually go in, and up to Marjorie's sitting-room for a talk, don't you?"

"Her people were in; and seemed—restless." His voice was deeply bitter; yet resigned; patient.

"I hope," she said, sympathetically, "that they won't try to curtail Marjorie's freedom in any way."

"They couldn't!"

"Ah, perhaps not."

In a moment he burst out:

"It has been a foul evening!"

She made a distressed wifely sound. "Oh, I'm sorry you thought that, Arthur."

"I couldn't help thinking it. You were all very cold and rude to her. The child felt it deeply."

"Oh, I'm so sorry if she felt that!"

"You're a poor hostess, Gloria." She emitted an apologetic murmur, watching him, watching this play actor. "And I'm sure I don't know how *you* know I go up to Marjorie's sitting-room and talk."

"Dear, she told me."

"I'm sure your husband," had said the young Marjorie, vibrating with anger and love, "is a man who needs *sympathy*, Mrs. Sutton. He talks to me for hours . . ."

Arthur stared before him, a faint smile curling the mouth that women yearned over.

"She is a candid child; clear as the day; she is like a light."

IN a moment he spared a little direct attention for his wife.

"Do you imagine you are smoking that cigarette?"

"Ah, it's out!"

"You smoke from sheer feverishness. All women do."

She dropped the cigarette into an ash-tray. He rose.

"I'm going to bed." At the door he paused, and stood for a moment.

"Have you rung up my tailor about my new white flannels?"

"Yes, dear."

"Have you told Bampton's about the new chintz for my study, and have you made them understand? I want pale colours, like the spring." His eye went to an immensely tall jar holding delphiniums and lupins. "Golds, blues, mauves, faint colours. *Young* colours." His eyes came back to her. "How old are you, Gloria?"

"Have you forgotten?" she smiled. "I'm thirty-five."

"Thirty-five! I told Marjorie I thought it was thirty-six. Good-night."

Again she stood alone in the room. There was a photograph of him, on the grand piano. Were those her hands that seized it and hurled it down so that the porcelain frame and the glass smashed together? Was that her body heaving and sobbing? Her heart hungry to kill? Was that she who smashed the immensely tall jar of delphiniums to the floor, after the photograph?

And that was Sylvia—her maid, who knew so much without being told—standing in the doorway; coming forward, smoothly, to pick up the pieces; saying quietly: "Your party's had quite a romp, ma'am."

Then they were at the cottage on the river.

"Gloria, for heaven's sake stop this thing!" Evelyn Welsh was imploring; and there was old grey Henry: "Really,

(Continued on page 188.)

The First Lady in the Land

An Intimate
Study of
Her Majesty The Queen
by
Evelyn Graham

THE biographer of H.R.H. The Princess Mary, H.M. The Queen of Spain and King Albert of the Belgians, Mr. Graham has special facilities for obtaining material in Court circles, and the following article is based on facts supplied to Mr. Graham by members of Her Majesty's household



E. O. Hoppe

IT isn't easy to sum up the characters of many people in a few words. Some are so variable; some so elusive; many seem to escape a summing up. But there are people now and again who possess certain qualities which impress. These qualities don't necessarily stand out in such a way as to dominate other, perhaps equally admirable, traits, but they are there. They don't fail.

Queen Mary, not merely to those who know her intimately but to those who have merely seen her on State or casual occasions, must always have impressed by her dignity. And to be dignified is to have an honourable bearing. Sham dignity is no dignity at all. But that lets us see why Queen Mary is as she appears: she is always transparently sincere.

The snapshot can betray character. People are caught unawares. Anybody who cares to look closely at the photographs of the Queen when she is engaged on any public duty must be struck by her entire absence of pose. Her seriousness is sincere; her smile is a

Above: This charming and intimate camera study of the Queen is Her Majesty's favourite portrait



genuine smile; her sympathy is true. She took her position seriously from the start. She has always endeavoured to make herself fit

Left: Fashions change, but the Queen as a young woman added to her beauty the same graciousness which we know to-day.

for her rôle. And when one realises that her position as Queen brings her so frequently and markedly in the public eye, it is patent that nothing

but a very strong sense of duty and a fine resolution could have carried her through with such amazing success, for she happens to be exceedingly shy.

SHYNESS is an affliction for anybody; for royalty, with the blaze of publicity beating upon them at all times, it is almost torture. Yet the Queen has triumphed. And she has done it in such a way that her perturbation was practically unobserved.

Her response to duty never fails. It is one thing to have a sense of duty and another thing to know exactly how to do one's duty. Queen Mary has almost the gift of "the capacity for taking pains." She is observant and she thinks for others. Her domestic watchfulness never slumbers nor sleeps. I remember a little incident during the war.

The King was reviewing the Household Battalion and with him were Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra. Queen Alexandra went to speak to some people in the enclosure and in doing so walked off the red carpet that had been laid down. Queen Mary looked at the grass and at Queen Alexandra and at once went delicately to the Queen Mother and hinted that the grass might be damp.



Their Majesties' wedding group in July, 1893. Left to right, back row: Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria of Edinburgh, The Bridegroom, Princess Victoria of Wales, Princess Maud of Wales (now Queen of Norway). Seated: Princess Alice of Battenberg (Countess of Athlone), Princess Margaret of Connaught (the Crown Princess of Sweden), The Bride, Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, Princess Ena of Battenberg (now Queen of Spain), Princess Patricia of Connaught.

Downey

At a public function she saw a boy nearly faint. At once she spoke to one of the gentlemen with her so that the boy could be attended to.

News comes to her at midnight that one of her ladies-in-waiting has been taken ill. There is no hesitation; the Queen drives out to see the sick friend.

INCIDENTS of that kind could be repeated to fill a volume. She "mothers"—which means that she thinks for others. That she has a "royal" memory for faces was shown in a state procession in Tasmania when she recognised someone in the crowd. The "someone" had been a curate in East Sheen when the Queen was a girl at Richmond.

Her thoughtfulness for others shows itself in all directions. She has a passion for old customs and old things because they are old. But she has no passion for the old thing that stands in the way of common sense. In the royal palaces, where the servant question has not the acuteness one finds elsewhere, Queen Mary has never hesitated to introduce labour-saving devices or anything new that was sensible and advantageous.

Nobody who was not industrious could have accomplished what Queen Mary has done. The outside world knows little of the enormous accretions of furniture made to royal palaces. Things accumulate. In the latter years of Queen Victoria's reign there were masses of things "put away." King Edward began the sorting out and clearing up process, but Queen Mary has carried it on and done it with her usual thoroughness.

THOROUGHNESS is one of the Queen's characteristics. Whatever her hands find to do she does well. Amongst this furniture, which lay in all sorts of places in the palaces, were naturally pieces of a varied nature. They came from all quarters of the earth. They were treasures and were not to be handled with carelessness or a mere desire for tidiness.

Queen Mary attacked these stores as she had attacked other things—as a duty to be done to the best of her ability. Windsor Castle is a national monument. It houses treasures beyond monetary computation. The Queen, with her historic feeling, has realised all this. Things, however precious, can't be put anyhow or anywhere there. But—and here is the gist of the matter—how does one know the real value of this clock from China, this carpet from Persia, this jade from India?

And these things swarmed. So Queen Mary took advice and sought knowledge. It would have been quite a simple thing to hand the lot over to somebody who was supposed to know something about such things and tell them to put them somewhere. But that wasn't the Queen's way.

She had her advisers. But she supervised. She learned what she could about China, tapestries, cabinets, *et cetera*. Now and again some enterprising photographer snaps the Queen going into or coming out of a curio shop. No wonder. The Queen is an authority on antiques. She is well able to date furniture. She is not a connoisseur of jade, but of "mutton-fat" jade—the dusty white kind.

THIS lets one see that the life of Her Majesty in the royal palaces is no idle one. She is

constantly being asked about this or that because everybody knows "the Queen knows."

As guests go through the Palace they generally hear the King say, "Mary, you know all about this."

It might be thought that the Queen, with her multifarious duties, would delegate the "domestic" management of the palaces to others. Not at all. The Queen manages. When nurses were required for the King, it was the Queen herself who supervised the arrangements of the suite of rooms given up to them. She was so thorough in this that she gave strict orders for the nurses off duty not to be disturbed. This is the royal touch that so endears her to all who come in contact with her.

This sense of order is apparent wherever she is. Punctuality with her is a habit. Whoever else is late she is there to time. And her womanliness is seen in almost all she does.

Few people in the country can have to give so many presents as the King and Queen. Those of us who have to choose Christmas gifts know the time and labour required. The Queen

will take the trouble to go to the shops she knows and herself carefully choose the articles she wants. Long before Christmas she is engaged on this work. These things are not left to the last minute. And there is method in the distribution. A list is kept of all presents sent, so that a recipient does not have the same gift repeated.

MEMBERS of her own family will now and then receive something made by the Queen herself. Her Majesty is a deft needlewoman. She is greatly interested in the Guild of Needlework. As may be imagined, her grandchildren suggest varied employment for her needle.

A distinguished Frenchman said the Queen was "the most cultivated woman in the British Empire." It is a fine and worthy tribute. The fact is, the Queen is always in a way eager for knowledge. On State occasions, when a visit is paid somewhere, the Queen's look is that of a real enquirer. She "wants to know." It isn't casual and perfunctory with her.

And that applies to ideas as well. Naturally, the Queen mixes with all sorts of people, and she gathers from them all sorts of ideas. This shows an acquisitive mind and a breadth of view. All who know Her Majesty know quite



Downey

A charming portrait of the Queen in 1904, eleven years after her marriage

well that she has views and opinions of her own. But she will always listen to other people's.

Even the most democratic fall under her spell when they talk to her. She listens, and if the tale is one of suffering, of hardship, of penury, she is always full of sympathy. There is no pretence about that. Those who talk to her feel it. This could be confirmed by the members of the Labour Party who have come in contact with her in recent years. Many an advanced politician has come from a talk with the Queen not only with a tremendous respect for her, but with a probably changed view respecting royalty.

ONE prominent business man said: "Of all the practical women in this world—my own wife included—there is not a more practical, a more understanding, a more helpful woman than Queen Mary."

That is what one always feels in her presence. Nobody would associate the Queen with "jazz." She is practical. She does things that are worth doing.

During the war her guiding hand was invaluable, for she would do the right things and see that other people did them. She would deny herself and think of others. It was she who said, "Take care there is no food shortage in the East End." She spotted at once the place where the pinch would come first. Not enough people have realised the amazing strength the Queen was with her practical sympathy mind, not only during the war, but in the trying days that followed. She was ready with help and counsel in almost every direction.

The Queen is the typical mother of England. One has only to read some of her appeals to see the keenness with which she attacked the issues before her and the womanliness that shone through her appeals.

"Surely," she wrote on one occasion, "the appeal will not be in vain to women with comfortable homes and sufficient means to keep their own families from the pinch of want."

NOTE, too, that message which she sent last November to the women of England.

"All who have visited the war cemeteries must have been moved to the heart, as I was, by their solemn beauty, and by the reverent care with which they are tended. We know, too, that the War Graves Commission surrounds them with the same care wherever they may be.

"In these cemeteries rest many of the fearless and devoted women who gave their lives while serving as Army, Volunteer and Territorial Nurses; in the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps and in my own—Queen Mary's Corps.

"Yet those who fell are not alone in having sacrificed all that life has to offer. Every man of our million dead may have been dearer than anything on earth to some one woman, and in every part of the Empire to-day are the women who go on living with wounds in their hearts that time cannot heal.

"I wish that my voice could reach each one of them with a word of loving sympathy."

That note of sympathy is one natural with the Queen, and it is one that touches all women. The women of England at any rate feel they understand the Queen. "She'll be gradely glad to have her oldest lad with her," said a North country woman referring to the return of the Prince of Wales. The woman's touch.

On her visits to hospitals she shrank from nothing. She would face any hard case, for the harder the case the greater the need for sympathy. And she didn't hurry away.

She would frequently outstay the planned visit by two or three hours. Things like this let the world know the character of the Queen.

IF one were really in trouble of any kind the ideal friend would be the Queen. She listens, she thinks, she judges and then leaves nothing undone. Some people would merely in the case of sickness think of doctors and nurses. The Queen would think of more than that—of the surroundings, of the future, of the family.

This "comprehensiveness" surprises those who come in contact with the Queen for the first time with some scheme or other. It is clearly a habit.

I have mentioned the Queen's dignity. No matter what the circumstances are the Queen always moves regally. She can blaze if necessary. There are some things she does not like, as one lady, who appeared in a very short dress at the Palace, once discovered.

Her seriousness must not be interpreted as something gloomy or severe. People who giggle even before works of art are not harmonious companions. The Queen is serious before serious things. But she has been caught whistling! Just a little dis-

concerting for the awed visitor to meet in the corridor the Queen whistling.

When one remembers her youth, this natural gaiety is but the expression of a personality that was recognised in the White Lodge days as one of thoughtful sunshine.

IN dress the Queen has always been an individualist. She is no slave to fashion. She abhors loose ends. One can always gather from the Queen's clothes that she would never go to extremes because "Fashion" uttered the word. Her favourite colour is blue, as might be guessed. She has a horror of black. In fact, ladies in mourning rarely appear at court until they have emerged from their black.

She enjoyed when she went to Windsor Castle as Queen re-arranging the Blue Room. The Queen has a keen eye for colour and the blending of shades, and when fresh tapestries and hangings were required her sure look and thoroughness triumphed over all difficulties. It would have been easy to spoil the beautiful effect, but the Queen looked at things in the full light of day, in the twilight and in the evening.

(Continued on page 198).



A studio portrait of the Queen (when Princess May of Teck) with her mother, the Duchess of Teck, taken about the time of her marriage. The Duchess of Teck was the third child of the Duke of Cambridge and Princess Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse.

IF LABOUR RULES....



THE DANGERS OF A SOCIALIST VICTORY

By The Rt. Hon. The EARL of BIRKENHEAD

WE have heard much of the alleged shortcomings of the present Government—most of which are not its shortcomings at all—and little of its great record of achievement, a record which history will certainly demonstrate to be without rival in any country since the end of the War. As always happens when a strong Government is in power for several years, all kinds of real and fancied grievances are collected to sway opinion at bye-elections.

I do not think that the Government need be much perturbed by certain recent pollings; such reverses are inevitable. Nor need I concern myself in this article with the past; there is ample time for the Government to present its case to the electors and to demand what prudence and gratitude demand, namely, a further lease of power to Mr. Baldwin. I am concerned rather to show here what the country must expect if, by an access of temporary insanity, it returns the Socialist Party to Westminster with a majority.

IBASE my observations not merely on my own view of what would happen, but on what the Socialists themselves officially proclaim as their policy. I need not say that there is, and has always been, a vast difference between Socialist preaching and Socialist practice.

Anyone who remembers the Labour Party's surrender to its extremists in the General Strike and the Campbell case, to take but two examples, needs not to be told that the carefully-worded vows of the MacDonalds and Thomases do not by any means represent the lengths of folly and wantonness to which the Socialists, once in power, would go.

I have had the curiosity to examine once more the egregious pamphlet *Labour and the Nation*, which the Socialist Party recently issued as its official propagandist message. We may be certain that whatever is stated there represents the intentions of the Party in the very mildest form. If, as I shall show, even these watered-down proposals would prove ruinous and catastrophic, it will be understood that the reality will be far worse.

Mr. MacDonald, in a foreword, tells us that the Socialist Party "is essentially one of action, and it asks for power both in order to lay the foundation of a new social order and to relieve immediate distress."

HE refers to the long array of parliamentary and administrative measures proposed in the pamphlet; these, he says, "one after another, the more pressing and important being dealt with first of all, must be undertaken by a Labour Party in power, and every parliamentary opportunity used to settle them." Let us examine a few of them.

First, there is the following:

The wage-earner's first safeguard is his Trade Union. The Government has done its utmost to deprive him of it. Among the first tasks of the Labour Party, therefore, will be to repeal the cynical measure of class-legislation, by which the Conservatives have sought to cripple the strength of Trade Unionism both on the industrial and on the political fields.

This is instructive, for it means that one of the first tasks of the Socialist Government would be to restore the very evils which found their culmination in the General Strike of 1926. It may be remembered that the General Strike came about through the desire of the Trades Union Congress to usurp the powers and authority of His Majesty's Government. This Soviet, in order to force on the Government an impossible conclusion to the Coal Strike, asserted its power to call out its members in defiance of every contract and legal obligation. The unfortunate catpaws of this conspiracy were threatened with the loss of all benefits from their contributions to trade union funds if they dared to disobey. And simultaneously they were compelled, no matter what their private political views, to subscribe to the coffers of the Socialist Party.

DEMOCRACIES have a short memory, but I do not believe that the people of this country have forgotten the events of May, 1926. The Trades Union Congress, sunk in its own self-importance, discovered too late that its fantastic sovietism had roused against it the whole patriotic and democratic opinion of the nation. Instead of the easy victory the Socialists anticipated, they found themselves beaten hip and thigh by the volunteer efforts of an outraged country.

The Socialist Party, however, now propose "to repeal the cynical measure of class legislation" which has made another General Strike impossible! Let us not forget this when the election comes.

I turn to industry. I need not remind my readers that, as a consequence of the War, the country's prosperity has been seriously crippled. For ten years, we have been slowly, but surely, recovering some of our old wealth. At the present moment we are making progress, and, if only this can be continued, we may hope in a few years to emerge at last from the slough into which the disaster of 1914 plunged us.

HOW do the Socialists propose to assist in this all-important endeavour? Here is what the authors of *Labour and the Nation* say:

The Labour Party, which believes in democracy in industry as well as in Government, intends that the great foundation industries, on which the welfare of all depends, shall be owned and administered for the common advantage of the whole community.

A brilliant idea. Just when industry needs the most careful nursing, when the position is critical and difficult, the Socialists propose to overthrow its whole foundation and to nationalise everything. I cannot believe that there is a single man of the slightest business sense in the whole country who can see in the Socialists' proposal—which is to be put into practice at once—anything but the most ominous certainty of disaster.

LET there be no misunderstanding. The first people to feel the effect of this menace to our whole industrial structure will be the wage-earners. No employer, with the threat of nationalisation hanging over him, will dare to do anything but contract his commitments and avoid all risks. He will not attempt to maintain his works on their present basis; certainly he will not envisage the very slightest development of their scope.

Immediate unemployment must accompany the first signs of a nationalising Government.

A great number of intelligent employers and working men have lately devoted attention to the possibility of "rationalising" industry. It is their hope, by amalgamating overlapping concerns and by eliminating waste, to set these industries on a healthier basis. How does *Labour and the Nation* regard this healthy movement? Its comments are—

The choice which to-day confronts the nation is not between private enterprise and public control, but between the conduct of industry as a public service, democratically owned and responsibly administered, and the private economic sovereignty of the combine, the syndicate and the trust. It is, in short, between public ownership or control, and one form or another of industrial feudalism.

That is to say, the Socialist Party in power will oppose all attempts to rationalise industry, for the sake of furthering its own fantastic doctrines of nationalisation.

It is quite certain that a Socialist victory, if the Socialist Party carries out even a tithe of the proposals which it declares to be immediately essential, will hardly fail to set us on the way to a state of chaos and poverty which only Soviet Russia can equal.

THE present Government has provided measures of safeguarding to protect certain industries from dangerous foreign competition. It is notorious that these measures have been as heartily welcomed by all the sensible workers in these industries, as by their employers. I need hardly say that, while *Labour and the Nation* is careful not to refer by name to safeguarding, it insists that it is opposed to "protective tariffs" of all kinds, thus indubitably including safeguarding. As usual, the Socialist Party demonstrates itself the workers' worst enemy.

To return, however, to its nationalisation proposals. The Socialist Party declares itself in this pamphlet eager to nationalise "the land, both agricultural and urban; the production and distribution of the coal and power which are the lifeblood of modern industry; the network of communications and transport which forms its veins and arteries; the control of the credit which regulates and lubricates the economic mechanism; the system of industrial life insurance," and "other fundamental necessities."

What an engaging prospect for the industrial future of this country! As yet only in Russia has such a policy been put into practice. We know the results there; even the most wooden-headed Socialist politician shrinks nowadays from repeating his old lies about the prosperity and happiness of the Russian people in their nationalised country.

I cannot see how the introduction of such measures of nationalisation—which our Socialists are pledged to put into effect at the earliest possible moment—could have very different results here. You cannot turn the whole world of industry and credit upside down without creating ruin and desolation at every step.

It should interest all shareholders to know that the Socialist Party "regards as highly reprehensible the practice, to-day unfortunately too common, of distributing in dividends to shareholders wealth which should have been employed to improve and extend the equipment of industry." The Socialists are fine judges of commercial practice. What practical experience has a single one of them had of managing important commercial concerns?

It should interest all shopkeepers, both large and small, to know that:—

The Labour party regards Co-operation as an indispensable element in the Socialist Commonwealth which is its own ideal, and looks forward to the time when it will include every member of the community. Naturally, therefore, it will work in the fullest alliance with Co-operators, will take constant counsel with them in elaborating its policy of economic reconstruction, and will utilise their long experience and specialised knowledge to build the social order which may realise the lofty hope that has inspired the prophets and pioneers of the Co-operative Societies.

THESE sentences explain, as clearly as such canting phraseology may, the reason why the Socialists forced "Dora," to cripple the one-man business. Our Socialist would-be rulers are ready to sacrifice every shopkeeper in the land to the Co-operative Societies.

It should interest every man and woman of moderate means to know that, under a Socialist Government, "the duties on large estates should be substantially increased. The question should be not what the Exchequer will take from the wealthy testator but what it will leave his heirs"; also that "what the Labour Party proposes is that a graduated surtax should be imposed on unearned incomes of over £500 per annum."

Anyone who takes the trouble to examine



DO YOU REMEMBER THE GREAT STRIKE?

Like a bad dream, it all seemed . . . the nervous tension, the discomfort, the tragedy, and the waste. How patiently and good-humouredly the City worker waited for a homeward bound conveyance, and what intense relief swept the country when peace and sanity returned

the present incidence of income-tax and super-tax upon incomes knows that the penalties of wealth in this country are already so considerable as to represent an appalling obstacle to industrial development.

WE see then that the Socialist Party's panaceas for restoring British prosperity include maniacal over-taxation; wholesale nationalisation of every basic instrument of production and exchange; the destruction of private shopkeepers; the removal of safeguarding; and the restoration of those identical Trade Union privileges

which, only three years ago, involved the country in the nearest approach to civil war for nearly three centuries.

No intelligent voter can doubt the results of such madness. If Mr. Baldwin's Government has not yet wholly succeeded in restoring to us our pre-war prosperity—and he has achieved an almost incredible advance towards this end—it is quite certain that a Socialist victory, if the Socialist Government carries out even a tithe of the proposals which it declares to be immediately essential, will hardly fail to set us on the way to a state of chaos and poverty which only Soviet Russia can equal.

Famous Women of HISTORY

No. 1. HELEN OF TROY, fair haired daughter of LEDA
and the most beautiful woman of all the world

Described by KENNETH BELL

Painted by F. MATANIA R.I.

IT was Aphrodite, we are told, the goddess of love, who began the Trojan War. For when Zeus decreed that Paris, the handsomest of living men, should decide whether she, or Hera, or Athena, was the fairest of the goddesses, it was Aphrodite who secured the verdict by bribing the judge with the promise of the loveliest of women. Now Helen of Sparta, the fair-haired daughter of Leda (and some say of Zeus himself) was, without question, the most beautiful of all the women of Greece, and therefore, of the world. When she was only twelve years old, living at home in the palace of Tyndareos, King of Sparta, with her sister Clytemnestra and her famous twin brothers Castor and Pollux, there had fallen on her, the little naked maiden, as she danced the dance of purity under her mother's eyes, the roving fancy of Theseus, the slayer of the Minotaur, the friend of Heracles, and his rival in feats of strength and daring. So he, as was his habit, carried her up north to Attica, and so began her adventures. In our own day Swinburne has made a picture of the innocent childhood thus rudely broken into, when in *Atalanta in Calydon* Meleager tells how he came to Sparta and saw there the sisters:

"one swan-white,
The little Helen, and, less
fair than she
Fair Clytemnestra, grave
as pasturing fawns
Who feed and fear some
arrow; but at whiles,
As one smitten with love
or wrung with joy,
She laughs and lightens with her eyes, and then
Weeps; whereat Helen, having laughed, weeps
too,
And the other chides her, and she being chid,
speaks nought,
But cheeks, and lips, and eyelids, kisses her,
Laughing; so fare they, as in their bloomless bud
And full of unblown life, the blood of gods."

BUT Theseus did not break the bloomless bud, and the Athenians, whose hero he was, found it hard, when they rose to primacy in Greece, to explain how her brothers, the famous twins, not only rescued her from Attica, but carried off with her in revenge no less a person than Theseus's own mother. Her son, they rather lamely pleaded, was away and busy at the time. Anyhow, it was a stainless Helen who, when womanhood embellished her, all the unwed Achaian heroes wanted for their own. From one end of Greece to the other, the suitors flocked to the palace of Tyndareos, and it seemed as if only mutual slaughter could

settle their rival claims. But the Greeks were always reasonable, and in the end they all agreed to leave the choice to Helen. So it was Menelaus of Mycenae, brother of the great leader of the Argives, Agamemnon, and richest of all the competitors, who carried off the prize. To him Helen bore a daughter, Hermione, and since her husband's rivals loyally kept their oath to respect her choice, with him she lived at peace. So all went well with her till the fatal scene when Eris, the god of strife, at the wedding feast of Peleus and Thetis, the future parents of Achilles, threw among the goddesses the apple of discord.

APHRODITE won the apple, and that meant that Paris, son of Priam, who ruled in the great Trojan city across the Ægean, must win Helen. The goddess arranged it all.

FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I., most famous of living classic illustrators, has undertaken to paint this new series for BRITANNIA and EVE. His reconstructions of the past are things to marvel at, so accurate is his detail and so complete his portrayal of the Spirit of the Times. Next month he is painting the life-story of BOADICEA, the queen who for long defied the Roman legions in early Britain.

Forsaking home and daughter and husband, breaking her vows and with them dissolving the agreement of her suitors, Helen sailed with Paris, the handsomest of living men, across the blue Ægean. So came it that, in revenge, the Achæians, led by Agamemnon himself, and, rising as one man, launched their thousand ships, and, in due course, were burned the topless towers of Ilion.

Like the fall of man, then, the fall of Troy was all due to a woman who was tempted and fell. Aphrodite and the Serpent, Paris and Adam, Helen and Eve—it is the same, and yet how different a story. Over the Hebrew record lies the glare of the desert; it is a grim story of happiness forgone, innocence lost, and knowledge bought too dear; it tells how was earned man's heritage of toil and pain. The pain of motherhood and the toil of manhood bind the parents of mankind to the ungrateful earth. The lords of creation, who once walked erect and shameless in a garden, are condemned to sweat and writhe, for all too long a lifetime, on the fringe of the desert, for they have angered the righteous and implacable Creator who alone is master of their fate.

IT was the apple of the tree of knowledge that Eve was tempted to tempt Adam to eat. In the Greek story there was an apple, too; but it is the prize of beauty. There is a woman, but the woman is Helen, not the mother, but the magnet of men. Death, when it comes into the story, is the glorious

death of heroes, not the jealous and squalid crime of Cain. Passion, and horror, and tragedy are there, for the story is the tale of men and women, but over it all is the sheen and the splendour of Greece, of the sparkling sea, the white-walled cities, blue mountains with their little caps of clouds and rocky inlets shimmering with the grey-green olive and bright with flowers. This is the kingdom of Helen, the land where Nature, if she can be treacherous, is nearly always kind. This is the throne from which that matchless face has looked down thirty centuries to meet with a smile the yearning of mankind.

"O! Thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

IT is with Helen as with government—men get the one they deserve. There is the Helen of superstition, mixed up with fear-religions, which haunted all through Greek history the backward valleys and upland villages, a Helen who attracts to herself the primitive tree-worshippers of Sparta, or, again, the Helen who appears to mariners off the headlands of the Peloponnese as a baleful kind of St. Elmo's fire. There is the Helen of fantastic myth, in which the Greek genius for invention ran riot, the Helen who was hatched from an egg, the fruit of the union of Nemesis and of Zeus in the form of a swan. Laborious Germans have collected and buried again in vast dictionaries of mythology enough stories about Helen scattered up and down the literature of Greece and Rome to make Andrew Lang declare that there is next to nothing left that can be definitely stated not to have been said or believed about her. There is the Helen of modern scepticism, who never existed at all, any more than the Trojan War happened, who was purely a personification of this, or that, or the other—sun myth, or tribal migration, or national characteristic, or what not. Rather like the phantom which, according to the poet Stesichorus, was all of Helen which really went to Troy. For the lady herself, having been taken to Egypt by Paris, remained in a kind of cold storage, waiting for her husband to fetch her back, under the care of Proteus, Egypt's just and highly moral king. Most people have a Helen of sorts, but there is only one that matters. That is the Helen of the heroic age, the Helen of Homer.

THIS is the Helen, white-armed and fair-haired, to whom Iros came as she sat in the hall of her Trojan ravisher, weaving a great purple web of double woof and embroidering thereon many battles of horse-taming Trojans and mail-clad Achæians that they had endured for her sake at the hands of Ares. "Forthwith she veiled her face in shining linen and hastened from her chamber, letting fall a round tear." Swiftly she made her way to the Skaian gates of



wide-wayed Troy, there to watch Paris and Menelaus, her lover and her husband, fight with tall spears in single combat for her sake. There she found King Priam, sitting encircled by the elders of Troy, and he received her kindly, telling her that he blamed not her but the gods for the troubles that had come upon them. And there she hung, watching the fight. She saw Paris caught by the horse-hair crest of his helmet and held at the mercy of Menelaus, half strangled by the embroidered strap beneath his soft throat, till Aphrodite, ever watchful for her favourite, tore the strap asunder and snatched him away in a cloud and set him down in his fragrant vaulted chamber. Then the goddess sought out Helen where she stood, thronged by the Trojan women, hostile and contemptuous, on the tower overlooking the gates.

APHRODITE plucked at her perfumed raiment, and spoke to her in the guise of an aged dame, a woolcomber that was wont to work for Helen fair wool when she dwelt in Lacedæmon, whom, too, she greatly loved. "Even in her likeness, fair Aphrodite spake: 'Come hither; Paris sum-

"When she was only twelve years old, there had fallen on her, the little naked maiden, the roving fancy of Theseus, the slayer of the Minotaur. So he carried her up north to Attica, and so began her adventures . . ."

moneth thee to go homeward. There is he in his chamber, and inlaid bed, radiant in beauty and vesture; nor would'st thou deem him to be come from fighting his foe, but rather to be faring to the dance, or from the dance to be just resting and set down.'"

But Helen saw through the disguise and bitterly upbraided Aphrodite: "Go thou and sit by his side and depart from the way of the gods, but still be vexed for his sake and guard him till he make thee his wife or perchance his slave." Then bright Aphrodite grew angry and made her afraid, and led her away to the high-roofed chamber and to her lover. Fiercely Helen reproached him and sneered at him for his defeat. But he answered "Never yet hath love so enwrapped my heart—not even when first I snatched thee from lovely Lacedæmon and sailed with thee on my sea-faring ships, and in the island of Kranæ held converse with thee upon thy couch with love." And he led the way to the bed and Helen followed with him.

IT is the same Helen, too, who, when the weeping Trojan women met King Priam bringing home the body of Hector, dead and dishonoured, made her lament for him next after faithful Andromache his wife, and Hecuba his broken-hearted mother: "Hector, of all my brethren of Troy far dearest to my heart, never yet heard I evil or despicable word from thee; therefore bewail I thee with pain at heart, and my hapless self with thee, for no more is any left in wide Troyland to be my friend and kind to me, but all men shudder at me."

Such is Helen of the Iliad, the helpless victim of her own loveliness, regretting in exile her little daughter and the scenes and friends of her girlhood, regretting her shame and shrinking at the taunts it brings her, despising her lover, asking not for passion, but for kindness, and irresistible in her unchanging bloom. Human frailty cannot touch Andromache the single-hearted, human scruples do not trouble laughter-loving Aphrodite. Only Helen breaks rules like a goddess, and, like a woman, repents. That is why she holds the centre of the stage, why the Siege and all the deeds and passions of the heroes are but a setting for her face.

She is the woman of immortal charm. Like Eve she was tempted and fell, and men cannot forget her.

THE Helen of the Odyssey is different, and yet the same. She and Menelaus have made it up. Homer does not tell us, but we know from a picture on a famous vase exactly how it happened. Troy has fallen, the ten long years are over, and the Achaians are ready to return. Then, at last, outraged husband and faithless wife meet face to face. Menelaus drew his sword in anger, and would have plunged it into Helen's breast as she stood veiled and shrinking before him. But Aphrodite stood behind her. For once the friend of wedlock, the goddess twitched aside the veil from Helen's face, and the sword-arm of Menelaus dropped and his heart turned to her again. So even a goddess can make *amende honorable*.

It is the rightful mistress of a king's household, then, whom we meet again in the Odyssey. Telemachus and Nestor's son, his friend and companion, arrive in the midst of a wedding feast under the roof of Menelaus, and there are splendidly entertained. Anon Helen came forth from her fragrant vaulted chamber, like Artemis of the golden arrows, and sat down with her distaff in her chair, and beneath her was a footstool for her feet. The four talked together for a while. Then Helen rose and cast a drug into the wine whereof they drank, a drug to lull pain and anger and to bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. "Whoso should drink thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let no tear fall down his cheeks, not though his mother and his father died, not though men slew his brother or dear son with the sword, before his face and his own eyes beheld it."

Then they spoke of old days, and Helen told of how Odysseus of many wiles once found his way into Troy, and only she knew him, and how she washed and anointed him with oil and gave him raiment and swore a great oath not to reveal him. And afterwards, when the Trojan women wept at the slaughter he made, Helen's soul was glad, for already her heart was turned to go back home, and she groaned for the blindness that Aphrodite gave her when she led her away from her own country, forsaking her child, her bridal chamber and her lord.

Then Menelaus capped her tale with the story of the wooden horse. How the Achaians shut within it in the heart of Troy were beguiled by Helen who, compelled by some god who wished to bring glory to the Trojans, came up to the hollow ambush and going round it twice and handling it, called by name on the chiefs of the Argives imprisoned there, making her voice like the voice of their wives. And how the chiefs longed to answer, but Odysseus would not let them, though he had to close the mouth of homesick Anticlus with his own strong hands, and only so he saved all the Achaians and held Anticlus speechless until such time as Pallas Athene led Helen away. Then, the stories told, Helen sent the handmaidens from the hall with torch in hand and they spread the beds, and the henchmen led forth the guests. And Menelaus slept, as his custom was, in the inmost chamber of the lofty house and by him lay long-robed Helen, that fair lady.

SO Helen is still Helen, the wistful bewitcher of men. She may mix what draft of forgetfulness she pleases, but it only loosens men's tongues to talk of her. And the talk is of a double betrayal: once of her alien guardians, from loyalty to her own folk whom she had forsaken, and again, by some god compelled, another betrayal



"Swiftly she went her way to the lover and her husband, fight with-tall encircled by the Elders of Troy, and

of those same kinsfolk to their enemies and hers.

So the chivalry of Homer guards Helen to the end. It is never her fault. He wrote, like Shakespeare, of an age in which men of fierce passions and splendid energy struggled with destiny before an audience of perfect women. Like the Elizabethans, the fair-haired, mail-clad Achaians saw a new world opening before them. The great age of Crete, with its half-oriental religion and morality, lay behind them as the middle ages lay behind the Tudors. Old loyalties and allegiances were loosened, old fears had proved groundless and old restraints unnecessary. The stage was set for heroic deeds. It has been pointed out that none of the Homeric heroes has a pedigree of more than three generations; wherever they came from, from the soil of Greece itself, from the south, or from the north, they were new men.

NOT tribal custom nor ordered government nor religious belief so much as

personal loyalty bound them together. Like the Harolds and the Olafs of the Sagas, the warriors of the Trojan War were great chiefs with a personal following bound to them by personal ties. Such men see war in terms of individual rivalries and individual vendettas, alliances in terms of wedlock, and life as an adventure. It is in the present that they live, the past is forgotten and the future unknown, why should they labour to preserve the one or to build for the other? All round the Aegean with its rocky, jagged coast, its little harbours and cypress-crowned hills, they clustered where the Cretans and the Hittites had ruled and made there, for a season, a world of romance. In and out among the hills, to and fro across the sea, they sailed in their tiny ships. In the little plains and valleys of the coast-line they fought their miniature wars, and won



Æolian gates of wide-waved Troy, there to watch Paris and Menelaus, her spears in single combat for her sake. There she found King Priam, sitting, he received her kindly And there she hung, watching the fight

the glory of which their minstrels sang. Mynceæ, queen of the Peloponnese, looked seaward towards Troy, the key of the Dardanelles. Sooner or later there was bound to be war between Argives and Trojans, and, the rape of Helen was the pretext.

IT was a man's world, and it is painted by a man. Hector and Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon and Diomedes, Paris and Ulysses, for all their glory, are just men; savages, cowards, sensualists, liars, and braggarts. Achilles sulking about a woman and wreaking vengeance on the corpse of Hector, Hector himself fleeing from a single enemy round the walls of Troy, Paris humiliated in battle consoling himself in the arms of Helen, Ajax the blunderer and the trickster Ulysses—like Shakespeare's heroes and villains, Homer's are all too human. If

they achieve dignity and courage, it is against heavy odds.

All too human, too, are Homer's gods and goddesses; the ridiculous and degraded figures in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the pure-bred Olympians. Luxurious Zeus, whom cunning Hera can always persuade to take a nap, is typical of the rest.

Zeus pitar, Capitoline Jove in the Roman legend, the greatest and gravest of the pagan gods, the great Lord of Olympus—what was he but a sensual ruler with but occasional impulses of kindness and recognition of true worth? In the legend of Philemon and Baucis alone does he approach, with the thunder hidden in the rolling of his voice and the sweet gravity of his demeanour, the human standard of the divine.

And Hera, the ox-eyed, the stately and

opulent queen of heaven, what of her? Periodically deserted, though faithful, wife, her insensate jealousy quite as much as his own lust drove her lord in his guise of the bull to Europa, the swan to Leda, the symbolic shower of gold to Danaë, the prototype of how many human passion stories of legend and of life.

Phœbus, "with hair and harpstring of gold," pursuer of Daphne, was bitter to follow though beautiful to behold; Hermes, god of thieves and liars, whose mischief, so amusing to read, was so acrid to experience; Artemis, with her icy beauty and her silent arrows of death, showed a sexless cruelty more vile than the lust of Nero. . . .

Prejudiced, unscrupulous, self-indulgent and mean, the Olympians concentrate in themselves all the unheroic side of human nature. Only Thetis, who married beneath her into humanity, comes up to the moral standard set by men and women. The gods as seen by Homer remind one of what Napoleon's marshals must have thought of the noblesse of the *ancien régime*: there was a lot to be said for marrying into their families; some-



"Menelaus drew his sword in anger, and would have plunged it into Helen's breast as she stood veiled and shrinking before him. But Aphrodite stood behind her . . . the sword-arm of Menelaus dropped and his heart turned to her again . . ."

how about them there was something of the unbought grace of life, but of their morals and standards of conduct, the less said the better.

BUT if the gods and goddesses and even the heroes are no better than they should be, the scene they play on is redeemed by the glory of mortal women. Cordelia and Juliet, Portia and Rosalind and Desdemona have their prototypes in the women of Homer. Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra, Homer would have made goddesses. It is the eternal note of chivalry, the code of western men emerging from barbarism, looking to woman to elevate and beautify life. "No literature in the world," says Andrew Lang, "displays a happier domestic life, a life more gentle, true and loving, than the old epics of the mail-clad Achaians." The men are still half savages, but, at least, they have the grace to see in women their superiors, for it is women who have civilisation in their keeping. Hecuba and Andromache, Penelope and Nausicaa never shock us as their menfolk do by some lapse into primitive, cowardice or bestiality. The

perfect lover, the perfect wife, and the perfect maiden—Homer has painted them all.

And yet, Helen, the faithless, the wanderer, the victim of Aphrodite and the stirrer up of war, stands out among them all—the woman of immortal charm.

Think of what the moderns would have made of her; Zola tracing every lineament of her body, dissecting every impulse of her brain with his scalpel of a pen; the pencil of Beardsley revealing her as decadent, as degenerate as Salome; the wit of Maugham scarifying her in a classical "Our Betters"; the golden prose of Wilde poured out in cascades of evil jewels to evoke the epicurean image of a feminine Dorian Gray.

Think of Helen set in the acrid pages of Dryden, a sneer in every line; or the Helen of Pope, whose heroic couplets stripped so much heroism from the giant hexameters of Homer, leaving her but a pulseless figure in his verse; think of her, a Grecian Amelia in the cynical hands of Thackeray, or a negative and whimpering Nell of the Argives

in the violent and sentimental work of Dickens.

How would she have fared at the hands of her own

sex, I wonder? Jane Austen would have drawn her prim skirts aside; the Brontës, mistresses of gloom, would have shed maiden tears of ink for her beauty; George Eliot could never have drawn a Helen at all.

Think of what Homer himself might have made of her. A vulgar enchantress, a temptress flaunting her beauty for the sake of men's admiration, a witch with the face of an angel. Instead, she stands out of his pages, her loveliness deepened by pathos, the pathos of helpless beauty. The face that launched a thousand ships brought to its mistress shame and regret. The charms of which Olympus made a bait caught only a poor-spirited sensualist, and it was Aphrodite, and not poor Helen, who caused the death of heroes, the weeping of women, and the ruin of Troy.

A man's view, certainly, but if man did not idealise woman what would become of him?

The *REAL* NOEL COWARD

By C. B. COCHRAN



A caricature of Noel Coward by Tom Titt

ENGLAND and America recognise Noel Coward for one of the most remarkable young men of his generation. But those who know him well also realise that he is one of the most misunderstood. On the strength of such plays of his as "Fallen Angels" he has been branded as a pornographer; other censorious mortals have sought to identify him with the tortured neurotic, Nicky, of "The Vortex"; he has been castigated as a decadent writer and accused, with about equal justice, of preaching old-time and arbitrary morality. Some critics have found his work derivative and conventional in form and matter; others dub him amateurish and careless. These and countless equally contradictory, equally ungenerous opinions have been interspersed among the mass of more level-headed judgment and the idolatrous flattery which this young genius has inspired.

THE real Noel Coward does not emerge from this plethora of opinion any more than he does from his writings. But those who know him in his home (which is also his workshop) and in the theatre (which is his shop-window) know him for something different from—and, yes, something more than—either his detractors or idolaters can convey. And to know him is to know why such varied estimates of him are current.

I have called him a genius. It is a word that I use very sparingly. But Coward is certainly a genius. There is never all this controversial smoke without a flame of genius at the heart of it. Let us try to see through the smoke to the fire.

THOSE who mistakenly imagine that Noel was born with a silver spoon in his mouth (uncomfortable suggestion!) will doubtless be surprised to learn that as a matter of fact the first ten years of his life—he was born at Teddington in 1899—were passed in very straitened circumstances. His mother, still his best-beloved friend and closest counsellor, supported herself and her son by taking in paying guests, and to her he owed a large measure of his education. Noel's dutifulness to and admiration of her form one of the most attractive features of his character, and it was undoubtedly his early determination to requite her years of hard work for him that turned him into the demon for hard work that he was and is.

This faculty of almost continuous work—so directly opposed to the popular conception of him as a *flâneur* and idler among the pleasant places of Society with the capital "S"—is perhaps the dominant factor in his career. He has enormous powers of concentration, only equalled by his facility in self-criticism. And though he works at great speed, he also corrects, rejects, revises assiduously. There is nothing of the gilded amateur or slovenly dilettante about Coward.



Noel Coward as a musical-comedy brand of cavalier in the New York version of "This Year of Grace"

HIS mother's example made him a worker, and it was with her aiding and abetting that he first came to adopt the stage as a profession. I wish that for the sake of the romantically inclined I could picture him running away to go on the boards, but the facts are against me. For at ten years old, in response to an advertisement for child actors, Noel accompanied Mrs. Coward to Lila Field's office and was engaged for the part of Prince Mussel in a Christmas play called "The Goldfish," presented at the Playhouse. Shortly afterwards he was fortunate enough to work under the late Sir Charles Hawtrey (in itself a liberal theatrical education),

and his stage career continued with only brief interruptions until in 1917 at the age of eighteen he joined the army.

His efforts as a playwright were as speedily successful as his histrionic ambitions, for in 1921 he was appearing in his own play, "The Young Idea," in New York. Afterwards the piece, with the author in it, appeared in London, where shortly afterwards he made an even more notable dual success in "London Calling," for which he wrote some music, lyrics, and some delightful

satire, and in which he appeared personally.

FROM that time on Noel Coward has been one of the most regular and consistently successful contributors to the London theatre. Over a period of nine years he has had more than a dozen plays published and produced, and has written numbers or whole books for several revues. "The Vortex," his most notable "legitimate" success, migrated from the Everyman to the Royalty and placed him among the few serious dramatists who count. In this he also made a personal acting success as the son of Mrs. Lancaster (Miss Lilian Braithwaite).

My own acquaintance with him, founded when he wrote for my earlier revues, was cemented by his collaboration as author and composer of "This Year of Grace." It was in the preparation of this work that I came to full appreciation of Coward's amazing and varied gifts. Revue tests to the fullest extent the ability of any man of the theatre, for by its very constitution revue demands at once the greatest slickness and the most penetrative insight into public demand. These include acting, the provision of dialogues and lyrics, the counterplay of sentiment and humour, ability to provide subject-matter for dance-interludes, musical gifts of a high order, variety and unity of conception, and an under-

standing of stagecraft and the deft introduction of the costumier's and the scenic artist's skill. Coward has the genuine theatrical gift of using all these various contributions and unifying them to the purpose in hand, and the success of "This Year of Grace" was due in no small measure to his sense of revue co-ordination. Coming as it did on the top of his two failures in the world of "legitimate" drama, it undoubtedly proved a turning point in the author-composer's career. But it did more than this: it set Coward at the fore-front as a writer of wit and as a composer of ability. (Continued on p. 202)



"A room with a view" - - - Noel Coward's flat is as modern as its lord and master, whose real self is revealed in this article



Vernon

Lady Cynthia Asquith

CONFESSIONS

Month by Month

By Lady CYNTHIA ASQUITH

I WONDER how many spectators really enjoy the pleasures for which they pay. The herding instinct is responsible for such an immense amount of gate-money. It makes no difference whether the attraction is an outdoor game or an indoor exhibition. Wherever two or three are gathered together, thousands more will want to join them.

For example, the exhibition of Dutch paintings. Every day, from the hour at which the doors of Burlington House were opened until the "Pass along" time, men and women—chiefly women—in close formation slowly pressed one another through the huge rooms.

HOW interesting it would be could the truth have been extracted from each jostled sight-seer, and statistics given as to what percentage of the crowd took tickets prompted by love of Art in general, or of Dutch art in particular. A certain contingent no doubt went to meet their friends or to stare at strangers, the pictures they so effectually stymied merely providing a *rendezvous* for the sociable. Yet I believe a large majority were actuated by a genuine wish to study the pictures, else why should they take so much trouble to mark their catalogues, and so patiently queue up to pass in front of the most highly-praised works?

At all exhibitions the fortunate few are trying to see what they like, and the rest are wistfully trying to like what they see. This being so, I cannot help wondering why aspirants after aesthetic enjoyment do not give their powers of appreciation more practice. In London there are so many wonderful pictures that may be seen all the year round for nothing. Is it not a curious fact that whereas the Dutch Exhibition was crowded to the point of physical danger, the National Gallery, which incidentally contains a wonderful collection of Dutch pictures, is nearly always so empty that it provides an ideal resort for anyone who shuns his fellow creatures? Suppose the National Gallery were only open for one month in the year and efficiently advertised, would people flock to it? I imagine so.

TO return to the pictures. What a popular fallacy is the much derided "Bromide": "I don't know what's good, but I know what I like." In reality, how much easier it is to know what is *good* than to be sure what one *likes*. There are always plenty of experts

to tell us what is "good," and for a year or two may we not repose in the acceptance of their verdict?

In matters of taste, men or women with strong convictions of their own are very rare. Of all the arts, painting is, I think, the province in which the public most meekly submit to dictation. The experts impose their will on the laity. Pictures, whose first appearance caused such laughter that some people had to be carried in convulsions from the gallery, are now fetching fabulous sums; for in painting fashion plays quite as large a part as in dress.

Not so with the Theatre.

Amongst playgoers, neither acquiescence nor reaction can be counted upon. By arousing curiosity, critics may for a few weeks give false impetus to a play for which there is no real demand. They may, alas, often nip a potential success in the bud, but in the long run, we all go, and go again, to the plays which for some reason we appreciate.

THE wonderful success of "Journey's End" is significant in that it marks an interesting counter reaction. For how many years were we told that no book, play or film about the war had any chance of success?

Now the whole of London flocks to see a play which is about nothing except the war, the mental distress being dwelt on as much as, even more than, the physical.

This counter reaction is natural and fitting. Is it surprising that those who fought should welcome this strangely moving record of their experience? It is a tribute—a sort of salute to the ordeal they shared with the dead.

To some of the survivors, one of the hardest parts of the return to post-war conditions was the sense that those who had not shared their endurances wanted, as much as was possible, to banish the war from their minds. By a strange irony it was often the combatants who were made to feel "out of it."

THIS wrong is now being righted.

At whatever expense of tears and nervous distress all ages flock to "Journey's End," some to "live it over again," others humbly to gain a glimpse of the nature of their debt of gratitude. Those who are too young to have been in the war seek knowledge of the immense thing they missed, and it is right they should learn through what it was their fathers passed.

I HAVE heard surprise expressed that any one could bear to see so harrowing a play a second time. One explanation is that the acting is completely convincing. Never have I so identified players with their parts. You return to see them again as you go to visit a friend. It is no exaggeration to say that you clap them, not because they have acted well, but because you think they are going out to fight. The illusion is complete.

And yet Beauty keeps breaking through the Horror—the Beauty of Courage, Humour and Camaraderie. These qualities, for which the Great War was the supreme arena, emerge triumphant, and thus, however harrowed, we leave the theatre with a quickened sense of love and reverence for Humanity.

The way in which the audience has improved during the run of the play is remarkable. At first, clutching at straws of comic relief, they used to laugh far too long at each joke. Now they are wonderfully quiet. There is scarcely any incidental clapping. It is like being at a Memorial Service.



"... At all exhibitions the fortunate few are trying to see what they like and the rest are wistfully trying to like what they see..."

CONFESSIONS

Month by Month

By WARWICK DEEPING



L. C. Smith

Mr. Warwick Deeping

THERE are people who love to be shocked, and people who love to do the shocking, and such shockingness is part of the joy of life. For it may be that these little excursions and alarms are all that are left to us of that world of mischief and make-believe when we were pirates and Red Indians. Never have we heard of children playing at being angels. In those days we climbed into other people's back gardens at the dead of night and turned on the garden tap and sent the roller running amok into the rockery. It was just the adventure of the thing, something hazardous and unusual done in the darkness, a protest against the ordinances of those bureaucrats—our elders.

Jehovah, that arch-bureaucrat, is still served by those who love to exercise interference. There is a type of man, and of woman, that loves to say no. It sounds stately and it creates a feeling of self-importance. These priests of the holy of holies take pleasure in forbidding the pleasures of their fellows. They will suppress this, and they will suppress that, night-clubs, whist-drives, football competitions, the secret mysteries of the Primrose League, the sinister activities of suburban cat's-meat clubs.

"O, decadent and shameless generation!"

There have always been such generations. Ours, of course, is the most shameless of them all. Our Jeremiahs have said so.

NOW, most of us ask for our little thrill of adventure. Personally I get mine by rising very early in the morning and running a "Dawn Club" of one in my garden, though the birds join in, and the domestic cat may cut capers. I do this because I like it, and not because of some moral urge, but some day I expect that solemn person, Old Censor, to fall upon me officially.

NOW, it is obvious that there are people who like to stay up late. Their sense of adventure comes with the night hours. But Old Censor looks darkly upon such profligates. He murmurs—"Night-life, night-clubs, night-lights. These people should be compelled to put on night-caps at 10.30 p.m. precisely. I will get a bill drafted."

Having divined the inwardness of night-clubs, and realised that they possess just such an esoteric meaning as do the pocket-flasks of the U.S.A., Young Logic decided that it was his duty to visit night-clubs and cabarets, and he did so.

HE went with people who knew. There were sacred mysteries. Doors had to be persuaded to open, porters had to be passed, books signed. It was all rather surreptitious and exciting. Young Logic knew that it was his duty to feel that he was getting over the back wall into the forbidden garden.

There was much people, much dear and rather indifferent liquor, dancing that was not exactly exquisite. There were pretty ladies—of course. The drummer syncopated on his chair. Bald heads perspired. Paper caps and other oddments were distributed. But the gaiety creaked at the knees.

Someone inquired: "Well, what about it?"

And Young Logic replied: "I want to go to bed."

He was profoundly and healthily bored.

Now, boredom in the presence of certain social phenomena is a state of mind that Old Censor does not legislate for. He is so absorbed in sniffing out little odours of nastiness that he misses the boy and the

roses. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred prefer the boy and the roses, and the perfume of a pipe, and they will continue to do so if only Old Censor will refrain from provoking them. Let us have less talk from him about purity and more about humanity at play. A very shrewd naval gentleman once said: "When a man begins talking purity to me, I take good care to keep him out of my house. Either he is a senseless pedant or a secret sensualist, probably the latter."

I AM sure we should all like to see Mr. Bateman produce a picture of the Arch-Bureaucrat getting into a pair of his trousers and proceeding to seat himself on some little blowhole in the sulphur fields. We should observe him solemnly sitting down to suppress and smother one small eruption, while hundreds of other pimples became joyously swollen and active. And how pleased we should be were some more powerful pimple to erupt and blow him heavenwards into Abraham's bosom.

Just because of the bureaucrat one regards night-clubs and such institutions as symbolical. They are not only for the nasty and the few, but they also make an inward appeal to the normal many.

"Keep to the Right," says the Old Censor, and instantly the Puck in man is moved to diverge to the left.

But somewhere there is a human and an understanding god holding his sides while he laughs. He knows that the boy will go out with his bull's-eye lantern, and all the more so because Old Censor may have said that bull's-eye lanterns are the creations of the Devil. So, the boy will flash the forbidden light in the solemn creature's eyes and Old Censor will hoot: "This debauched and decadent generation. Let us draft more bills and regulations. Let the domestic cat be put into pants. Let all tiled roofs be protected with wire netting."

But why?

LIFE is neither an hydraulic press, nor a meat-safe, nor a nest of pigeon-holes for official forms. Almost, Old Censor resembles a goggle-eyed child with a bucket and spade building a nice little sand wall to coerce the sea. He is a high-brow little fellow who reads bits out of "Blue Books" to Mother Life, and Mother Life smiles and says to him, "Yes, my dear, very interesting, but go on playing with your nice little bucket and spade." She knows that the sea will come in.



"... There are people who love to be shocked, and people who love to do the shocking, and such shockingness is part of the joy of life..."

The Fatal

By COSMO HAMILTON



The REAL

So elusive at times, Beauty is here captured by the subtle sophistication of Mlle. Elizabeth Simon of Hungary, who was acclaimed Queen of Beauty at the recent International Contest in Paris

IN Monte Carlo a little while ago I ran into a man, who is the husband of one of the most beautiful women alive.

Before he had achieved this feat and become envied by his friends he was one of those large, muscular, laughing, handsome creatures, who are worth their weight in gold. Always good-natured and well, always willing to fall in with whatever sport was going, he was the luck-penny of week-end parties, the sun-maker in every house which was fortunate enough to

acquire him. A man who won the instant confidence of children and animals, he had scored a long list of "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

I can remember to have seen him beaming and apparently happy, for instance, at a table with three female bridge fiends, and that is the ultimate test. And a month before he was married, in 1922, the story went about as to his having been spotted in Charles Street at a quarter past one in the morning, in an absolute downpour of rain, taking someone's little dog for a run and whistling as he went.

The wedding at the Chapel Royal had been a great event. Boydie, as everyone called him, was, for one thing, a member of the Brigade. In addition to that which, in itself, put him outside the ruck of ordinary men, as all will agree who know the gallant record and superb efficiency of the Guards, was a household-word as a county cricketer. Then, too, he was the eldest son of a picturesque racing peer, whose stable was watched by all those men and women, who indulge in the national habit of trying to spot the winner.

So that, one way and another, his name and face and deeds were better known to the great public than those of our political leaders of all parties, who come into the lime-light and front pages only during election times and go unnoticed in between.

The bride, too, was a famous person before whose exquisite beauty even the most notorious film stars and musical comedy favourites were among the "also rans." No illustrated weekly had been "put to bed" since she had emerged from school without several photographs of that remarkable girl in graceful attitudes, and no Academy exhibition had been considered complete for three or four years at least, which did not contain her portrait by a distinguished portraitist.

NOT only was all Society at the church, therefore, and an army of photographers, but a vast crowd of those dear ladies, who are drawn by an irresistible magnet to these affairs, and wait for hours on the pavement, wet or fine, in order to be thrilled and moved by the sight of notabilities and to see when she comes, the blushing bride, apparelled like the spring.

I had not come across my old friend Boydie for several years, and was shocked and amazed at the sight of him out there in the sun. The corners of his mouth were drooping and so were his massive shoulders. His once ruddy face was pale, his hair was streaked with white, and there were lines about his eyes out of which all the fun had gone. He reminded me of a tennis ball which had been cracked against a wall.

"Good Lord, the 'flu!" I thought; but when, with deep concern, I asked him how he was, he said, from force of habit, "Oh, I'm as right as rain," and added, to my horror, "rotten through and through."

I said that I was frightfully sorry, recommended the tonic by which I swear—every man has a secret tonic without which he never leaves home—and inquired after his wife. It was then that I touched, and was startled, the outer edge of truth.

"My wife, poor wretch," he said bitterly, "is keeping beautiful."

And having thus put my reluctant eye to a chink in the door of his Blue Room, he mouched away, with the look of a hound that had been turned out of the pack.

I watched him as he went. His feet were dragging, his back was rounded, and his once noticeable elasticity was lost. One of the numerous gargantuan motor-buses, which carry the more temporary visitors to the Riviera from Cannes and Nice, Antibes and Juan-les-Pines, missed him by an inch, and presently he disappeared among all those quaint Knights and Major-Generals, who come to Monte Carlo every year in order to dodge the London winter and haunt the baccarat rooms. Not a bad idea!



Two BEAUTIES of

Wistful, gracious and appealing, the Lady A. Capel offers us moderns a glimpse of the standards of beauty which found favour with our early Victorian ancestors

Gift of BEAUTY

AT the Casino that night, rather late, as I was leaving a table, at which my absolutely infallible system had let me down, I felt a hand on my arm, and there was my friend, about whose alteration I had been puzzling. He looked even older without his hat, and I saw that the thick brown hair, which so many of his god-children had ruffled during larks, had become painfully thin on the top. Leaning rather heavily, he led me into the light rococo room where drinks are to be had, and we sat at a small round table with a marble top.

In the middle of his second whisky and soda he said, quoting George Macdonald, "Beauty and sadness always go together. Nature thought beauty too rich to go forth upon the earth without a meet alloy." And then, after a gloomy pause, he culled this melancholy gem from Ruskin which seemed to relieve his mind: "Remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless; peacocks and lilies, for instance."



—Days GONE by . . .

Bewitchingly demure, the Hon. Miss Flower, a beauty of her time, reveals the especial charm of the ingenue in the spacious days of our great grandmothers

Here was a certain indication that this once athletic man, who had been in the habit of reading nothing but books in the running brooks and sermons in stones, had been rounding his shoulders over volumes of poetry; or, taking a shorter cut, dictionaries of quotations. His mental condition caused me great alarm.

WARMING to his subject and using his own simple words, he went on to describe the fatality of being beautiful and the tragedy of being the husband of a woman who had been born with that gift. Not without a touch of grim humour, but never departing from a deep-rooted sympathy, in which his inherited and innate chivalry made a strong light, he proved to me, with the most distressing illustrations, how slavish is the life of a beauty who is under the piercing eye of the press camera and the incessant public gaze. He let me into the secrets of his poor wife's fears of little lines and wrinkles, of encroaching fleshy deposits and all her hourly struggles against the common enemy which we call Time.

He described the constant penances that were imposed upon her in the way of semi-starvation and painful Spartanism, the morning and evening exercises with machinery and without, the withdrawal from the sun, the need of a fixed expression and a chin held high, the subjection to daily rubbings and face treatments with her own direful obsession to creams and astringents, powders and straps; the vital necessity of sleeping on her back at full length on a hard bed, without pillows, in a special temperature, lying from east to west, for at least ten hours at a stretch, the supreme importance of being protected from the slightest irritation and of moving only among those vibrations that are kind and sweet.

FLATTERY and admiration, intensive patience and forbearance had, too, to be poured upon her by everyone under her roof, so that when, briefly unbound and unshackled, clean, clear-eyed, smiling slightly and exquisitely dressed, she made her public appearance "garmented in light from her own beauty," more lovely than Pandora, she should be able to perform her one great duty to the world, too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Facing the relentless sun of her days, these daily and nightly tyrannies became, he told me, more and more exacting and cruel. Biting at her salients, age, the indomitable enemy, never ceased to attack. Fear hung over her life, and with it petulance, extortion, injustice and auto-infatuation grew and grew. He confessed, when finally he discussed this tragedy from a personal point of view, that to be married to such a woman was a sheer absurdity.

From the moment of his entering upon his penal servitude he had been a male nurse. Among the duties of this now well-



The IDEAL . . .

"Mirafiore," by Edmond R. Amateis, a fellow of the American Academy in Rome, gracefully portrays the sculptors' ideal of classical beauty

trained professional he was required at stated moments to turn himself into a gentle walker, an echo of pleasant sounds, a practiser of adulation, a sort of mental umbrella and an expert concierge.

Is it any wonder that he has lost his hair, his laughter, his friends, his once infectious charm, and almost all his kindness? Under our obsolete laws of divorce he cannot obtain a release from a woman for being beautiful. And if he could he wouldn't, because, he knows so well that the time will come when his beautiful lady will lose her beauty, and be deserted by the world.

The DOUBLE SADDLE

A new Story
of the Foreign Legion
by P.C. WREN (Author of "Beau Geste" etc.)

CAPTAIN ZARLES of the Foreign Legion was undeniably a very fine soldier, an admirable regimental officer, and worthy of the great regiment that he adorned. When he sent him to the Military College at St. Maixent to study for his commission, Colonel des Voeux had prophesied that they would undoubtedly make an officer of Sergeant-Major Zarles—but not a gentleman. However, brave, zealous and experienced officers were of more importance than gentlemen, and the Legion's Mess would soon give him the necessary veneer.

Captain Zarles lived for his work, and nothing else interested him greatly. Women, a little; wine and absinthe, a little; practical cruelty, a little. At the moment, the camel question occupied his keen and active mind, almost to the exclusion of his present form of relaxation, the baiting of his wife, and of *le légionnaire* the ci-devant Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel.

Something, he felt, could be done to improve the already high efficiency of the

man who drove the beast by means of rope-reins fastened to its nostrils. And the camel had also carried the camp-kit of Captain Zarles and had finished the journey without the slightest signs of fatigue.

The zealous officer had made a careful sketch of the two-seated contraption.

AND, this bright and shining morn, Captain Zarles stood eyeing the bony wooden frame of a Touareg saddle with its high-crutched pommel and narrow back-board crupper, comparing it unfavourably with the type represented by the sketch in his note-book. Yes, surely the Arab was wrong and the Baluchi was right. Both used the same species of camel, the dromedary, and in similar country. Yet how should the Arab be wrong in the light of five thousand years' experience. On the other hand, why should the Baluchi be wrong? Presumably the Asiatic has used the single-humped dromedary just as long as the African had, and his practical conclusion—the two-seated saddle—is as much entitled to respect.

Anyhow, Captain Zarles would have a two-seated saddle-frame constructed at once, and he would himself experiment therewith, giving it the fullest trial, and possibly modifying and improving it. Yes, and this dog Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel

should be his camel-man, his *oont-wallah*, as they called the man in the Indian deserts. Quite a promotion for *ce bon sacré chien d'un Vicomte* to be groom to a camel.

And Captain Zarles proceeded to carry out his great idea, of evolving the Regulation Sealed-pattern Zarles' Two-seated Military Camel Saddle—to his undoing and terrible death.

AS some students of history are aware, there was a Valmond de la Roche St. Michel with Roland at Ronceval, and there have, of course, been Valmonds de la Roche St. Michel in the *entourages* of most of the kings and queens of France. Their bannerets have been seen in Jerusalem, at Acre, Rhodes, Malta and wherever new pages of French history were written in steel and stone.

The Valmond de la Roche St. Michel of the French Revolution weathered the storm, thanks partly to his courage, ability and stoutness of heart, and partly to his and his family's great popularity throughout the countryside.

Paris graciously allowed him to live and even to retain his château and a small portion

of the family lands. The reduced and declining family received further blows during the troublous Napoleonic times—and paid a heavy price for its haughty aristocracy and unbending royalism.

By the time the Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel of this story was born, his father was a country gentleman of modest means, with little left to him of his family possessions but its pride, traditions and dilapidated château, the decaying roof of which he literally kept over him with difficulty.

Thus it was that the latest, and indeed the last, of the Valmonds learned, at an early age, that he must take his profession seriously; though, among the many things that he disliked, work of all kinds was prominent. What he did like was to lead, as far as possible, the kind of life lived by his ancestors, to hunt, to feast, to carouse, to gamble, to enjoy every *droit de seigneur*, and for a change of dissipation, to visit the gay capital.

WITHIN the shadow of the château, at the foot of the hill that it crowned and adorned, crouched humbly the village of St. Michel, and in the village dwelt Monsieur Farge, butcher, a politically-minded man, gross, violent and of most subversive views. With him dwelt, more or less in amity, Madame Farge, the female of the species, a scheming and evil woman, more dangerous than her noisier lord. And beneath their roof, when not elsewhere, sojourned their really beautiful daughter Angelique, in whom mingled and flourished the distinctive virtues of her parents.

At the sign of the *Coque d'Or* she exercised and exploited her charm, and charms; and did that very ancient hostelry much good. Financially speaking, that is to say.

The name and the fame of la Belle Angelique, her reputation—or, as some jealous detractors said, her lack of it—had spread far beyond St. Michel and the parts adjacent. She was, indeed, what was once termed a "toast," a "reigning belle," and the *Coque d'Or*, especially on market days, was a place of pilgrimage. Men fought about her; women talked about her; and Madame Farge, to whose side she, more or less, nightly returned, thought about her—long, long thoughts that somehow ended in a château—in fact, the Château de la Roche St. Michel. On their way thither, these fond maternal thoughts halted and hovered about the head of one Etienne Zarles, and, as they did so, Madame might be heard to curse, and, indeed, seen to spit.

For *ce sale cochon d'un Etienne Zarles*—and might the Devil inviscerate him, impale him on a red-hot stake, and grill him over a

Illustrations by

W. R. S. STOTT

various *pelotons* of the Camel Corps, those splendid hardy *méharistes* who go out on desert patrol for months on end, preventing or punishing Touareg raids, convoying the big caravans, and generally rendering the Sahara safe for plutocracy, if a duller country for heroes to live in. Also of the *groupes mobiles* and desert columns on their work of peaceful penetration.

And his great idea in this connection was the invention and introduction of a new and improved camel-saddle, a saddle with two seats, in short. Why, the Zarles saddle would mark an absolutely enormous step in the progress of the equipment of the XIXth Army Corps, the army of Africa. Where one hundred men arrived to-day, two hundred men would arrive to-morrow—seated on the Zarles saddles—and at no greater cost in camels and the feeding and watering of camels. That it could be done, Captain Zarles was certain, for he had visited India on his way home from a tour of duty in French Indo-China, and had seen two men riding in comfort on one camel. He had at once made personal experiment and, in one day, had ridden seventy miles across sand and stone, carrying a gun across his thighs, behind a sturdy camel-

slow fire till he looked like a nicely-browned *poussin*—dared to raise his sheep's eyes, his pig's eyes, his eyes of a hairless green goat, to la Belle Angelique!

And the hell of it was, Madame freely admitted, that the fool girl was by way of catching the eye that was raised—the bold buccaneering, come-hither eye of this rollicking rascal, this village *vaurien*. But there, girls would be girls, and Angelique was a good girl, and would never give her mother a moment's anxiety. Never would she jeopardise her chances of becoming a fine lady by stooping to folly before she was one. Afterwards was another matter.

The subject being raised in family council, Angelique concurred. Certainly, *ce bon* Etienne Zarles was a fine figure of a man. But Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel was a fine figure of a Bank Balance. And undoubtedly, he was aware of Mademoiselle Angelique Farge.

"Nibbling, eh?" grunted the butcher.

"*Il en est bien épris*," stated Madame Farge.

"With the most dishonourable intentions," blushed Mademoiselle modestly. "Monsieur le Vicomte comes into the *Coque d'Or* almost nightly. . . Not a reticent or shy young gentleman, that one. . . He says just what he thinks—just what he likes. . . Fortunately he does not think much."

"And I am what he likes—for the moment," added Angelique.

"And that penniless *canaille*, Etienne Zarles, is he there also nightly? Does he likewise say what he likes?" enquired Madame.

"*Oh! la, la!*" blushed Angelique. "*Ce pauvre Etienne. . .*"

WHEN Lieutenant le Vicomte Valmond de la Roche St. Michel, of the 46th Infantry of the Line, came home on furlough and married Angelique Farge, it was a great and terrible surprise to the dwellers on the hill, but to the dwellers of the Plain it was not unexpected.

It would, they had said all along, take something much more like a man than Monsieur le Vicomte to defeat or evade Monsieur and Madame Farge when betrayed into their hands by their little daughter Angelique.

Monsieur le Vicomte never forgot his treatment by the butcher Farge on the night when he was trapped by that forceful ruffian and his wife; and, for the rest of his days he detested his papa-in-law nearly as much as he did the presumptuously insolent young scoundrel, Private Etienne Zarles, of the 46th Infantry of the Line, who had dared to be his rival for the favours of this

Angelique, his madly-loved and bitterly hated wife, this vixen who could raise him up to Heaven and dash him down to Hell, and who could and did make his life a garden of bliss and a desert of jealous torment.

Private Etienne Zarles! That one should learn something.

And to the best of his rather limited ability, Monsieur le Vicomte taught Etienne Zarles something. Self-control, for example, and how to refrain from smashing the sneering, jeering face of the man who put him on the rack of humiliation, jealousy and mental torture. For Lieutenant le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel had the, for him, bright idea of making Etienne Zarles his *ordonnance*, and promoted him to be his soldier-valet, body-servant, butler and general factotum.

It gave the good Vicomte very genuine pleasure to say "Fill Madame's glass, Zarles," and to note carefully whether the hand of Private Etienne Zarles trembled as he did so. And to address him as oaf, lout, clod, bumpkin or fresh-faced, flat-footed fool.

Or to bid him stand further away from Madame—as, apparently, neither his leisure time was equal to his need for ablutions, nor his income to the purchase of perfume—and to watch the dull flush overspread the sullen countenance of the young man.

The Vicomte exercised much ingenuity in

"... the new servant, my dear," smiled Captain Zarles. "A clumsy lout, I fear. Something of an oaf, a lump, a clod, a bumpkin, but willing, very willing. . ."



contriving that Etienne Zarles should see a great deal of Madame—in her husband's presence—and that he should appear at the very greatest disadvantage.

And Madame la Vicomtesse? Madame accepted the situation, and everything else that Madame could get, including the whole of her husband's income.

AFTER a brief and passionate honeymoon, trouble had begun quite early, and there was little need of Monsieur le Vicomte's bitter, cutting tongue, and Madame's utter incompatibility and hopeless unfitness for her rôle, to widen the inevitable breach. Within a year of the wedding, he had observed with some justice:

"Your idea of existence is to spend all day, and to gamble all night."

To which she had replied, with equal truth:

"The shops are shut at night, my cabbage."

An annoying woman. When her infuriated and outraged husband would cry:

"You'll come to a bad end," she, with a teline smile, and flexing of tense fingers, would coldly reply:

"And you, my cabbage, have come to a bad beginning."

When he would groan, "You have ruined me," she would reply:

"Not yet, quite, my little one, be patient."

And the kindest thing that Angelique ever did for her husband, was to leave him, having faithfully kept her promise that she would never desert him while he had a franc.

Lieutenant le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel, instead of returning thanks to Heaven for his good fortune, raved like a maniac, and threatened murder and suicide.

It was Private Etienne Zarles, just returned from furlough at St. Michel, who was to be murdered, and that forthwith, unless he instantly confessed his share in the shameful business of Madame's flight, presumably to St. Michel. And it was Etienne Zarles who nearly recorded the general estimate of Madame's character, by shrugging his shoulders and mentioning that his income from all sources amounted to about sixpence a day.

So the murder of Etienne Zarles was postponed, and a violent slap on each cheek substituted. The suicide of Monsieur le Vicomte was also postponed, and a deeper plunge into even wilder dissipation substituted for that. But dissipation of the kind enjoyed by such gentlemen of rank and fashion is apt to be expensive, and a week of it cost a sum greater than the income of the Vicomte for a year.

After the manner of his kind, the Lieutenant turned first to the gentlemen who lend money; then to the green tables which sometimes return it; then to the horses that run quickly, though sometimes not quickly enough; and finally to various regimental funds that were in his trust.

And, still after the manner of his kind, he came the early and inevitable cropper, and, in ruin and disgrace, fled to escape prosecution.

PRIVATE ETIENNE ZARLES, returning to regimental duty from the misery and martyrdom of his experience in this domestic ménage, quickly found himself. Before long he found himself a Corporal and, again before long, a Sergeant. For he was a born soldier.

As such, he not unnaturally longed to see active service, and as there was apparently no hope of his doing this as a Sergeant of the 46th Regiment of the Line, he showed the mettle of his pastures by taking the bold and extreme course of throwing away all

he had gained by his soldierly virtue, deserting from his regiment, and enlisting, as a Belgian without papers, at a far-distant recruiting dépôt of the Foreign Legion.

In the Foreign Legion, Etienne Zarles again found himself, and was justified of his boldness in this apparently over-rash step. He distinguished himself as a steady, keen and competent soldier, cheerful, willing, zealous and smart—and in addition to these qualities, he had invaluable knowledge of "the ropes." None so skilful as he at the legitimate kind of "creeping," the propitiation of superiors, and the avoidance of every kind of offence.

Le légionnaire Etienne Zarles became Corporal Zarles in less than due course; Corporal Zarles was promoted to Sergeant for distinguished coolness and courage in action; Sergeant Zarles was promoted to Sergeant-Major for the brave, skilful and tenacious defence of an outpost after the death of his officer, and l'Adjudant Zarles was sent to the Military College of St. Maixent to be trained to fitness for commissioned rank.

IT was during a furlough spent at St. Michel that Captain Etienne Zarles of the Foreign Legion again met Angelique, née Farge. The Captain, more of a fine figure of a man than ever, took the high hand. He also took, within a week, the hand of Angelique, more than a little weary of life in the minor key, and the village of St. Michel. Nor had Monsieur and Madame Farge any objection to make to their daughter's alliance *en secondes noces* with Monsieur le Capitaine. Not that it would have interested Captain Etienne Zarles if they had.

"I treat 'em rough," was the Captain's motto and method, whether with reference to women, subordinates, civilians or parents-in-law.

The happy couple spoke quite frequently and freely of the bride's first husband, and when, on one occasion, Madame Angelique Zarles remarked, "I suppose that account of his death, in the paper, was true," her Etienne cryptically replied.

"It'll soon be true enough, if it turns out not to be true."

"You mean, my darling," replied Angelique, "that if it ever turned out that he was still alive, you would—er—"

"Precisely, thou crystal dew-drop. I would," her Etienne assured her.

But he did not. *Au contraire*, as the French say.

MADAME ZARLES was far from unpopular with the officers of the Battalion, for she was a beautiful and extremely lively young woman, and beautiful and lively young women are all too rare in those

places where units of the Legion are stationed.

It could not be said that she was exactly popular with the wives of the married officers, but, then, beautiful and lively young women of the type of Angelique Zarles rarely are. Nor could it be said that she was a refining and softening influence in their rough and lonely lives, nor that her presence made for that peace, concord and harmony that should distinguish an officers' mess.

The Colonel was a great admirer of Madame, her professed cavalier.

Major Meurice, albeit a married man, made no secret of his conviction that the Colonel would be better employed in looking after the affairs of the regiment; and no less than four Captains, who agreed on no other point, agreed that Major Meurice was an old fool, whose wife should beat him more often than she did.



"... he glared wildly round—and encountered the mocking smile of Michel Valmond. 'I'm sinking! I'm sinking!' shrieked Zarles. 'Good,' observed Valmond, motionless, his arms spread abroad with palms extended flat, 'you will certainly die before I do...'"

As for Angelique's lieutenants and sous-lieutenants, save for one or two with private means, these were as nothing in her sight, and less than nothing when out of her sight.

It is therefore, perhaps, unnecessary to affirm that life was distinctly thrilling for La Belle Angelique, and that she trod with delight a mazy primrose path of dalliance, a path on which no danger lurked, save that of the wrath of Captain Zarles.

However, that was quite danger enough, for Angelique, by this time, would have been the last to contradict her husband when he remarked that he treated 'em rough.

Should it ever occur, and *le bon Dieu* forbid, that Captain Zarles came unexpectedly round the corner at one of the sudden turns on the mazy primrose path of dalliance, there would be real trouble. No heroics and high falutin'; no talk of broken hearts or broken vows; no threats of divorce; nor any of the usual reactions of lesser men.

Not a bit of it.

Just a dog-whip—bless him—and about the biggest thrashing that ever a man bestowed upon a woman. As for the "shadowy third," he would be a shadow indeed, by the time her Etienne had done with him—a shadow on the banks of the Styx.

Life was truly thrilling, and there was really no need for the final and crowning thrill which Etienne produced one morning after inspection of a new draft just arrived

from Sidi-bel-Abbès, and posted to his Company.

"I'm making a small domestic change, thou daughter of all delights, and mother of none," he growled, as he flung belts and sword, képi and gloves on to the sofa of their tiny room. "A new servant, a new male house-maid . . . parlour-maid . . . lady's-maid. . ."

"How truly interesting," sneered Madame.

"I positively think you'll find it so, *ma gosse*," grinned her lord malevolently.

Nor did Madame contradict, for a terrible idea struck her dumb.

CLAD in the ill-fitting fatigue uniform of a private soldier of the Legion, her first, and indeed her only, husband, Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel entered the room and, kneeling, removed her husband's dusty boots.

lady was of delicate olfactory perception.

And sometimes the high-bred lady was not of over-delicate oral performance, when Captain Zarles baited the husband and wife together, as was sometimes his humour; for he was not the man to forgive slights, insults and injuries, nor to forget that Angelique Farge had been content enough with himself and his genuine, if rough and passionate love, before Monsieur le Vicomte Valmond de la Roche St. Michel came upon the scene.

So life became yet more piquant and thrilling to La Belle Angelique, now that her husband was her domestic servant, and her bigamous spouse their sardonic watchful tyrant.

Oh! la! la! What with a husband, a proprietor, a brace of lovers and a dozen aspirants, what was a girl to do?

Oh these soldiers, the dear things—senior ranks, professional lovers; juniors, enthusiastic amateurs.

Not being a maiden all unwary—though fresh from a lady's seminary (of a kind)—when she married Captain Zarles, La Belle Angelique

her husband *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond, might have reminded her of this indomitable man.

For it could not be said that, while treating him rough, and indeed, very rough, Captain Zarles got what is colloquially termed "much change" out of his victim.

His hand did not shake as he poured the wine for Madame. His face did not flush with rage or shame when humiliations were heaped upon him in her presence. The bitterest and most savage insult called forth no answering frown, no sudden gleam or flash of undisciplined eye.

No, it had to be admitted that the man bore the terrible and indeed unparalleled situation in which he found himself with an astounding stoicism.

"*Mon Dieu!*" decided Madame, "but that one has been through it! . . . Prison, I suppose . . . Possibly 'the dry guillotine' . . . Poor devil!"

And, with unexpected insight or intuition, she added:

"Too proud to show a sign of pride. . ."

When, partly in pity, partly in curiosity, and largely because it was her nature to, La Belle Angelique, laying aside her rôle of Madame, attempted to adopt that of Mistress, it quickly transpired that the sinner had become a saint, and far more resembled Saint Joseph than the St. Michel she had known.

And to add to the slighted lady's savage wrath, her husband, addressing her as Madame Potiphar, flatly refused to believe the tale she told him.

She was trying to insult him, Etienne Zarles, he said; and if she tried again, she would succeed—in getting a sound beating.

Oh, an incomprehensible delightful surprise-packet who could keep a woman guessing, this dear Etienne. Not one of these useful fools a woman could twist round her little finger, bless him.

AS a camel-driver and camel-master, *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond gave complete satisfaction to Captain Zarles. It could not be said that he showed the least intelligent interest in the perfection of the Zarles two-seated military saddle, but he certainly took an interest in the welfare of the splendid mehara riding-camel, and in mapping the desert routes, visible and invisible, within a hundred miles radius of Zabat.

When brother officers occasionally asked Captain Zarles why he didn't have an Arab orderly to look after his camel and accompany him on his long rides, he would say that he preferred the companionship of a white man, and that this was a good lad whom he was training and whom he liked to have about him.

He sometimes mentioned that he knew the fellow's family at home, and had promised to keep an eye on him.

In point of fact, Captain Zarles never more enjoyed this wonderful situation devised by Fate than when he sat at his ease in the comfortable rear seat of the saddle, while this anointed dog of an aristocrat crouched in front of him and drove.

IT was Captain Zarles's playful humour to indicate that he would fain go to the right by violently pulling the driver's right ear, and similarly with regard to the left. Should he desire an acceleration of pace, he would administer a painful prod with the muzzle of his automatic, and his favourite way of stopping the camel was to clutch its driver by the scruff of his neck, and to squeeze hard with powerful thumb and fingers.

(Continued on page 182)



"The new servant, my dear," smiled Captain Zarles. "A clumsy lout, I fear. Something of an oaf, a lump, a clod, a bumpkin. . . . Indeed, as you see, rather what one might call a fish-faced, flat-footed fool—but willing, very willing, and I'm sure he'll do his best to give satisfaction. . . ."

"And if he doesn't, we won't return him to store, we'll train him, my dear, *train* him, eh? . . ."

And Etienne Zarles proceeded to train Michel Valmond very much in the way in which Michel Valmond had trained Etienne Zarles.

"And he treated him rough," very much more roughly, if less skilfully, than he had himself been treated.

It gave the good Captain very genuine pleasure to say, "Fill Madame's glass, Valmond," and to note carefully whether the hand of *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond trembled as he did so, and to address him as "clumsy oaf," "wretched lout," "miserable clod," or indeed as "escaped gaol-bird."

Nor did he forget to bid the *sale cochon* stand further away from Madame, as he waited at table, inasmuch as that high-bred

contrived to play with fire without getting burnt—or beaten—though the pastime rendered life almost too exciting.

One of the most intriguing aspects of her complicated life, was the behaviour of her lawful husband and house-maid *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond.

She had known him—better, probably, than anybody, including his own mother—as a haughty, arrogant and wilful young man: passionate, dissipated and spoilt; proud, sensitive and weak. She beheld him now as the model soldier-servant, and also a human automaton, insensitive, devoid of pride and self-respect, invulnerable to insult, incapable of resenting anything, from a slight to a blow.

And yet, was there something about him of the air of one who waits with inexhaustible patience, one who bides his time with colossal self-control?

LA BELLE ANGELIQUE had naturally never read or heard of that modest gentleman who proclaimed that his head, though bloody, was unbowed, and that he was captain of his soul.

Had she done so, it was conceivable that

FOOTPRINTS....

By JEFFERY FARNOL

The Bow Street Runner, Mr Jasper Shrig, solves the mystery of Uncle Gregory's murder.

MR. JASPER SHRIG, of Bow Street, leaning back on the great, cushioned settle, stretched sturdy legs to the cheery fire, and having lighted his pipe, sipped his glass of the famous "One and Only" with a relish that brought a smile to his companion's comely visage.

"Pretty cosy, Jarsper, I think?"

"There ain't," sighed Mr. Shrig, glancing round about the trim, comfortable kitchen, "a cosier place in London, say England, say the uniwerse, than this here old 'Gun'—thanks to you, Corporal Dick. You've only got an 'ook for an 'and but you're so 'andy wi' that 'ook, so oncomon 'andy that there ain't no vord for it, so Dick—your werry good 'ealth, pal!"

Corporal Richard Roe, late of the Grenadiers, flushed, and being a man somewhat slow of speech, muttered:

"Thankee comrade," and thereafter sat gazing at the bright fire and caressing his neatly-trimmed right whisker with the gleaming steel hook that did duty for the hand lost at Waterloo.

"On sich con-wiwiol occasions as this here," murmured Mr. Shrig, also gazing at the fire, "when I'm as you might say luxooriating in a pipe, a glass, and the best o' pals and comrades, my mind nat'rally runs to corpses, Dick."

"Lord!" exclaimed the Corporal, somewhat surprised. "Why so, Jarsper?"

"Because, Dick, in spite o' Windictiveness in the shape o' bludgeons, knives, bullets, flat-irons and a occasional chimbleypot, I'm werry far from being a corpse—yet. For vitch I'm dooly thankful. Now, talkin' o' corpses, Dick—"

"But, Jarsper—I ain't."

"No, but you will, for I am, d'ye see. Now, folks as have been 'took off' by violence or, as you might say, The Act, wictims o' Murder, Dick—with a capital M—said parties don't generally

make pretty corpses, not as a rule—no."

"Which," said the Corporal, shaking his comely head, "can't 'ardly be expected, Jarsper."

"But," continued Mr. Shrig, sucking at his pipe with very evident enjoyment, "contrairywise I 'ave never see an 'andsomer, cleaner, neater ca-daver than Sir W. Glendale made—so smiling, so peaceful—and mind ye, Dick, with a knife, a ordinary butcher's knife druv clean into 'is buzzum—up to the werry grip, or as you might say 'andle. Smiling he was, Dick, as if 'e 'ad been 'took off' in the werry middle of a bee-oofiful dream... a dream—stop a bit!" exclaimed Mr. Shrig and sat up, his eyes suddenly alert and very keen. "A... dream!" he repeated.

"You said that afore, Jarsper—twice—"

"'Twas the face of a man... as died... in his sleep... fast asleep!" mused Mr. Shrig. "Now why should a man sleep... so werry sound? You'll mind the case I think—eh Dick?"

"For sure, Jarsper, the misfortunate gentleman was murdered about a year ago—"

"A YEAR?" mused Mr. Shrig, pausing with toddy glass at his grim, clean-shaven lips, "Say nine months, say ten—stop a bit till I take a peep at my little reader." Setting down his glass he drew from the bosom of his neat, brass-buttoned coat, a small, much-worn notebook, whose close-written pages he thumbed slowly over, murmuring hoarsely: "D. E. F. G. . . . Griggs . . . Goreham, Grant—and 'ere we are—Glendale . . . Sir William . . . Baronet . . . Murdered . . . June one . . . Sitting at desk . . . Murderer—wanting!"

"Ay," nodded the Corporal, leaning forward to touch the cheery fire with caressing poker, "'tis one o' them crimes as was never found out."

"And Dick, your memory sarved you true—for the Act was commit—eggsaxetly a year ago this here werry night!"

"And I suppose it never will be found out now—eh, Jarsper?"

"Why, since you axes me so p'inted, Dick, I answers you; ready and prompt—oo knows? Hows'ever I'm a-vaiting werry patient."

"Ay, but wot for?"

"Another chance p'raps . . . dewelopments!"

"Jarsper, I don't quite twig you."

"Dick, I didn't expec' as you would. Lookie now—there's murderers vich—if not took and 'topped' or, as you might say, scragged—as gets that owdacious—well—Murder grows quite an



Illustrations by

GILBERT WILKINSON

'abit wi' 'em and—
wot's that? "

"Eh?" said the
Corporal, starting.
"I didn't hear any-
thing."

"Sounded like a
dog whining some-
wheres," murmured
Mr Shrig, glancing
vaguely about.
"There 'tis again!"

"You've got such
precious sharp listen-
ers, Jarsper," said the
Corporal, heaving his
gigantic person lightly
afoot as Mr. Shrig
rose, and together they
crossed the snug kit-
chen and, opening the
door, peered along the
narrow, dim-lit pas-
sage beyond. Sudden-
ly, as they stood thus mute and hearken-
ing, from without the door at the end of
this passage came a low, wailing cry, very
desolate and evil to hear.

"That's no dog, Jarsper!" muttered the
Corporal, "Somebody's ill or hurt—that's
a child's voice, or a woman's."

"No Dick, that's the voice o' fear . . .
terror, Dick—lad. Now, stand by, pal." So
saying, Mr. Shrig advanced towards that
dim and narrow door, but the big Corporal,
reaching forth a long arm, set him gently,
though firmly, aside.

"Let me, comrade!" said he, motioning
towards the door with his gleaming hook.
"Halt, Jarsper, there's too much viciousness
laying in wait for you, so let me." Then
soundlessly he unbarred the door, drew it
suddenly wide and—with a slithering rustle,
a vague shape swayed in and lay motionless
at the Corporal's feet.

"A woman, Jarsper!" said he in hushed
voice, stooping above this vague shape.

"Oh! Dead, Dick?"

"Looks that way, Jarsper."

"Then in wi' her—so! Now shut the
door—quick! Lock it, pal, and likewise
bar it and shoot the bolts!"

"**L**ORD love us, Jarsper!" whispered
the Corporal, ruffling his short, curly
hair with glittering hook, and staring at
the lovely form outstretched upon the wide
settle. "Lord love us, here's a rum go!"

"Vich, Dick, you never said truer vord!"
whispered Mr. Shrig, staring also. "For no
go vas ever rummer, pal! . . . A tip-top
svell by the looks o' her, a
reg'lar heavy-toddling nob-
ess, Dick!"

"Anyway, Jarsper, she
ain't dead, thank God!"

"No Dick, she's only
swooning, vich females is
apt to do now an' then, sich
being their natur', d'ye see."

"Which makes a man
thankful as he never married,
comrade."

"Amen!" muttered Mr
Shrig, fervently.

"But, what's to do now,
Jarsper? What's the cor-
rect evolution? How to
bring the lady round, com-
rade?"

"Cold water applied out-
ardly is reckoned pretty good,
Dick, but sperrits took in-
nardly is better, I fancy. So
get the rum, pal, or brandy—
vichever comes 'andiest—stop
a bit, this'll do!" And
reaching his own glass of



Mr. Roger Glendale.

the "One and Only,"
Mr. Shrig knelt beside
the swooning girl,
whose face showed
so pale beneath its
heavy braids and
coquettish ringlets of
glossy, black hair, and
tenderly raising this
lovely head, he set
the toddy to her lips
—but, even then, she
shuddered violently,
and opening great,
fearful eyes, recoiled
so suddenly that the
toddy-glass went fly-
ing.

"Dead!" she cried
in awful, gasping
voice, then checking
the outcry upon her
lips with visible effort,
she stared from Mr.

Shrig upon his knees, to the towering,
soldierly figure of Corporal Richard Roe,
and wringing her slim, gloveless hands,
spoke in quick, breathless fashion:

"I want . . . who . . . which is Jasper
Shrig the Bow Street officer? I . . . I
want Mr. Shrig of Bow Street—"

"Ma'm," answered Mr. Shrig gently,
"that werry identical same is now a-
speaking."

"Yes," she cried, leaning towards him
with a strange eagerness, "Yes . . . I see
you are, now! You . . . oh, you surely
must remember me—?"

"Ay . . . by Goles . . . I surely . . . do!"
nodded Mr. Shrig.

"I am Adele Glendale . . . a year ago
I was . . . suspected of . . . of—"

"Not by me, laddy,
never by me, ma'm."

"No, no, you believed
in me then, thank God!
You were my good friend—
then! But to-night . . .
Oh, Mr. Shrig—dear Jasper
Shrig . . ." she cried, and
reaching out she clutched
at him with
both trem-
bling hands
in frantic
appeal.

"You be-
lieved in
me then,
you were
kind to me

then, you stood between me and shameful
horror a year ago. . . . Oh, be kind to me
now, believe in me now . . . for to-night
it has happened again . . . horrible!
Oh, God help me, it has happened again!"
"Eh? . . . Murder?" questioned Mr.
Shrig in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes—yes . . . and the house full of
guests! . . . But he's dead . . . Uncle
Gregory is dead—horrible! See—look at
me!" And with swift, wild gesture, she
threw open the long mantle that shrouded
her loveliness and showed a white satin gown
—its bosom and shoulder blotched with
hideous stain. "Look! Look!" she
gasped, staring down at these dreadful
evidences with shuddering horror. "His
blood . . . I'm foul of it . . . dear Uncle
Gregory!"

MR. SHRIG surveyed these ghastly
smears with eyes very bright and keen,
his lips pursed as if about to whistle, though
no sound came; then, drawing the cloak
about her, he set himself to soothe and
comfort her, and he did it with voice and
touch so unexpectedly kind and gentle that
Corporal Dick, smoothing neat whisker with
his hook, stared for very wonder.

"And now," said Mr. Shrig, when their
visitor seemed more composed, "now Miss
Adele, ma'm, s'pose you tell us all as you
know."

"But what, what can I tell you?" she
answered with a gesture of helplessness;
"I only know that Uncle Gregory . . .
dear Uncle Gregory is . . . horribly dead.
Oh Mr. Shrig, I shall never forget the
awful—"

"There, there, my dear!" said Mr.
Shrig, patting the quivering hand that
clapsed his so eagerly. "But you mentioned



. . . I am Adele Glendale . . . A
year ago I was . . . suspected of . . .



"Mr. Vinton, sir, your fob as was—aint!"

summat about guests."

"Yes, there were people to dinner, five or six. . . . But—"

"Oo invited them?"

"My half-cousin Roger. . . . But, oh, when I think of how uncle—"

"Any strangers among 'em—these guests, Miss Adele?"

"No, they were family friends. . . . But Uncle Gregory had not been very well to-day and so soon as dinner was over, he excused himself and went to his room."

"Upstairs to bed, ma'm?"

"Not upstairs, he sleeps on the ground floor at the back of the house, looking on to the garden."

"And 'e vas ill to-day, you tell me? Sick, eh?"

"Oh no, no, it was only a touch of gout."

"Gout, eh? Now, did 'e say anything to you afore 'e went to his room?"

"Yes, he told me he felt very drowsy and could hardly keep his eyes open."

"But gout, ma'm, don't make a man drowsy. Had Sir Gregory drank much wine at dinner?"

"Very little."

"And yet," murmured Mr. Shrig, staring down at the slender hand he was still patting gently, "and yet—so werry sleepy! Did he say anything more as you can call to mind now?"

"He ordered the butler to take his coffee to the bedroom, and told me he would come back later if the drowsiness passed off. . . . And those were his last words, Mr. Shrig, the very last words I shall ever hear him speak—"

"And now, ma'm, tell me o' poor Mr. Roger, your cousin."

"Half-cousin, Mr. Shrig!" she corrected hastily, "Roger was poor Uncle William's stepson—"

"Bit of an invalid, ain't 'e?"

"Roger is a paralytic, he can't walk and uses a wheeled chair—but surely you remember this, Mr. Shrig, you seemed to fancy his society very much a year ago . . . when—"

"A year ago this werry night, Miss Adele, mam!" said Mr. Shrig, with ponderous nod. "And a parrylitick . . . to . . . be . . .

sure! Instead o' legs—veels, and at his age, too, poor, unfort'nate young gentleman!"

"Roger is older, than you think, older than he looks . . . sometimes I think he never was young, and sometimes—" here she shuddered violently again and clasped the strong hand she held fast between her own. "Oh, Mr. Shrig," she gasped, "what . . . what can I do . . . ? Uncle Gregory . . . I left him . . . sitting there in his great elbow-chair beside the fire . . . so still and dreadful! Oh

tell me . . . what . . . what must I do—"

"FIRST," answered Mr. Shrig gently, "you must give me your other little daddle—that's to say, your 'and, mam, my dear—so! Now . . . steady and easy it is . . . tell me just 'ow you found him."

"As soon as I could leave the company I stole away . . . I knocked softly on his door. . . . I went in . . . the room was dark except for the fire, but I . . . could see him . . . sitting in his great chair. I thought him dozing, so I crept up to settle him more cosily and . . . to kiss him. I slipped my arm about him, I . . . I kissed his white head . . . so lightly and . . . Ah, God, he slipped . . . sideways, and . . . I saw—"

"Dick," murmured Mr. Shrig, clasping a ready arm about that horror-shaken form, "the brandy!"

"No . . . no!" she gasped, "I'm not going to . . . swoon. Only help me, Mr. Jasper, be my friend, for I . . . I'm afraid . . . terribly afraid! I was the last to speak with him, the last to see him alive—"

"No, Miss Adele, mam, the last to see 'im alive vas the man as killed him."

"Oh . . . friend!" she murmured. "My good, kind Jasper Shrig," and viewing him through tears of gratitude, bowed her head against the shoulder of the neat, brass-buttoned coat; and with face thus hidden, spoke again, her voice, ineffably tender: "But I'm afraid for—another also. Mr. Shrig."

"Ay, to be sure!" nodded Mr. Shrig, "Oo is 'e, Miss Adele, mam?"

"John!" she murmured, "Mr. Winton—your remember him? He was Uncle Gregory's secretary. But, oh Mr. Shrig, three days ago they quarrelled! That is, Uncle was very angry with poor John and—discharged him because . . . John had dared to fall in love with me."

"Humph! And do you love said Mr. John, mam?"

"With all my poor heart. So you see,

if you are my friend and believe in me, you must be his friend, too, for the danger threatening me, threatens him also . . . there is a dreadful shadow over us—"

"But then, mam, a shadder's only a shadder—even if it do go on veels—"

"Oh, Mr. Shrig—"

"And 'ave you seen Mr. John since day of discharge?"

HERE she was silent, staring down great eyed at her fingers that twined and clasped each other so nervously, until at last Mr. Shrig laid his large, firm hand upon them and questioned her again:

"Miss Adele—mam, if Shrig o' Bow Street, bap-tismal name, Jarsper, is to aid you and said Mr. John you must say eggsackly 'ow and also vhereabouts you see him this night."

"I . . . I thought I saw him . . . in the garden," she whispered.

"Didn't speak to 'im, then?"

"No, I was too distraught . . . sick with horror, I could only think of—" the faltering voice stopped suddenly as came a loud, imperious knocking on the outer door.

"Now oo in the vide universe—"

"That must be John, now!" she cried, looking up with eyes bright and joyous. "I hope, I pray it is—"

"But 'ow should he come to the 'Gun,' if you didn't tell 'im as you—"

"Oh, I bade Mary, my old nurse, tell him I'd run off to you . . . and, oh, please, see if it is indeed John." So, at nod from Mr. Shrig, away strode the Corporal forthwith. Voices in the passage, a hurry of footsteps and in came a tall young man who, with no eyes and never a thought for anything on earth but the lovely creature who rose in such eager welcome, dropped his hat, was across the kitchen and had her in his arms, all in as many moments.

"My dear," he murmured, "oh, my dear, why did you run away? What new horror is this—"

"John, tell me, tell me—why were you in the garden to-night?"

"Dear heart, for word with you. Roger wrote me he'd contrive us a meeting, like the good, generous friend I'm sure he is—"

"Oh John," she wailed, clasping him as if to protect, "how blind, how blind you are!"

"And Mr. Vinton, sir," murmured Mr. Shrig, pointing a sinewy finger, "your fob as was—aint!" The young gentleman started, turned, clapped hand to fob-pocket and glanced from the speaker to Adele with an expression of sudden dismay.

"Gone!" he exclaimed. "The seal you gave me, dear heart."

"Ay, 'tis gone sure enough, sir," nodded Mr. Shrig. "The question is: how? and likewise wheer? And now, seeing as none on us ain't likely to tell, vot I says is—Corporal Dick, send out for a coach."

"I've a hackney-carriage waiting," said John, holding out his hand, "for, by heaven, Mr. Shrig, I'm heartily glad to have you with us at this dreadful time!"

"Then, sir," answered Mr. Shrig, reaching for his hat and knobby stick, "all I axes is as you'll be guided by me—both on you. If I says go, you'll go—if I says stay, you stay and—wicy-wersa. And so, Corporal Dick, clap on your castor and come along o' Jarsper."

PALLID faces, voices that whispered awfully and became awfully hushed when Mr. Shrig, opening the door of the fatal room passed in, beckoning Corporal Dick to follow.

"Dick," said he softly, "shut the door and lock it."

A stately chamber whose luxurious

(Continued on page 201)

AN Important ANNOUNCEMENT

£1,000 in PRIZES

NO ENTRANCE FEE

GENTLE READER . . .

(as the old-time novelists would say),

You are now looking at the first issue of the new "*BRITANNIA and EVE*," which, as you already know, is a combination of all the best in the two well-known weekly Journals, "*BRITANNIA*," and "*EVE*," now combined and greatly amplified. We hope you will like the result.

We have striven to give you a *monthly magazine* of such diversity and interest as has never before been attempted in this country. You can be assured that all our future efforts will be directed towards making "*BRITANNIA and EVE*" even better and bigger.

In order to celebrate the inauguration of this new monthly, we propose to launch a

£1,000 *FILM COMPETITION*

to begin in the very next issue.



This competition will consist of three

FILM SCENARIOS

specially written for this purpose by a leading Scenarist, which we shall ask readers of this Journal to cast. One of these will be for an *all-American* cast, another for an *all-British* cast; and still another for a *Cosmopolitan* cast.



THE PRIZES WILL BE:

FIRST PRIZE £750

SECOND PRIZE . . . £100

THIRD PRIZE . . . £50

And twenty prizes of £5 each

Everyone nowadays goes to the cinema. Everyone nowadays knows the leading film stars of the world. Everyone nowadays knows how much better a certain star would be in a certain film than the lady, or gentleman, they actually see on the screen. Here will be your great opportunity of

letting the film world know what *you* consider the screen capabilities and limitations of certain players.

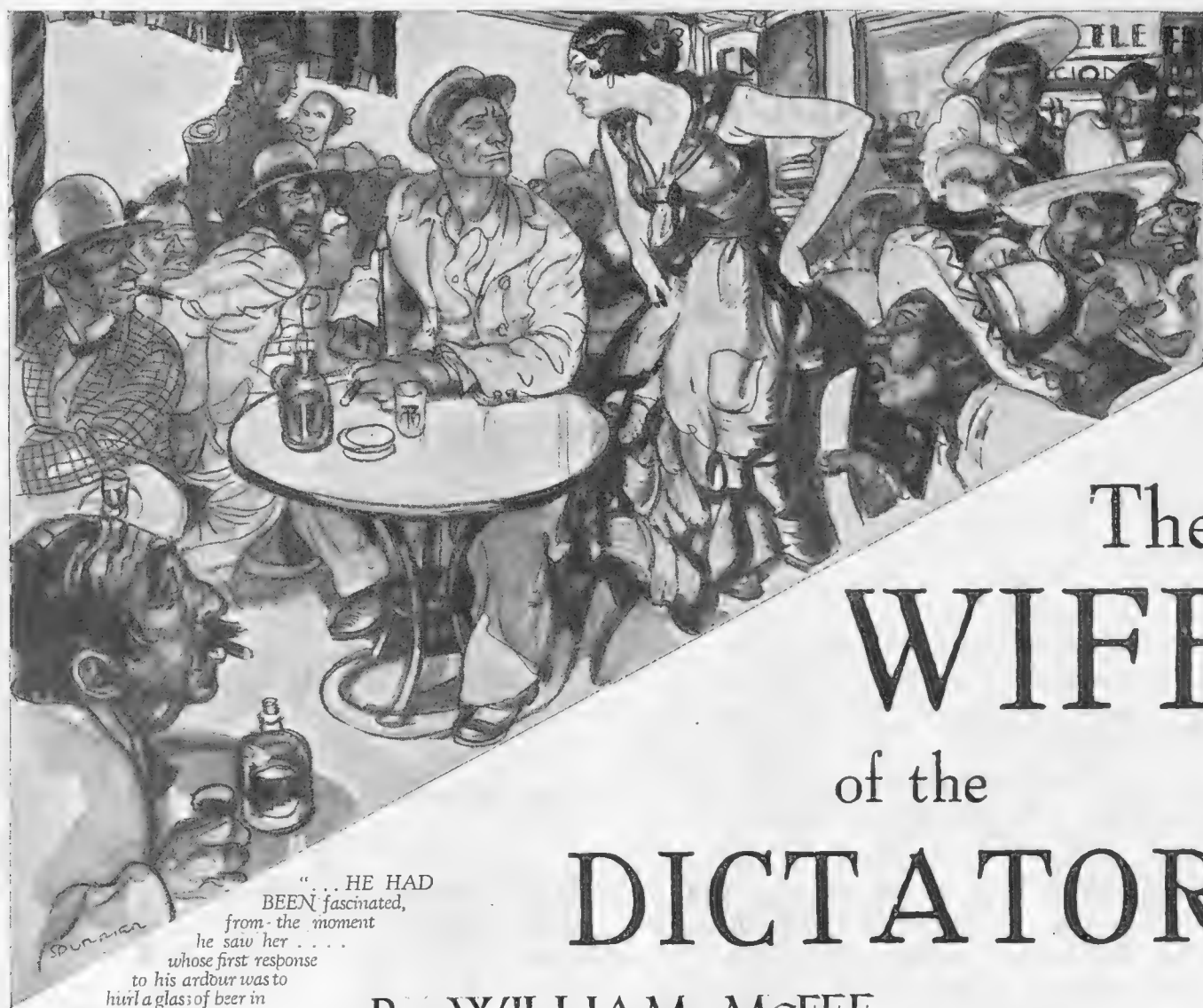


This new and original competition will begin in the *June* issue of "*BRITANNIA and EVE*," and will run

during June, July, and August. There will be no entrance fee. If you intend to enter for this competition make sure of your copy now. An order form will be found on page 216 of this issue. If you fill it in and return to the Publisher, you will be certain to receive your copy each month.

THE EDITOR

Captain Musker, in his youth, had loved a tempestuous, richly languorous Southern Beauty . . . When he met her, years later, the Wife of the Dictator was as languorous and tempestuous and loving as ever. But . . .



The WIFE of the DICTATOR

By WILLIAM MCFEE

Illustrated by

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

N OBODY on board the *Biskra* had imagined, when the ship was chartered for an extended southern cruise ("Under the Southern Cross, Rolling Down to Rio and Buenos Aires, the Paris of the Pampas") that Captain Musker had experienced a savage thrill. Complete as the *Biskra* might be, with her gyroscopic steering-gear, radio direction-finders, electric tell-tales and submarine sounding apparatus, whereby any ordinary third officer could hear a shark scrape himself against her bilge-keel, there was no instrument yet invented to record the commander's emotional reaction to the list of ports at which he was to call. The last voyage before he went home on leave.

Each of them had its appeal, for in his youth Captain Musker had raked them with the pride of the brass-bounder. Homeward with grain and beef from B.A., coffee from Rio and Santos, nitrate and guano from Chilean ports, he had even arrived in Genoa with a stinking cattle boat from Pernambuco, and had enjoyed his youth. He had lost his passage in Valparaiso and lived a life for two months which his mother had most fortunately known nothing about. Looking out at the brisk young officer on the bridge, who was a Mr. Herbert De Courcy, Captain Musker felt a sudden nostalgia for

his unregenerate youth. That young chap had a row of ribbons on his well-made uniform, he cut quite a swathe among the girls, and he was forever looking after his job. He was looking after it now, leaning over the lofty navigating bridge of the *Biskra*, and watching the chief mate on the forecastle as he hauled the ship a couple of inches ahead. Later he would step ashore in neat tweeds or flannels, take the subway, play tennis and take a girl out to the movies and a soda parlour. About as exciting, Captain Musker found himself reflecting, as cold mutton fat! By and by he would marry, get promotion, and live in a neat street with a neat wife, a neat coloured-maid and a neat infant. . . Captain Musker pulled at his nose.

THE past swept over him, and he wondered why young men now should be so unimaginatively efficient. Nothing to do, of course, compared with the old days. Look at that electric hoist. Moved at a touch! He recalled the terrible old winches, with exhaust pipes at the bulwarks jerking boiling spray over the poor seamen's naked limbs, as they hauled on the big wire. Ha! but it was a man's life! he thought dourly. One went ashore to something else besides *Red Hot Mamma* on a jazz

band and gassy near-beer. Went ashore, and stayed, till the red dawn rushed over the Caribbean from the Windward Islands and the birds cheeped in the mango-patch behind the shuttered houses. That ineffable young De Courcy would be down on the ship at eight o'clock as neat and sharp as a bank clerk coming to work.

Very smart young officer, thought Captain Musker sardonically, and returned to the past.

He remembered now. The turmoil of that time subsided and left one episode like a dark unlighted tower, awash in the tide way of his past. It was, really, the reason for his excitement on hearing that the *Biskra* would make a Southern cruise. Right round the continent. Down to Rio and Buenos Aires, through the Straits, up to Valparaiso and Guayaquil, though what the passengers would find there rather puzzled the Captain. Then Panama City, the Canal and Caribbean ports. They called, he saw, at Puerto Balboa, in the unrestful republic of Costa-ragua. He remembered the episode twenty years before, when the old steamer *Andromeda*, discharging rails, got blown from her anchorage and ran on a half-tide

"... HE HAD
BEEN fascinated,
from the moment
he saw her . . .
whose first response
to his ardour was to
hurl a glass of beer in
his face and then stand
close to him, meeting
him eye to eye."

rock under the lee of a palm-fringed cay. *Andromeda* indeed then! And he, Harry Musker, second mate, had been ashore. Again he experienced that savage thrill. He had been in love, ferociously in love, with a fifteen year old tigress named Dolores Fuenmayor. He remembered that name after all these years. Behind the town, where the beach stretched for miles and the coconut palms hid the house of her parents from the blazing blue of sea and sky, she and he had swung in hammocks under the wild rubber trees.

SHE had been serving in the *Cantina del Sol*, a dirty little café up the one street of Puerto Balboa, and he had been fascinated, from the moment he saw her, with that tall vigorous girl whose first response to his ardour was to hurl a glass of beer in his face and then stand up close to him meeting him eye to eye. Ha! she was a real one, that Dolores! What was it they called it now? Cave-man business! But Dolores had not been so much a cave-woman as a tigress. Bite she would, and she was so strong it took him all his time to master her. Because in that dirty little café, with *Machetes* lying naked or in leather scabbards all about, and policemen with ugly German automatics out there across the plaza where the rain streamed as it can only stream in Costaragua in the rainy season, it was no time for the second mate of the *Andromeda* to take any chances. Mr. Harry Musker had clouted her into insensibility before the open-mouthed ragamuffins at the little tables could interfere. Fine doings for an Englishman he reflected, and went on remembering while he stood behind the efficient Mr. De Courcy on the bridge of the *Biskra*.

He had been roused to a clear anger by her attack, and there had been not a glimmer of feeling for her as a woman until he had felt his fist crash into her dark, fierce face, and she had crumpled, and he had fallen in his headlong rush almost on top of her, on the earthen floor.

It had brought him to his senses, that! Fancy fighting a girl! Young and beautiful too! He had got hold of her and dragged her into a sitting position. She was heavy. Her dark eyes opened slowly and regarded him. The man who kept the *cantina* hovered in an ecstasy of apprehension before them, while the rest of the company moved silently out into the plaza. The rain boomed on the galvanised roof of the arcade. The two men were scared, but for different reasons. Harry Musker saw the red on the girl's high cheek-bone turn dull bronze colour, where he had hit her. Hit her!

AND while he stood there, looking at her anxiously, she had sprung at him again and from her waist-band she had drawn a knife. One of his close calls!

Captain Musker walked to the other side of the bridge and looked down at the dirty water of the dock. He shouldn't be thinking of such things. He was supposed to be an experienced middle-aged commander, with a wife and five children in England and a reputation for gallantry all over the world. Why should the news that he was to take the *Biskra* into Puerto Balboa, a clean new place with a busy trade in fruit, coffee and sugar, bring back that long-buried romance. Dolores would be forty now, nearly the same age as himself.

All very well, but it had been a wonderful time, and he went on remembering. He had nothing to do until the *Biskra* was through with her fuelling. The passengers would go ashore in Puerto Balboa and take the railway up the Andes to San Benito. No romance down there now. Trains and ships running

like trolley-cars. And Dolores, with the smouldering black eyes, the tall sinewy handsome girl who, when he wrenched her knife from her hand, had tried to sink her big white teeth in his neck. Where was she now? Captain Musker came back to reality by shutting his eyes very tight for a fraction of a second. He found Mr. De Courcy coming over to him. Mr. De Courcy was unaware of the somewhat malicious pleasure his commander derived from contemplating him in his modern perfection. He was unaware that Captain Musker knew he was dying to air his knowledge of southern ports. He regarded Captain Musker as a Western Ocean man who would get cold feet as soon as he entered the funny old Spanish harbours. He

was mistaken. Captain Musker was never troubled by cold feet, nor did he consult a junior officer about his own business. But as Mr. De Courcy came up with respectful alacrity to report something or other, it pleased Captain Musker to ask him abruptly if he knew Puerto Balboa.

"Oh yes, Sir," said the young man. "A terrible dump that is. I was on a fruiter out of New Orleans and——"

"Good holding ground?" asked the Captain, staring at Mr. De Courcy's medal-ribbons. "Anybody would think a chap would want to forget that dam war business—now."

"Good holding ground? Well, you go alongside, sir."



"... HE TURNED his flash on the tormented features of the distinguished passenger ..."

"Not the *Biskra*," muttered Captain Musker, and turned away. Mr. De Courcy looked stonily at the Jersey shore for a moment. This old man was funny. Why ask, if he knew the place?

CAPTAIN Musker was irritated at his junior officer for calling Puerto Balboa a dump. It wasn't a dump to the man who had taken Dolores to her father's little house on the edge of the lagoon, on a mule, and remained there to fall in love with her. While the old *Andromeda* was manacled to that half-tide rock on the cay. The young cub and his ribbons! What sort of fight would he put up if one of his Columbia college-girls suddenly flew at his throat with a knife in her fist and tried to kill him? Die of fright very likely! Captain Musker pulled down the corner of his mouth to suppress the smile evoked by the picture of Dolores strangling Mr. De Courcy.

Other times other manners, of course. Captain Musker had no intention of reverting himself to his early exploits. He was going home to England on leave when the ship got back. But he was inexplicably shaken at the prospect of seeing Puerto Balboa again, of making a few discreet inquiries and discovering, if he were lucky, the fate of Dolores Fuenmayor.

The music of the name! Captain Musker was very much of a Nordic, as any of his officers would inform you, but he liked the music of the Latin names. He liked a beautiful woman to have a beautiful name. Some were terrible.

AND so the *Biskra*, commanded by Captain Musker, sailed away to the lands of the Southern Cross with a crowd of prosperous and good-natured people from all the forty-

eight states of the Union, bound on a voyage of discovery three hundred and fifty years after Sir Francis Drake had completed the first round-the-world tour. And indeed they made many discoveries of which Sir Francis died in ignorance, and by which perhaps he would have set small store. As, for instance, that deck games become monotonous after a few days, that porpoises are all very much the same, that love is a community affair on a ship and only those who can afford suites have any privacy for it. They discovered that the captain in no way regarded himself as one of their employees, but that he issued orders concerning behaviour and shore-going which had to be obeyed. They discovered, for the first time in their lives some of them, that government in the last analysis, is a one-man job no matter how you camouflage it. Captain Musker, for example, never went into conference about anything. He listened, and later issued orders, and it was done. They discovered in due course that they were having a wonderful time, that Captain Musker was a fine chap and his officers, especially Mr. De Courcy, perfect darlings. This last verdict came from the women. Mr. De Courcy was popular.

Captain Musker, however, kept somewhat to himself during the latter part of the voyage. He was not morose but he felt disinclined just now for the lighter kind of flirtations which cruise passengers indulge in merely to pass the time from port to port. Captain Musker was not averse to living in

solitude for a while. He tried to imagine himself a family man again, taking his silent industrious wife for a trip to London and perhaps Paris. A change for him! He spent long hours pacing the deck outside his cabin, seen afar by passengers aft, thinking of days gone by and reflecting upon the apparent impossibility of a man living again through his great moments. History might repeat itself but romance seemed irrevocable. Once over it was gone. You got married and became responsible and had some money, but where was that marvellous glamour which seemed to hang over the early days? What adventures he had in Marseilles as an apprentice! And the nights in Genoa, when seventeen of them walked abreast across the *Piazza di Ferari*, singing "My girl's a high-born lady." Or another night when they carried a girl on their shoulders along the *Principe*, the sterns of the ships crowded with delighted seamen, and deposited her in a boat to be rowed out to a steamer whose captain had his wife on board. Famous days! All day in the chain locker and all night ashore! Out to Durban on a transport with troops and running away to join the army, only to be fetched back by the military police. Captain Musker, thinking of those days and the modern Mr. De Courcy and his colleagues, decided that he himself had had a good life. But how impossible to get back to it! And he thought again of Dolores Fuenmayor.

LET Mr. De Courcy tell it as he tried to give the gist of it to a girl friend on his return. She wrinkled her forehead in the struggle to visualise the scene.

"The old man, he comes out of the lift into the saloon, and there's these two sitting at his table. The general, he was a dried-up little chap, but his wife, she was one of these full-sized dames. Splendid figger and so on, but no chicken. And the Old Man he stops dead when he sees her. Absolutely dead in his tracks. I was just opening my napkin when I looked up and saw him. And then he sort of pulls himself together and goes up. And bows. And sits down. And that woman, Senora Marino, wife of General Marino, looked at him without a word."

The young lady was confused. A lift in a saloon. And old man coming out. She changed the subject. The first thing she planned to do with Mr. De Courcy, as soon as she married him, was to make him get a shore job. What she would have said, or thought, if Mr. De Courcy had told her the whole story may be only dimly conjectured. She had never been on a sea voyage, and her only contribution to the present narrative consists of her vague comment as she sat gazing at the Fleet in the jewelled dusk.

"I suppose," she said slowly, "she resembled someone he'd known in the past."

Mr. De Courcy's girl friend was nearer the mark than either of them dreamed. When Captain Musker came into the saloon on that memorable evening of leaving Puerto Balboa he received a staggering shock.

He had not been up to San Benito with the passengers, so he decided to visit the harbourmaster and make a few discreet inquiries.

(Continued on page 203.)

THE FUN FAIR " SUPPLEMENT INSERTED HERE



"... SHE TURNED LAZILY in her chair and regarded him through half-closed eyes. 'My Cipriano is sick, that is true,' she said, 'Sick with jealousy. Hast thou just discovered that, Henriquez? ...'"



*Picture made expressly for
this issue of BRITANNIA & EVE
by EDGAR & WINIFRED WARD*

THIS ENGLAND
OF OURS

PLAYS
AND
PLAYERS
OF
THE
MONTH



Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.
daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.



Miss ADRIENNE ALLEN, a comparative newcomer to the West End stage.



Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, one of the finest of contemporary actresses.



Miss MARIE TEMPEST, the ever-young and ever-brilliant comedienne.

Miss ELISSA LANDI, the daughter of Countess Landi, who has apparently deserted the stage for the films. She is seen here wearing an old-fashioned dress of brown and mauve taffeta, trimmed with the frills which were so fashionable amongst our grandmothers.

Portraits by Mabel Robey, Janet Jevons, Mannell, Dorothy Wilding, and Leadlay.



Miss TILLY LOSCH, one of the brightest stars in Mr. C. B. Cochran's new revue at the London Pavilion, "Wake Up and Dream." This graceful dancer came to London from Vienna with a very considerable Continental reputation.

PLAYS and PLAYERS of the MONTH



Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH and Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY, in the new show "The Five o'Clock Girl."



Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS, the winning young actress as "Only a Schoolgirl" in "Wake Up and Dream."



Sir GERALD DU MAURIER as Paolo Gheradi, the cinema musician who rises to fame and glory, in "Fame," the new play at the St. James's Theatre.



Miss EVELYN ELLIS, who plays the part of "Bess," a very intimate friend of "Porgy," in the folk play of that name at His Majesty's Theatre.



Miss ROSE MACLENDON, one of the dusky actresses ("Serena") in the new negro play, "Porgy," presented at His Majesty's Theatre.



TRELAWNEY of THE WELLS

*Miss Norma Shearer as Trelawney
in her latest Film based on
Sir Arthur Pinero's famous play*





FRÄULEIN ELSE GALLINA, a German film star who has been acclaimed the most beautiful girl in Berlin.



Mme. BACLANOVA, screen star, in a wonderful new spring creation.



Miss JEAN ARTHUR displaying a marvellous wrap of pink velvet,

Miss JOAN CRAWFORD, the popular and extremely graceful young star in her latest film, "The Dream of Love."

FILMS AND FILM PLAYERS



Mr. ADOLPHE MENJOU, as he is to appear in a new film, "His Tiger Lady," shortly to be released in this country. Mr. Menjou is the most popular of all the "smart" film actors.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES LONDONDERRY HOUSE

*Where a great Political Hostess entertains every season in Park Lane.
Photographed expressly for this issue by VERA & HUMPHREY JOEL*



THE SCENE OF MANY A GLITTERING RECEPTION.

The superb drawing room of Londonderry House, where Lord and Lady Londonderry entertain during the Season. Within this finely proportioned room there are wall panels of pale sea-green silk and Italian furniture covered in silks of deeper greens and blues.



LADY
LONDON-
DERRY,
Leader of Society,
and the Conserv-
ative Party's chief
political hostess.

THE GREAT ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE OF LONDONDERRY HOUSE.
The grand staircase is the most noteworthy feature in this most noteworthy of London houses.
It is here that "all London" congregates during the political reception held on the day the
King opens Parliament.



THE DRAWING ROOM, LOOKING SOUTH.
The portraits adorning the walls are Lawrences; and Hoppner's lovely "Miranda" faces the whole length of the room. White paint and gold, with yellow silk panels, provide a charming decorative motif.



IN LADY LONDONDERRY'S OWN SUITE: THE BEDROOM.

In this apartment is a lovely Italian bed in red, blue and gold, with hangings of old blue brocade. It stands on a walnut step, and is flanked by blue and gold painted tables.

Below: A fine old needlework chair stands in front of a Japanese screen decorated with lotus flowers in Lady Londonderry's bedroom. The walls are a soft ochre yellow, and the paintwork white with gold enrichments on the chimney-piece.



LADY LONDONDERRY'S BOUDOIR.

A beautifully sunny room with a splendid view over Hyde Park. Over the mantelpiece is a portrait of Lord Londonderry by De Laszlo.



IN LADY MARGARET STEWART'S ROOM.

A fine old French carved and gilded bed, the headboard of which is covered with a piece of blue brocade with a pattern of bright pink flowers.



OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

LONDONDERRY HOUSE

In PARK LANE

Pictured by VERA and HUMPHREY JOEL

Described by PEGGY FREMANTLE

TO lovers of domestic architecture and social tradition it is a regrettable fact that the progress of commercialism and the vastly changed mode of living during the last two

centuries have been to a great extent responsible for the abolition of many of the great and architecturally beautiful town houses of the capitals of Europe. In Paris, progression has demanded the utility of the Champs Elysées of to-day and so robbed us of the beauty of the Champs Elysées of yesterday; large plate glass windows of motor manufacturers' showrooms stand where once stood proudly the wrought iron gates of the houses of members of the nobility of France.

In this respect London has been a little more fortunate, despite the ever-growing tendency for the great cities to become less and less residential. Devonshire House is lost to us for ever, and Grosvenor House still leaves a gap in the Park Lane of the memory, which no towering cliff of flats can ever fill. Flats and more flats; the restaurant, and the ubiquitous chemists' shop have invaded the one-time street of millionaires, and most of them have fled, frightened away by the incessant

roar of the omnibuses, and finally forced to sell by the economic conditions of the age.

Most famous of the strongholds that are left is Londonderry House. It has been socially famous for the last three generations, and it is now on the peak of its fame politically, for it is the official fortress of the Conservative party. The house itself is a fine setting for the great functions, for which it is so well known, and the traditions of splendour and dignity in entertaining, so well established there during the nineteenth century, are magnificently maintained to-day.

ARCHITECTURALLY, the grand staircase is the most noteworthy feature in the house. A flight of very wide stairs rises from the large inner hall into the staircase well—there it divides and sweeps round on to the famous landing where the Prime Minister and Lord and Lady Londonderry stand to receive the guests at the great political receptions held here on the day the King opens Parliament. In the hall are some fine pieces of sculpture, the best of which is a discus thrower by Canova. The architectural features of the hall and staircase are heavily enriched with gold, and the graceful Adam pilasters and arches in the staircase well are painted white, picked out with gold, and stand out in pleasant contrast on the eggshell green walls.

At the head of the stairs is the ballroom, a finely proportioned room of great dignity. It is used as a gallery for the great portraits of the illustrious Londonderry family, in the robes of the many varied and important offices which they have held. The most recent additions to this collection are a fine portrait of the late Lord Londonderry by Sargent, the present Marquess, by Glyn

Phillpot, and a charming one of his son, the present Lord Castlereagh, when a child of eight years old as a page at the coronation of King George V. The lighting of the room, which is almost entirely from the



ONE OF THE TWO FIREPLACES in the great Banqueting Hall—showing the ornate French decoration. On the mantelpiece are three of the magnificent gold cups, of which Lord Londonderry has a fine collection



AN IMPOSING CHIMNEYPIECE in the Entrance Hall. It is painted, like the walls, in a deep, deep cream, and forms a fitting setting for the beautiful sea-scape which can be seen in the panel above

roof, both by day and night, gives these pictures their full value and also enhances the beauty of the rich pattern in the holly and oak inlaid floor. There is little furniture in the ballroom, the most notable pieces being some very fine Buhl side tables. The green of some large malachite vases supplies the only vivid splash of colour in this sumptuous gilded room.

In the small dining room there is a picture by Sir John Lavery of the ballroom as the largest ward when the house was turned into an officers' hospital during the war.

TWO large doors at one end of the ballroom open into the drawing room. Here there is any amount of colour, and a great deal of sunshine from the six great windows looking over Park Lane. The room is divided into three parts, roughly cubes in shape. Each has a fine coved and painted ceiling. In the first two sections of the room the walls are hung with deep yellow silk in panels, and



THE WALLS OF THE LONG LIBRARY are brown, picked out in gold; essentially the right background for the mellow tones of the old bindings

the curtains are of the same material. Except for these silk panels the walls and doors are painted cream, and heavily enriched with gilding. Rich silks and velvets of various shades of red cover the upholstered furniture, and there are some good French and Italian pieces. In the inner drawing room the curtains and wall panels are of silk of a pale sea green colour, and there is some Italian furniture covered with old blue and green silks. The pictures in the drawing room are magnificent. There is a collection of family portraits, mostly by Lawrence, and Hoppner's lovely

graining. The curtains are made of red damask, and the high backs of the fifty tall chairs are covered with crimson velvet.

ON the second floor of Londonderry House the personal tastes of its owners can be more plainly seen than in the formal entertaining rooms. In Lady Londonderry's boudoir and bedroom there is a quantity of very good old English furniture, for the most part walnut. She has also a fondness for old silks and brocades, and has used them to cover the upholstered furniture in her boudoir, and also a quantity of cushions. Some of these cushions have heraldic embroidered motifs appliqued on to them and are finished with brightly coloured braid and fringes—a charming and bright effect. An excellent portrait of Lord Londonderry hangs over the chimney-piece. In this room and in the bedroom, which opens out of it, the walls, from the chair rail upwards, are painted a soft ochre yellow, and the rest is white. There are many books and writing arrangements, and the total of five telephones

effect is repeated alternately with plain gold in the detail of the canopy.

The bed is hung with blue damask, and an old bedspread of paler blue silk has been beautifully embroidered with white silk thread. In this room a chair, covered with fine old needlework, stands before the fire in front of a Japanese screen on which are lacquered lotus flowers. A Chippendale mirror, with a romantic painted landscape panel over it, hangs above the cream and gold Adam fireplace. Of the walnut furniture in this room the best piece is a very fine Queen Anne writing table.



THE BALLROOM—also used as a gallery for the portraits of the Londonderry family. The photograph shows the two doors leading to the Drawing-room and on the right the staircase landing



In the "SMALL" DINING-ROOM, the paintwork is carried out in an illusive shade of yellow, against which the plum-coloured velvet curtains and embossed crimson velvet chairs form a pleasing contrast

Miranda faces the whole length of the room.

The library is on the ground floor immediately below the drawing room, and has five windows overlooking Park Lane. There are bookcases let into the walls between the panels, and the mouldings on the doors and brown painted walls are gold. Lady Londonderry's portrait, a charming picture by de Laszlo, hangs over the green and white marble chimney piece.

LONDONDERRY HOUSE has two dining rooms. The smaller one, which is always used except when there is a very large party, is on the Hertford Street side of the house. It is a long room with French plaster decorations and swags of fruit and flowers, painted, like the rest of the room, a deep cream colour. The curtains are crimson velvet and the brocaded velvet chairs match them. Two very good gilt and white marble Empire side tables stand against the walls. To get to the smaller dining room one passes through an interesting ante-room. The walls are almost completely lined with cupboards which have concealed lighting from the inside, and contain some very fine Sèvres china, and a superb collection of Waterford glass. There could not be a better setting for beautiful china and glass than these gilded cupboards lined with red silk.

The large dining room is only used for big dinner parties. In it fifty people can dine at the great oak table which runs the whole length of the room. On these occasions the dining room comes into its own. Three gold cups decorate each of the two chimney pieces, and many more are placed on brackets on the walls. The ornate French scheme of decoration centres round these brackets, each of which is the focal point of an elaborately designed panel, enriched with gilt and carving, on a groundwork of brown

in the two rooms testifies to the busy life led by this clever and public-spirited lady.

THE beautiful Italian bed in this suite is worthy of special description. It stands on a polished walnut dais and is flanked by a pair of blue and gold painted Italian tables. The woodwork of the bed is for the most part gilded, but has two panels of blue silk let in on the foot board and two on the head board. These panels are framed by a gilded moulding, and outside this the flat wooden surface is stippled with crimson paint over the gold leaf. This

These upstairs rooms are delightfully sunny, and the windows have one of the best views in London. They look right across the Park to Knightsbridge, and are too high up for the Park Lane traffic to be anything but a subdued roar.

LADY MARGARET STEWART'S room, like Lord Londonderry's, is on the north side of the house, overlooking Hertford Street. In it there is a beautiful old French bed, elaborately carved and gilded. The plain part of the head board is covered with a piece of old blue brocade with a pattern of red and pink flowers. This room is white, with door mouldings and architrave enriched with gold, and the immense windows have curtains of soft pink damask. The comfortable chairs and sofa are covered in red silk.

There is nothing so lacking in artistic conception as the house which indicates one definite era in its construction, decoration and furnishing, except perhaps one which has rooms decorated strictly in the style of one period or another. What could be more vulgar and lacking in imagination than the "Italian" room that is now so fashionable? An old house naturally bears the marks of the periods that come after its own, and it is natural and fitting that this should be so, and that the treasures of successive centuries should blend into a harmonious and dignified whole.

Surely the acme of good taste is an artistic gathering together of the best of the old and the new, and to a great extent Londonderry House, though it is not an old house, is typical of this idea.

It is in no sense of the word a period house, for each generation has tastefully left its mark, and, consequently it is devoid of the unwelcome museum atmosphere that is so often to be found in houses that are strictly of one period or another.



A DIGNIFIED PERSPECTIVE—looking North from the Ball-room across the well of the Staircase to an ante-room beyond

Furnishing on NOTHING A YEAR

When several pieces of necessary furniture are contrived at a negligible cost and produce a charming appearance there is more money available for the items on which it is folly to economise too much

By

ELIZABETH ASHLEY

THE word "furnishing" covers a very wide field; and so, incidentally, does the term "nothing a year."

It is obviously impossible to deal with more than the bare outlines of furnishing, or to outline the widely divergent attitude towards any given income in a single article.

Let us therefore consider the first essentials of furnishing; the things one must have if one would live an ordinary existence in a variable climate with any comfort—and the methods by which one can turn them into really charming companions, even with a strictly limited income.



A shelf dressing table, with shelves beneath, set between the two windows of a small house. A large mirror, with simple moulding painted to match the wall, is cut to the right size and fixed to the wall

As every day begins and ends in bed it might seem more reasonable to contemplate the various varieties of beds before anything else.

On the whole, however, I think there is a great deal in favour of dealing with other things first, because there are two principal items of furniture on which it is folly to economise more than one absolutely must.

Bedding is one: because the inferior

qualities do not last, do get lumpy, never give one real comfort, and end by spoiling one's (usually very necessary) rest.

The principal table in a living-room is the second; because it is always in view except when one is dining or lunching at it; and because one cannot disguise its leg or legs with any hope of success.

WITH chairs and dressing-tables, with chests of drawers and wardrobes, with washstands, if these have to be considered, and even with baths, there is a great deal of scope for turning the cheap and ordinary article into an unusual and decorative asset.

The really fine dressing-table may be a treasured possession—a romantic memory, and many other agreeable things; but it is seldom among those pieces that may be picked up for a song—if ever.

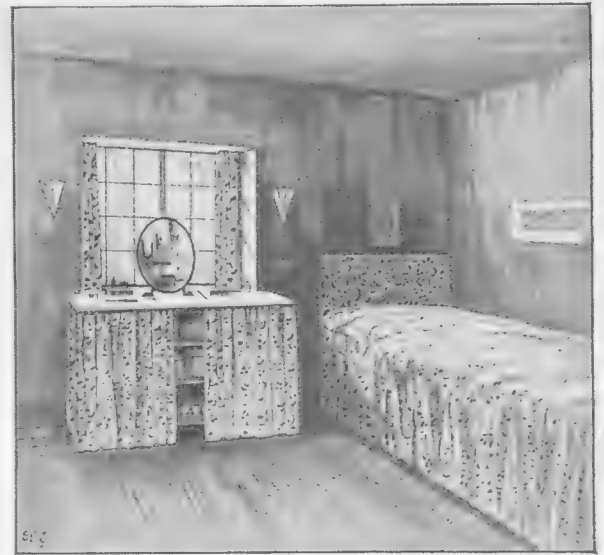
The made-up dressing-table, on the other hand, is capable of adding a great deal of charm to a room as well as fulfilling its primary duties, and in spite of very humble beginnings.

It needs to be well lit, both by day and by night; it needs table space for bottles and jars; and it gains in value by having extra space in which the less decorative adjuncts of the toilet and possibly shoes may be concealed.

There are at least four varieties of dressing-table which fill all these needs and may be contrived at a nominal cost.

When a small room has a recessed window it is not difficult to add a shelf in front of and level with the sill, to paint this like the sill itself, or cover both sill and shelf with a piece of fabric under glass, to add further shelves beneath the top one and cover them with two curtains, which run on a tiny rod fixed to the top shelf. A small easel

or swing mirror will stand on the window sill, the extra depth provided by the shelf will give room for bottles, and the light will

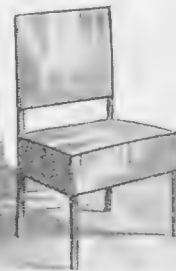


A SHELF IS BUILT in front of the window sill and painted to match. Other shelves, curtained to match the bed cover and window curtains, are added below for shoes, toilet accessories, etc.

naturally be excellent in the daytime.

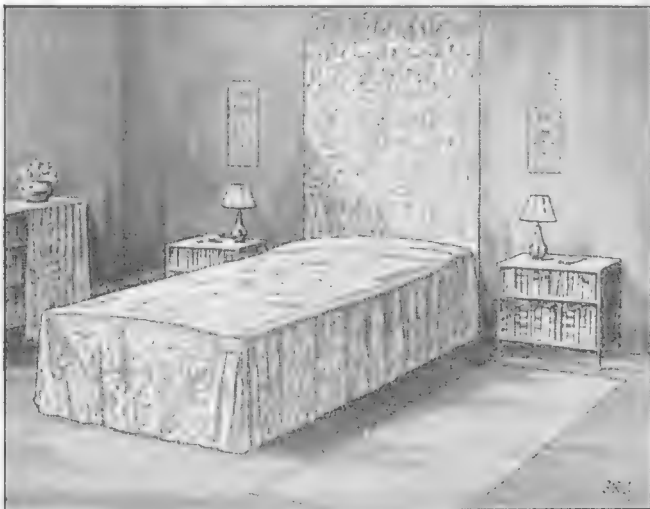
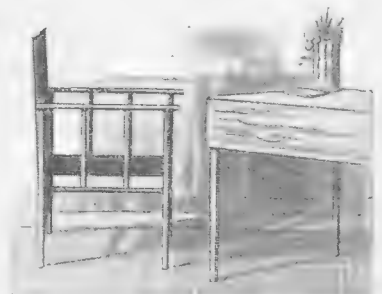
In a case like this it is also very likely that the head of the bed will be set against the wall in which the window occurs. It will therefore be quite possible to arrange that the two wall lights which serve for the dressing-table at night may be controlled by a bedside switch and used for reading in bed as well.

NEW mirrors that are bearably framed are costly buy, but it is often



Above: a plain chair made presentable by slip covers of fabric piped and edged with a contrasting colour

Right: the ordinary folding camp chair can be fitted with more attractive fabric than canvas



A DIVAN BED can be made decorative by means of the head-piece of the same fabric carried up the wall. The bedside tables are made of painted packing cases with shelves and legs added

possible to find large mirrors in good condition in ornate frames that are completely out of key with current ideas of

furnishing. One of these may be taken out of its frame and cut to fit the space between two windows that are fairly close together.

A very simple moulding painted to match the wall, or in gay contrasting colour repeated somewhere else in the room, will frame it adequately — lacquer red against a dove grey wall perhaps; Chinese green against pale beige; or lapis blue against primrose.

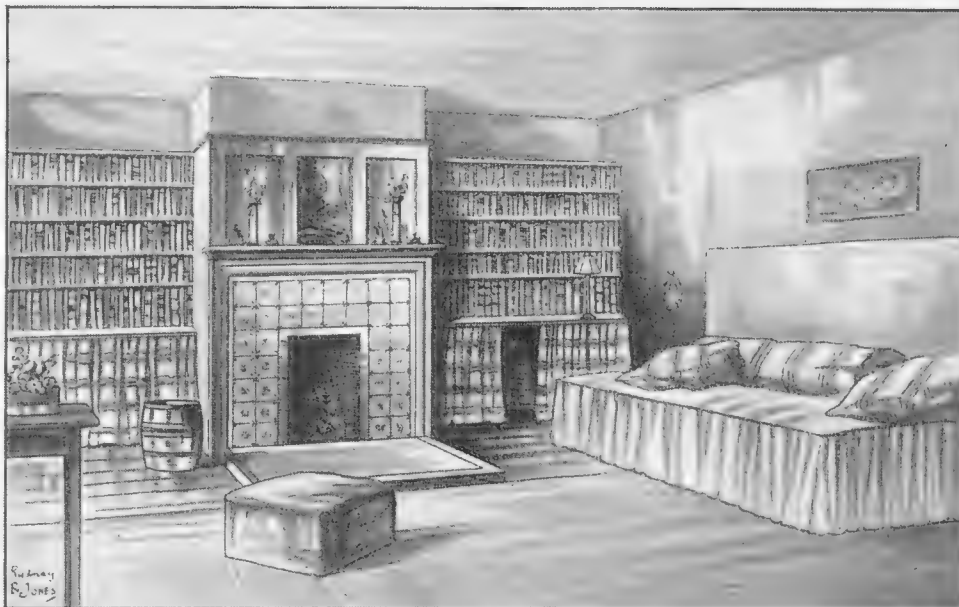
The shelves and the curtains which conceal all but the top shelf will be made and finished in the same way as for the window dressing-table.

This curtain treatment is, indeed, invaluable for most varieties of inexpensive dressing-tables, especially when the problems of storage space are urgent. They need not look fussy, because they can be made in stiff fabrics; they can also be distinctly frilly if a softer impression is more desirable.

IF no window space is available they can be made with triangular shelves set across a corner, though this will naturally not be so well lit by day. If they are to take up a position away from the wall they can be made of the cheapest kind of deal table or even a packing case, and have curtains at the back and sides as well as in front.

One must sleep, one must dress, and one must eat, so we will take up the question of dining-table chairs next. Here again a certain amount of ingenuity is needed if they are to be pleasant to the eye, comfortable to sit on and yet negligible in cost. Easy chairs, settees and beds depend far more upon the fabric which covers them than their own lines for the charm of their appearance; dining-room chairs not so much.

PEOPLE who have time, taste, and the vision for seeing possibilities in what strikes the rest of the world as "junk," can often buy odd chairs at ridiculously small prices, take them home, remove their horrid surface and remake them into



A CHEAP AND DECORATIVE SCHEME for a sitting-room, designed by Mr. Sydney R. Jones, the illustrator of this article. Many fireplaces have recesses on each side of the jambs which can be made both decorative and useful by fitting shelves at small cost, the upper ones giving space for books, and the lower ones, screened by curtains, serving as cupboards. A wooden frame and webbing provide the basis for the divan, the covering being repeated on the wall behind to form a back for the cushions. A painted barrel contains the coal, and a box, covered and padded, makes a fireside stool

things of beauty with a little trouble and judiciously applied paint. Research of this order calls for a fair measure of time and skill, but it is well worth while. A less lengthy procedure is to buy very inexpensive rush-seated chairs, remove the varnish which usually disfigures their backs, rails and legs, and apply an agreeable shade of paint.

Here again, however, a certain amount of time is needed, because each coat of paint

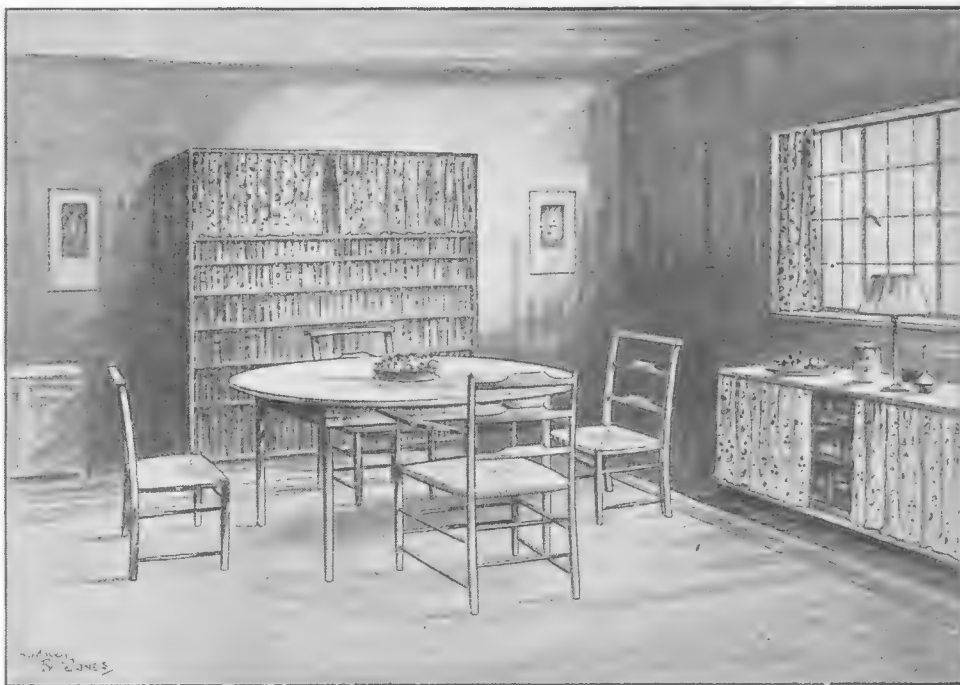
room in which they are to live.

THE question of beds really deserves an article to itself. The divan bed is cheaper than anything except a camp or iron bedstead—and this alone may be treated in a number of different but equally effective ways. One of the simplest is to hang a piece of fabric on the wall at its head.

A bedside table, which is useful and far more imposing in appearance than its origin would lead one to believe, is made out of an ordinary packing case minus its lid. This is first covered inside and out with canvas, linen or a similar material, stretched very tightly and firmly tacked. It is then painted, mounted on short legs which may be bought exceedingly cheaply, and provided with a shelf so that there will be two bookshelves for books and plenty of space on top for a lamp, and even a breakfast tray.

When space is very limited it is sometimes more practical to dispense with a table and have two shelves fixed to the wall instead.

The top one can hold the reading lamp, a book or two, and an ash tray. The second will have a hinged flap, which will accommodate a tray when necessary, and fold flat against the wall otherwise.



THE DINING SPACE OF THE LIVING-ROOM is a problem effectively tackled by our artist in the practical and inexpensive scheme of his own design illustrated above. The desired space can be provided by means of rush-seated chairs of the "church" type, which can be bought very cheaply. The armchair shown in the drawing is of singularly beautiful design and was made by a villager for a few shillings. A case or box is fitted with shelves to take table-ware, and hung with cretonne to harmonise with the curtains; the top makes a useful side table. Plain deal shelves for books can be painted or stained to suit the general scheme. Hair carpet, natural rush or coloured cocoanut mats are effective floor coverings



Henri Manuel
M. Jacques Worth

The Psychology of FASHION

*The first of three important articles by
the leader of Paris dress designers*

M. Jacques WORTH

President of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture and Associate
of his brother, the world-famous Couturier, Jean Charles Worth



Man Ray
M. Jean Charles Worth

"AS changeable as fashion" is a remark you and I have heard more times than once, so that, alas, we could easily picture an ever-vacillating Dame Fashion turning first to this, then to that, and in the end having no style at all. Quite like the old lady of nursery rhyme fame who lived in a shoe with so many children she didn't know what to do. Yet why should we view Fashion, any more than the rest of this life, merely as a thing of senseless change? Change we have to be sure, yet why should we assume that it is merely rather tiresome, rather unsettling, and utterly without a *raison d'être*?

It seems to me, in spite of the fact that she has so often been the butt of irony and sarcasm, that Fashion, with all her changes, has a sympathetic feeling for harmony. We should visualise her as a serene rather than as a distraught creature the cartoonist would have us see. After all she is really far too charming, too meaningful, and too vital to suffer the slurs and slanders that an un-understanding world sees fit at times to heap upon her.

LET me explain. We all agree that the development of dress is traced along with the progress of our customs and ideas. Dress has always borne the stamp of its time, just like a trade-mark. If we look, however, we notice that, like architecture, dress has shown in each stage of its development a sense of the harmony of proportion and line. While the couturier has ever before him the ideal of Venus, the mode in which the world sees his conception of beauty depends quite naturally upon the character of the day. We must admit, much as some of us lament it, that we have arrived to-day at the shrine of a utilitarian Venus. The age in which we live is essentially a practical one, and its clothes assume the same outlook. But happily this new goddess demands that we apply beauty to the everyday scheme of things.

THE couturier, therefore, must watch out that every dress be appropriate, for purposeless beauty has no meaning to-day. And, up to a certain point, this is as it should be. More than ever must we have harmony, a "rightness," between the line, the material, and the ornamentation of a gown, as well as a fitness for the specific occasion.

And how our notions have changed! Imagine the woman of 1929 in the sort of

*Who looks forward to the heyday
of the couturier when there will
be less standardisation in dress
and more individuality of style,
thus banishing the monotony
of the "Mary-Jane" mode*

garb which Fashion permitted the woman of not so long ago to wear "for the morning." In those days to dress meant

"dressing up," and you dared it only for really grand occasions. Those were the days, of course, of the more "sheltered" feminine existence when women were content to pass most of their time (so contrary to the active women we know), quietly sitting. But to-day the whole world of outdoors, with its sports and its purely social activities, has been added to countless new indoor occupations and pastimes. And Fashion demands that there be a correct costume for each and every occasion. Do you wonder at women for being absorbed in the problem of wardrobe?

NOWADAYS everybody travels, and every woman calls upon her favourite couturier before she goes to the fashionable spas—Biarritz, Cannes, or the Lido—or to the more remote far-off places. No matter where she goes her clothes demand a particular style. The modern woman does not mope when she loses at tennis, it is so easy to carry off

The three illustrations used in this article have been specially designed in the Worth Atelier and illustrate to some degree his conception of fashion in the feminine world to-day.

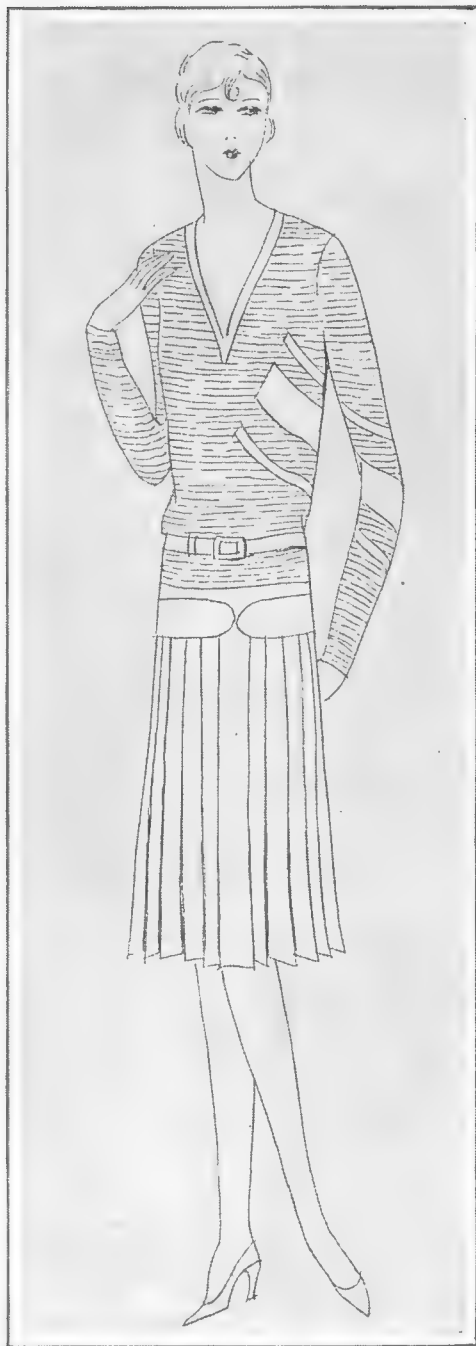
Moreover, it is interesting to note that this is the method employed by the famous couturier when dealing with each individual client. Having carefully noted her type, and made himself *au fait* with her own personal tastes, he sketches a model such as this, which in his infallible opinion is specifically suited to her particular individuality.

sweet revenge in the salon, provided she is aided and abetted by the right gown. With nothing but the charm of her smile a woman may command the world to kneel at her feet, but most of us resort to more artificial means of achieving admiration.

THE wise woman is guided by her intuitive sense of appropriateness when she selects a frock for her morning walk in the Bois, so that seeing her in the simplest sort of thing we exclaim under our breath "Très chic!" If she goes off for a day at Saint-Germain-en-laye she'll wear a light gay "city-idea" of a country dress under a sensible tweed coat. For shopping, she'll remain true to the *tailleur*. If she is out for cocktails, or dining in a smart restaurant, she'll give



Lines of subtle beauty interpreted in soft, illusive fabrics confirm that the correct evening gown of to-day favours, in a pronounced degree, the essentially feminine trend of modern fashion.



Woman, although happily very much woman, has her intensely practical side. And thus she demands simplicity, neatness and chic for each of her practical pursuits

thought to a more elaborate attire, with the desire always of producing a charming effect. Women, as well as the rest of us, I believe, are happiest when enjoying the pleasing sensations of both security and superiority! And there's nothing like being well-dressed to make you *feel somebody*, is there?

YOU do not need to venture far afield for a change of scene when such a place as Paris is at hand with its changing backgrounds. By some whim of nature, the colours and lights of the city are ever-changing, and in them the Parisians seem to take on a different aspect in the Bois, and still another on the Champs Elysées. The glow of electric bulbs at night decides the form and tones of clothes—it makes no difference whether you are in a salon *intime* or in the more conventional box of a play-house! If to-day is the heyday of the *finished toilet*, then it is at the *grande soirée*, in the ball-room, that woman blooms forth in all her glory.

As in other phases of social intercourse, we find in dress evidence of a meeting of

masculine and feminine styles. Woman has become "mannish" in so far as she has put on man-tailored tweeds, walks in low-heels (as she must for golf, for instance), and sleeps snugly in pyjamas *sometimes*!

Now, if you'll look into the animal world, you'll see that it's the male who has all the feathers and fine fur from the "king of them all" through the preening peacocks right down to the barnyard rooster himself. In every case it is the male who has all the trappings that go to make a fine bird. But you'll find no Chanticleer among us mortals. Men must content themselves with "sublimating" their desire for personal beauty—and that is why men heap admiration and adornment upon their women.

SHALL I tell you why there are male dress-makers? Some men, like my brother and myself, can create for Dame Fashion because they see her *objectively*, and so are superior to women as designers. There are men who can plan and construct a dress along symmetrical lines, just as others can build beautiful skyscrapers. Both kinds are idealists with their dreams coming true. And the woman designer? Yes, she is talented, but her gifts have a lighter touch. Generally speaking, woman's own particular *forte* lies in other channels of expression. Baudelaire was right . . . a creature of natural loveliness, born with the coveted gold spoon between her pearly teeth, should be content to be simply the "living torch" of Fashion.

HOW appeal to the women of to-day? In brief, we have it in what the Americans mean when they caution "Be Yourself." Don't lose sight of that invaluable gift, your own personality. In trifles, in those intimate little details, every woman can reveal her individuality. With jewels? Yet it takes a wise woman to know the gems which go with her type. It takes the same canniness to decide upon the right coiffeur, to know the flowers she dare wear, and the furs in which she can parade before the world.

Not satisfied with dress uniformity alone, in their mania for standardisation, women have gone one step further and reduced their figures to a plane of monotonous similarity. I bewail it. This, it seems to me, is the most lamentable example that personality is on the wane.

If we glance backward a bit we can see that not so long ago woman availed herself of her prerogative to emphasise her individuality. There was, then, rather a rivalry among women, and the couturier had his chance to develop the characteristics of each customer.

WHAT woman wants to live in an apartment decorated in a ready-made, purely impersonal manner? No woman feels "chez elle" within merely four walls harbouring standardised furniture, the sort which has been turned out haphazardly for every Mary and Molly, but with no special thought for herself. Well, why then should a woman buy a frock which could just as well be worn by any Mary-Jane?

And now we come to the real art of the couturier. He needs must be "guide, philosopher and friend" to every woman who stumbles blindly through the labyrinth of style. Sometimes the couturier muses—how jolly it would be to kick over the traces of conventional Fashion and to say to a woman, "This I will create especially for you—it is *you*." But Fashion is a feminine creature and so, alas, she insists that all women be her prototypes.

Paris couture has gone through many crises, yet the capital of gaiety still retains its place at the head of the Fashion Parade, though we cannot deny the fact that the

parade itself is far less Parisian than in the days when every lady in every land had her eyes on Paris. Travel has carried the international note into Fashion so that she no longer is purely a French product.

A MERE man, after all, can't presume to foretell the future of Fashion, though he can be sure that it will be as mysterious as woman herself. In the future, perhaps, women will abandon the masculine lines that have held sway during recent years.

There is one thing we do know about permanence and change—that all which is artificial and affected finally disappears, and that in the end only the beautiful remains. After having run the gauntlet of imitation it is probable that one of these days woman will suddenly exclaim, "Why should I wear what suits just anybody? Why not choose for the individual, *me*?"

That will mean the dawn of a new psychology of Fashion. Once again, woman will give thought to her own special personality. That, indeed, will be a day for the couturier.



The importance of the *neglige* is anything but negligible. Easy to slip into, comfy to wear, it also demands the soft, ethereal charm akin to the diaphanous lingerie of to-day

MY LADY'S WARDROBE

What the Smart Woman is actually wearing in London to-day

Described by **JULIA CAIRNS**

SPRINGTIME is a particularly happy time, isn't it? For, with Easter past and

THE COLOUR THAT COUNTS



Charm, daintiness and femininity characterise this delightful little gown recently seen in a London ballroom. Of the filmiest lace and net in a becoming shade of sear-leaf brown, the upper part is moulded firmly to the figure with frill upon frill of lace and net giving a picturesque crinoline effect below. Moiré slippers, cut-glass beads and a wisp of a hankie in scarlet chiffon, add just the necessary colour touch to this strikingly attractive gown

gone, and warm, sunny days either with us, or well nigh with us, the smart woman feels, without any doubt, she can go right ahead in the matter of planning her wardrobe. Indeed, it seems as if many have done so, for whether you walk in the Park, or go shopping in Bond Street, lunch at the Berkeley, or dine at the Embassy, you find feminine chic as prevalent in London to-day as primroses and violets in Devonshire. Which, if you Eastered in our own English Riviera, is saying a good deal!



Yes. We really are becoming more feminine—deliciously feminine in fact—particularly in the evening! Everywhere that is anywhere, on everybody who is anybody, you see the soft ethereal beauty of diaphanous frills of foamy tulle and illusive lace, of longer, graceful skirts that, peacock-wise, seem almost to coquette with the dance-floor with a frivolity, a capriciousness, which, while reminding one of the crinolines of a picturesque past, retain the ease and grace of a comfort-loving present.

AS if she had stepped out of a canvas, was a slender slip of a girl I saw the other night. Her gown was what, in Fashion lore to-day, would be described as a rather deep café-au-lait shade, but what I would prefer to describe as sear-leaf brown. It was entirely of lace and net—yards and yards of it, I'm sure. Yes! and even then, yards more! Rounded in front and cut away to a V at the back (backs, of course, being much to the fore in the public eye), with an undeniable chic introduced by the variation of the line of the under slip which was still the same colour. This, again rounded in the front, was quite an afterthought, since it did not start till some six inches after the net, and was cut away to a deep U at the back—the U being considerably deeper than the V. In this way the top part of the gown appeared like a mere whisp of veiling, while the long bodice was moulded firmly to the figure, one depth of lace falling away with slight fulness, giving the correct bolero effect. Below the normal waist-line, which was defined by a lightly stitched three-quarter inch band of tulle, frill upon frill of lace, alternating with net, fell down like a billowy cascade—down to the base of the skirt, which was slightly longer at the back than the front. Cut-glass beads in scarlet, scarlet slippers, a wee wisp of scarlet chiffon posing as a pseudo-hankie, and a Victorian posy of scarlet carnation petals completed this demurely fashionable evening gown.

Secretly I wondered if there wasn't a little circular cape of sear-leaf net, too, for occasions such as a restaurant dinner. Perhaps so! Perhaps not!

AND, it occurred to me... why shouldn't the same idea be picturesquely carried out in net and lace in cool lettuce green, with, perhaps, slippers in the same shade, with a touch of silver introduced... with the little chiffon hankie, green again, and a necklace of beads in crystal, alternating with green cut-glass? This, of course, would look particularly happy on the essentially fair woman. But equally attractive, too, would it look carried out either in

ivory or black, with the accessories in each case either precisely matching or contrasting.

TALKING of evening gowns!... A rather amusing theatre wrap sat side by side with me quite recently. You see it sketched below. It was of broché velvet in ivory, and formed an attractive ensemble with the ivory moiré frock beneath. But it was the *wrap* rather than the frock I could see... More. It was the *wrap* rather than the frock that interested me. Coat-like in cut, it boasted no collar, but running around the base was fully twelve inches of what looked like real white fox-fur (although remember foxaline and its various interpretations in the hands of the clever dress designer, and on the figure of the clever wearer, can so easily be mistaken for the real thing!). Devoid of collar this made an admirable excuse for the long neck-scarf which, in the

DISSIMILAR SLEEVES ARE CHIC



Something pleasantly unique about the evening wrap illustrated here! Expressed in ivory broché velvet, it is collarless, the deep flounce of white fox fur being repeated again at the ends of the scarf, and yet again in the large fur cuff of the left sleeve. No, the right has none at all! Amusing, this, and practical too, since the left cuff also forms a cosy muff for the right hand

TWEEDISHNESS IN TOWN



Tweeds at their chic-est and best are seen in the sketch above. Yes! tweeds that are quite happy, even in a town setting. This ensemble in black and white and elephant grey of a rather coarse weave, but delightfully soft texture, is effectively finished in shaded broad tail. The little cloche hat favours the same tweed also, and a soft grey tailored shirt in washing satin completes this eminently smart tailleur

skirt were in a rather coarse black and white and elephant grey tweed mixture, collared and cuffed in broadtail shaded from black to grey. With it was worn a shirt in softest grey satin, and a neat cloche shaped hat of the same coarse tweed, its narrow black ribbon happily responding to a touch of black in the broadtail.

AND again, contrary to the decrees of the past, Jewellery gave a definite finish to this tweed ensemble—one exquisite emerald, worn upon the finest platinum chain, and one large single ring (the mode of the moment) an emerald, too.

And then, talking of town clothes, it seems as though the well-tailored pepper- and - salt suit is becoming a veritable uniform among smart women to-day. It has its charm, admittedly, for it is practical and serviceable. . . . Not in quite such a hurry to show up every little speck of dust, as

PATENT ACCESSORIES PREFERRED



Pepper-and-salt effects for tailor-mades were never more popular than they are to-day in the eyes of the well-groomed woman. Here is a particularly smart interpretation, for, in striking contrast to the dull texture of the suiting, camelias in black patent leather on a fur-felt helmet, one similar blossom in the button-hole, a large pochette also in patent leather, and black patent leather walking shoes contribute an irresistible cachet to the entire ensemble

the all-black suit which, as we all know, is almost as difficult to keep looking trim in Town as the all-white one. But the reason why I have sketched the one shown here . . . the one that was busily shopping in Bond Street . . . is because of the accentuated chic effected by the owner's choice of accessories. There was, of course, the silver fox that, too, is almost part and parcel of the

"uniform idea"; also there was a neat felt skull cap. . . . "Hardly original," you may assure me. True! But it was the large, flat spray of camelias in black patent leather that just lifted it out of the rut of the ordinary . . . and this, repeated again in a single camelia buttonhole, again of patent leather, a patent leather pochette, and the rather high-heeled patent leather shoes.

ACCESSORIES are always important, but, believe me, never more so than to-day, and there is a strong feeling in favour of their matching up with the entire colour scheme. But a contrast in texture, as here, is essential if you would aspire to the ultra-chic.

The last sketch you see here represents the last word in ingenuity, so far as tennis clothes are concerned . . . just the very dress one is not surprised to find on the hard courts at Ranelagh. So delightfully cheerful, too, it was vying with the leaf-sprinkled trees, with the white pavilions, green-shuttered, and with the flower-dappled borders.

"Three All," I call this little model, for it has three moods, and all are equally successful. In the first place, a poppy-red crêpe-de-

chine coat, cut on simple blazer lines, with white buttons, and, below, a straight skirt matching, which, buttoning in the centre (with, of course, the white buttons again), leaves the lower part slightly open, showing a white skirt beneath, matching with the white shirt blouse above. Then it is the simplest thing in the world to throw off the little coat and skirt, and hey presto!—still the same white tuck-in blouse with its tailored collar, its tucked shoulders, and its little red bow with a circular skirt fastening on the left hip with two buttons.

THIS in itself is again a charming little dress, but this is only the second of its moods . . . you see even the circular skirt can be removed, and underneath are well-cut crêpe-de-chine knickers fitting closely at the knee into a neatly stitched band and made all in one with the tailored blouse. So ingenious, don't you think? And, I assure you, so effective. Practical, too, as every keen tennis player will see, for while the straight skirt is not the most comfortable to play in, and while the circular skirt offers so much more in the way of comfort, the little "blouse-bockers," as they are called, are, unquestionably, ideal kit for the keenly enthusiastic sportswoman.

This type of sports suit has many possibilities from the point of view of colour combination, don't you think? And for those who think that perhaps poppy-red might be a little too warm-looking for the height of summer, think how equally charming would be the same idea carried out in the lovely blue of cornflowers allied to snowy-white. Again I can conceive of something quite refreshingly new, were a similar ensemble interpreted in the soft yellow shade of primrose petals, contrasting with burnt orange, or in palest hyacinthine blue and the deep purple of wood violets.

FOR TENNIS—THE "THREE-ALL"



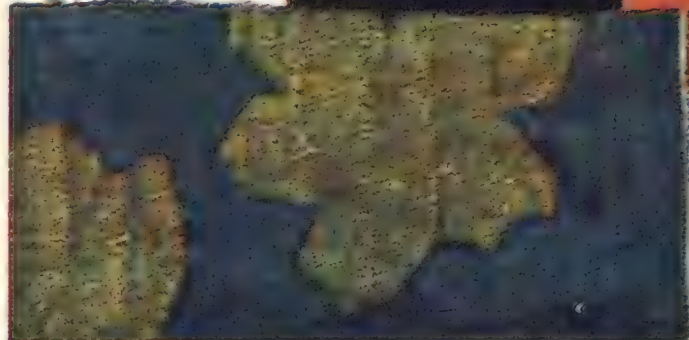
The last word in ingenuity, this! And ideal for tennis and river, too. A poppy-red crêpe-de-chine coat and straight skirt, relieved by white buttons, is worn over a white crêpe-de-chine tuck-in blouse and circular white skirt—two moods of this tennis frock. Remove the white skirt and there you have the third . . . well-tailored little bockers which, all in one with the tailored shirt, achieve something akin to the ideal of the keenly enthusiastic sportswoman

first interval, I realised was thrown across the frock, its two snowy fox-tipped ends hanging unevenly down the back. But the real cachet was afforded by the sleeves. The right one rather tight fitting and un-cuffed, the left one heavily cuffed, again in white fox fur, with, below the cuff, a further drop of white fox fur which, in an intriguing manner, I discovered formed a little cosy muff effect, to accommodate the right hand when required! An ingenious idea I call this, don't you? For who knows better than we who have suffered, what an inconvenience a wide cuff on the right sleeve means, when dining in a chilly restaurant and endeavouring to avoid the soup, the soufflé or the caviare?

ONCE upon a time (and this is not a fairy story, either!) there was an idea that tweeds were not correct in Town. All that could be desired for the country, they simply remained the country cousins that one did not bring up to Town! But all that is changed. Tweeds truly are among Fashion's favourites of this season. "And well they may be!" say I, recalling one of the smartest women I saw lunching, only a day or so ago, in a well-known West End Club. Her three-quarter length coat and



SUMMER'S PALETTE IN PRINTED SILKS



Fabrics from Ducharme.

IT is only natural that every woman should take an interest in her wardrobe, and in this respect modern woman is very natural. To-day she takes a keenly active interest by insisting upon clothes that, whilst voicing her own personality, also bespeak the art of the French couturier. But there are occasions when she prefers to make them herself. . . . She can then ring the changes more frequently, and in this way the woman with a comparatively limited purse will create, and will maintain, a reputation for always being well dressed. In order, therefore, to facilitate the dress question of her readers, "BRITANNIA AND EVE" have planned a special Paper Pattern Service. Each of the models shown in this issue is inspired by a noted Paris dress-designer exclusively for our readers. Each is obtainable in six sizes, except in the case of the Children's Fashions—a feature which it is hoped will appeal to thousands of our mother readers—these are obtainable in two sizes. The gowns shown above suggest the unsophisticated charm of printed silks and chiffons on which fashion looks with pronounced favour.—J. C.

I.—Of black chiffon exquisitely brocaded with golden tissue flowers, this little evening gown seeks nothing more than essentially simple lines, with, of course, the full flowing skirt that this dance-loving season welcomes.

II.—Again black, but this time in satin with a floral pattern in beige and pink with the popular spiral effect, this dinner gown is attractively finished with a graceful shoulder bow in plain black satin.

III.—For afternoon wear, this becoming little model in bottle-green crêpe-de-Chine with an all-over pattern of ivory readily responds to Fashion's decree in its succession of pleated flounces.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN SIX SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 170.

COBWEB WEAVES A NOVELTY

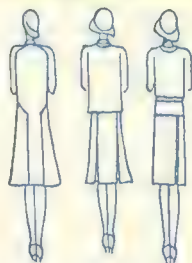


IV



V

VI



Fabrics from Rodier.

IV.—This neatly tailored close-fitting coat of salmon-coloured woollen material is lightly interwoven with silk, almost pearl-like in colour and effect, but geometrical in design.

V.—Herringbone beige woollen material is used for this collarless suit. Note the rather large front-pleats and high-belted skirt.

VI.—Smartly tailored in nigger-brown, this practical day frock is expressed in a fancy woollen material whose novel 'daisy' pattern in beige and russet decided to favour the geometrical.

WHILST the softer and more filmy fabrics sponsored by fashion for evening wear tend to favour floral designs, the heavier fabrics, such as are employed for tailor-made suits, coats, and day frocks, seem definitely more geometrical in design. Yet, even so, there is no undue suggestion of angularity or harshness, because the materials themselves are exquisitely soft and kindly in their general feeling.

As if to defy any preconceived idea that out-of-door clothes, to be practical and useful, must be stuffy and stolid, these softly-textured cobweb weaves of the moment are amongst the most attractive materials yet offered for the purpose; and their charm and 'chic' are adequately expressed in the essentially becoming models which you see illustrated on this page.

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LACE ENMESHES FASHION



Laces from Garlot.

TO every smart woman a gown of lace! And is there anything more graceful, more filmy, more deliciously feminine? Especially now, when, with skirts so full, so flounced, and so frilly, it seems just to skim the surface of the floor, to mingle with all the other materials of the moment, and yet still to retain its own diaphanous charm in a manner both persistent and intriguing. Concerning colour . . . there is a world of choice, from the soft illusive shades of ivory, beige, and palest coral pinks—which, as a rule are so essentially becoming to the Englishwoman's colouring—through all the more stimulating nasturtium reds, jade greens, kingfisher blues, and the new burnt orange for those whom they love (and please don't waste your love on them if they don't love you)—through every shade to black, which so many of us are ready to acknowledge as so chic and so often the kindest colour of all!

VII.—Navy blue silk guipure and metal lace fashions this rather delightful evening gown, while the chiffon yoke, the flared skirt, and the large satin bow introduce dress notes which entirely meet with fashion's whole-hearted approval.

VIII.—The really chic dinner ensemble has come to demand its accompanying little coatee of the same, or similar, material as the gown, as here, where black tulle is threaded in metallic gold and supplemented with a bridge coat in the filmiest of black chiffon.

IX.—Or, if you still love the short straight skirt—and many do—here is a charmingly unsophisticated model in flesh-coloured silk lace with the waist where it should rightly be to-day and the much favoured basque effect.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN SIX SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 170.

FOR THE EVENING



CALLOT.

Here, a simple evening gown of lace in the deepest blue of sapphires. Additional interest is introduced by flowers embroidered in reds and yellows.

MARTIAL & ARMAND.

Figured chiffon finds its way of emphasising feminine charm in this gown of palest primrose, patterned effectively with brown leafy sprigs. Note the rhinestone buckle at the waist and trailing back flounces.

LUCIEN LELONG.

A distinctive evening gown is this black beaded model with narrow shoulder straps, the much-favoured basquelike effect at the waist, and irregular side panels.

THE CHIFFON CROWN.



CALLOT.

White chiffon, exquisitely patterned in blue and black, is used for this so-filmy ensemble. The blue and white piping happily stresses the beautiful periwinkle shade of blue.

JEANNE LANVIN.

In white chiffon, this model, with an amusing little wisp of a cape! The circular skirt assumes the fashionable trend, whilst the large bow tied to the front is in three shades of blue.

JENNY.

Excessively demure—again in white chiffon—this time patterned in quaint little figures in shadowy gray. Note the waistline and the myriad miniature frills upon skirt and sleeves, repeated again at the "V"-shaped neck.

FOR OUTDOOR AFTERNOONS



JENNY.

The cape coat is a necessity to every smart woman, but one such as this is more—it is a covetable acquisition! It is expressed in the softest woollen material in a beautiful shade of mimosa yellow, with fleckings of nigger brown.

MARTIAL & ARMAND.

And a sports suit just has to be! Several, in fact. The one shown here is in beige and brown crepe, and is accompanied by a sleeveless jacket; note the pleatings to the right side of the skirt.

LUCIEN LELONG.

For Tennis days. A two-piece white woollen frock, with a square neck, the higher waist, and three large pleats to the left of the skirt, providing adequate width for freedom in play. The scarf, in white, green, and black, just gives a touch of 'chic.'

WIDE BRIMS OR NO BRIMS



ROSE DESCAT

More of a cap and less of a beret, this model is in black ante-lope, finished with leather flowers.



GEORGETTE

In navy blue Bakou and white felt, this two-colour model achieves an undisputable 'chic.'



ROSE DESCAT

The centre model is brimful of charm... a becoming shape in black Bengal, which finds its sole relief in the black and pink plume.



CAMILLE ROGER

The cloche still continues to be with us, and happily so. Here, black Bengal contrasts most effectively with very wide nasturtium red and beige velvet ribbon.



GEORGETTE

What more becoming than the sweeping curves of a wide brim? This in felt and Bakou, entirely in vivid red, contrasts in texture with a lacquered ostrich plume.

A question of taste, true, this matter of brims or no brims, but is it not also rather a matter of purpose? The neat beret or tight-fitting cap is unquestionably happy with the more severe tailor-made, but, following on the more feminine trend in dresses, the large sweeping brim that casts becoming shadows is promised great popularity this summer.

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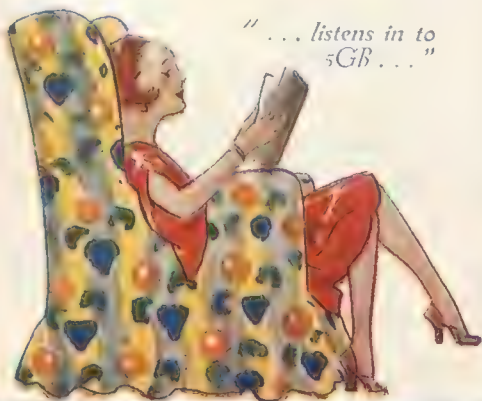
"... I hied me home..."



"... my wife would knit..."



"... this home of ours a hell..."



"... listens in to 5GB..."

The HOME BREAKER

By HARRY GRAHAM

Illustrated by ALFRED LEETE

There was a time—for ever past!—
When, as the shades of night descended,
My troubles to the winds I cast
And, freed from worldly cares at last,
My daily labours ended,
I hied me home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose

Beside the fire I loved to sit,
Enjoying well-earned peace and solace,
And, as I smoked, my wife would knit
Or else she'd read aloud a bit
From Proust or Edgar Wallace,
Or we'd exchange our artless views
Upon the last Election news.

Sweet moments (I recall them yet!)
Before our conjugal estrangement,
Ere that well-meaning friend she met
Who gave my wife a wireless set,
A portable arrangement,
Had made this home of ours a hell
Where peace and rest can never dwell.

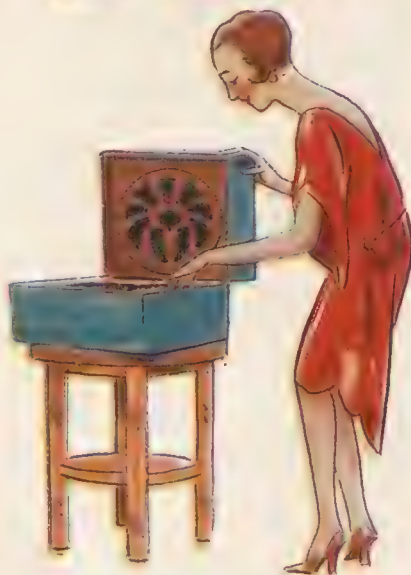
A tireless wireless devotee
With knitting now upon the floor cast,
My spouse no longer reads to me,
But listens in to 5GB,
To shipping news and forecast,
To talks on "British Fungi" or
On "Insect Life in Ecuador."

And though I've caught her complex too,
It strains our marital relations
And bitter quarrels must ensue
When both are trying to "get through"
To different wireless stations;
For when I long to listen in
To Aberdeen, SHE wants Berlin

In vain I grumble: "Darling, come!
You make existence doubly hard if,
Each time I pick up Hilversum,
You move the tuner with your thumb
And switch me back to Cardiff!
I know that you prefer Dundee,
But there's no place like Rome for me!"

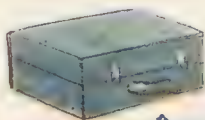
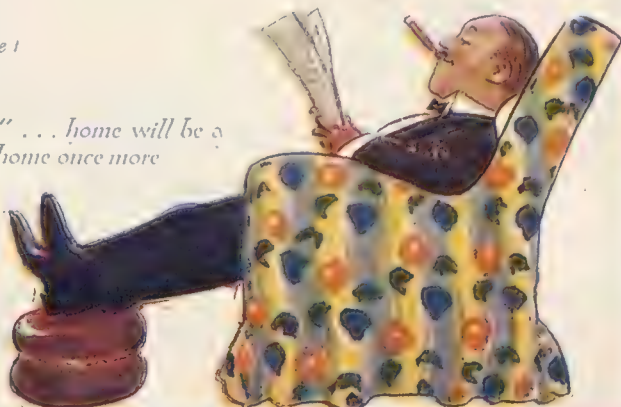
Wife of my bosom, cease to frown,
If you have smiles to wear, please wear one!
We're still the happiest pair in town!
The battery has just run down
And so, as we've no spare one,
We'll read and gossip as of yore,
And home will be a home once more!

"... I long to listen in..."



"... you move the tuner with your thumb..."

"... home will be a home once more"



ALFRED LEETE



*The scene illustrated
is the old George Inn
at Huntingdon.*

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THE SEVENTH ART...



...THE ART OF EATING

By GERMAINE BEAUMONT

With three French Dishes specially created for this issue of BRITANNIA & EVE by Madame RAMILLON

EATING used to be a formality. It has become an art. Hence the importance given nowadays to good cooking. To be sure, instead of writing on his mantelpiece "one eats to live, one does not live to eat," Molière's Harpagon would quite calmly engrave the reverse.

One might wonder at such a change in our tastes and habits. Let's trace it to the decadence of many things which used to fill human life with delight. Love, for instance. Alas, love's young dream is now a revolver. Love has turned into a frantic tragedy of meeting, quarrelling, parting, divorcing and firing. Life has also lost the charm of leisure. Only people who married in haste still find leisure enough to repent. Other people have no leisure at all. They are dragged all over the world at high speed: they run, they fly, they race, they plunge, and it is considered an accomplishment to become like the famous arrow which, thrown at random in the air, fell on the earth one knew not where.

BETWEEN the throes of love and the fatigue of speed, where does one find comfort? In good food. To sit before a well-set dinner table is in itself a form of happiness, a delicate prelude to deeper enjoy-

ment, the opening bars to a soothing symphony. Let the perfect meal be served and one sees the world through rose spectacles. For there is no better school of optimism than good food.

The pleasures of eating foster kindness in thinking, tolerance and charity. Who would not think well of a world in which there are such delicious things as sturgeons and grouse, ducks and lambs, spring chickens and turtles!

THE ministering angel to good food must be a good cook. Do good cooks have a human origin, one wonders? They are inspired, they have laws of their own and means of avoiding the laws of other people. Besides, other people are not discreet. Discretion is no human virtue. But a perfect cook is always discreet, therefore not human. Yes, a good cook is the only creature known to be blessed with a proper sense of secrecy. No good cook has ever revealed the recipe of certain dishes and certain delicacies. Put them on the rack, they die rather than confess at what precise moment one should add salt or sage, pepper or tomato, milk or sugar, vinegar or cream.

MY mother had just such a cook, who locked herself in the kitchen on the days when

she prepared a certain kind of *poulet rôti*. One might suppose that a *poulet rôti* would consist of merely putting a chicken into an oven to roast. For other people and other cooks that may be, but not for old Félicité. People famous in the world of politics, literature, art and finance came to partake of that extraordinary *poulet rôti*, so unlike all other *poulets rôtis* ever served. None of them, though human beings nowadays are so forgetful, and Félicité has been dead twelve years now, has yet forgotten how perfect that chicken tasted. Of course more than one guest tried to bribe Félicité. "How did she do it? Was it the temperature of the oven? The timing of the cooking? A special stuffing, perhaps? The way the chicken was placed in the roasting pan? So much butter, or so much spice?"

No one ever knew, not even my mother. Félicité was left to her art, or rather her magic, her velvety magic. Unknown, she ruled over proud heads. Poor, she was richer than millionaires, as one is rich who disdains to sell. She was, when in the realm of bright pans, brown earthenware and russet copper, as any captain of a ship led by the stars, inspired by the winds and the voices of the invisible.

GERMAINE BEAUMONT.



THREE FRENCH DISHES...

*Specially created for this issue of BRITANNIA & EVE
by Madame RAMILLON*



BEETS AND SHRIMPS

RICE À L'IMPERATRICE

For serving 7 or 8 persons.

- 1 lb. rice Caroline.
- 1 lb. sugar, half powdered.
- 2 pints (full) milk.
- 1 vanilla bean.
- 1 lb. (full) candied fruits.
- 3 eggs (yolks of 3, white of 1).
- 2 leaves of gelatine.
- 6 oz. whipped cream.

1. Boil the milk.
2. Wash rice and cook in milk (about 1 glass to start) in open saucepan together with vanilla. Add gradually rest of milk. When rice is almost done add sugar (unpowdered). Let it cook for several minutes until milk is assimilated. Place in receptacle to cool.

3. Place in bowl the white and yolk of 1 egg and yolks of 2 others, then the powdered sugar. Mix well. Add gradually in mixing a glass of warm milk. Place contents of bowl in a saucepan and heat, stirring constantly to make a

cream, being careful not to bring to a boil.

4. When cream commences to thicken take from fire. Place the gelatine in palm of hand and, closing it, thrust into tepid water to soften the gelatine, shake off water and put immediately into the cream. Replace over a slight fire until gelatine is thoroughly melted, mix and strain.

5. Place cream to cool in a large receptacle, chilled, mixing it constantly until cream is quite thick.

6. Mix it next with rice and whipped cream. Take out vanilla, add candied fruits already chopped into bits.

7. Butter a pudding tin or mould, empty mixture into it and place on ice for 3 hours.

8. Take out of mould, serve with a fruit sauce flavoured with kirsch and garnished with slices of candied orange



RICE À L'IMPERATRICE

CALF'S LIVER LOAF

For serving 5 or 6 persons

- 1 1/2 lb. calf's liver.
- 1/2 lb. (about) lard.
- 1 small onion.
- A little garlic.
- 1 spray parsley
- Salt.
- Pepper.
- 2 large eggs or 3 small ones
- 1/2 lb. bread (without crust)
- 1 glass (about) milk.
- 1 glass soup stock.
- 2 or 3 medium-sized carrots
- 1 large onion.
- 1 full tablespoon Madeira.

1. Place the bread and some milk in a saucepan over the fire. Mash thoroughly with a fork, making a dry mixture. Add more milk if necessary.

2. Chop liver with lard.

3. Pare and chop finely the

parsley, onion and garlic.

4. Place into a receptacle. Add eggs (both yolks and whites), salt and pepper.

5. In a well-buttered roasting pan spread out lard-sheet. Place mixed ingredients in centre and fold over lard so that it fully covers the stuffing.

6. Place in a hot oven and roast for an hour and a half, basting it with the hot bouillon until rosy-brown. Around roast place carrots cut round and large onion.

7. Baste during the roasting and add Madeira.

8. Strain off the fat 10 minutes before the end.



CALF'S LIVER LOAF

THE EXCHEQUER AND THE COOK

By CATHERINE IVIES

THE dishes described on the following page, and shown in the accompanying photographs, were not created in a model kitchen expensively equipped, but in the author's own home and under conditions probably shared by her readers

With two Spring Menus for slender incomes

and it is sometimes very difficult indeed, but it remains possible when one knows what to aim for and what to avoid.

Our food costs us more, but people do not eat nearly so much. Wages are higher, but gas, electricity and oil have reduced the drudgery of doing one's own cooking to a minimum. Added to this we have enchanting fireproof dishes of china and glass; and many facilities for acquiring ideas and information our mothers and grandmothers could only collect by slow degrees, if at all.

THE dismal waste that lies between senseless extravagance on the one hand, and unnecessarily uncomfortable economy on the other, is more easily reclaimed by the person who does the

THE most important features about the food provided for the household are:—
That it should be nourishing.
That it should be in season.
That it should be attractive.

Unless it is nourishing the household will suffer in health, temper and the capacity for work.

Unless it is in season the exchequer will suffer because the items will be much more expensive and not nearly so good.

Unless it is attractive the household will not enjoy the meals and will probably not digest them properly, a state of affairs which means waste at the best, and indigestion, bad temper and general ill-health at the worst.

There are many ways in which we are more fortunate than our forebears in the matter of keeping an attractive table.

THE most inexpensive dishes can be surprisingly good when they have been prepared in just the right way, seasoned with just the right companions, and served in a becoming receptacle.

The most costly dishes lose value if they are carelessly prepared and badly served.

I have no space to deal with more than the broad outlines of economical yet charming catering in this article, though I hope to do so more fully in a future issue. Let us consider instead some of the problems of entertaining without vast expenditure, and some of the details which help to make it easier for both hostess and staff in a household of small or moderate size.

Among the most essential of these is the habit of planning ahead. If one has settled exactly what is to be ordered, cooked and cleaned two or three days before the event there is far less likelihood of being worried and overtired before it takes place.

ANOTHER point well worth remembering is the advantage of entertaining on consecutive days.

Why?

Because one will have had to provide and prepare a great many things for one day which will do equally well for two.

The china, silver and glass will all receive an extra cleaning and polishing, and will therefore need less attention for a luncheon or dinner on the following day.

The rooms will be cleaner and tidier than usual—if possible—and here again the extra efforts and possibly help entailed may be made to serve for two occasions instead of one.

It is also probable that the hostess will have allowed herself greater licence over the purchase of flowers, and taken even more than her usual joy in arranging them. Last, but by no means least, a careful arrangement of the two menus will allow for a much better effect at a smaller cost than would be possible if one had to buy the ingredients at separate times!



The fillets and ramskins of brill for dinner and lunch on consecutive days (see page 84) may be prepared at the same time.

cooking than by any other member of the household.

The consumption of fuel and of cleaning materials are also responsible for many large items in the 'way' of 'outgoings'; but here again the cook, who knows her job, or the lady of the house who understands cooking, has a great deal of power over the total expenditure.

In talking about exchequers and cooks it must be understood that I include catering. The most economical cook in the world cannot possibly keep down expenses if she is provided with extravagant materials and encouraged to use them with a lavish hand.

A great many people still seem to imagine that it is impossible to combine economy with charm, especially when it is a question of catering. This is not true.

It is not always easy,



Rounds of thin and buttered brown and white bread hold slender slices of cucumber and a top dressing of Green or Montpelier butter. Ice-cold radishes cut like tulips decorate the dish. Green glass from Fortnum and Mason.

TWO SPRING MENUS FOR SLENDER INCOMES

Specially created for this issue of BRITANNIA & EVE by CATHERINE IVES

MENUS for ordinary home consumption can be planned on far less expensive lines than the two which follow, and still remain very attractive.

But, in this case, they have been designed for a little dinner party and a little luncheon party, to be held on consecutive days.

The proportions given are for four people. If there were four at dinner and four at luncheon the total cost for the two menus should not exceed twenty-eight shillings at the outside, or 3s. 6d. per head, including coffee.



The roast lamb with its mushroom and tomato dressing and the cold lamb moulded in mint aspic and decorated with carrots, are both shown here. The timbales are filled with fresh or preserved strawberries, fresh bananas and cream.

Dinner.

Cucumber Sandwich Hors d'œuvre. Fillets of Brill with Cheese Sauce. Roast Leg of Lamb. Tomato and Mushroom Sauce. Spinach. New Potatoes. Gooseberry Cream in Glasses. Cigarette Wafers. Coffee.

Luncheon.

Orange and Grape Fruit Cocktail. Ramekins of Brill. Lamb moulded in Mint Aspic. Salad of New Carrots. Peas and Watercress. Banana and Strawberry Timbales.

The cheese sauce for both fish courses will be made at the same time and in the following manner. Half of it will naturally be put on one side for the next day's luncheon.

Cheese Sauce.

(Its proper name is "Mornay.")

Ingredients.— $\frac{1}{2}$ pint good white sauce. 2 oz. grated Parmesan (or 3 to 4 of Cheddar) 1 gill of fish stock (made from the trimmings of the fish). 1 oz. of butter. Pepper and salt.

Instructions.—Make the fish stock. Heat the white sauce. Stir the stock gradually into the sauce. Stir the grated cheese in gradually, then add the butter, little bit by little bit. You must let the sauce get very hot, but it must never be allowed to boil.

Utensils.—1 grater (for the cheese). 2 saucepans. 1 wooden spoon.

The lamb is roasted in the ordinary way. Make half a pint of gravy, again in the ordinary way. Heat half a pint of tomato purée or ketchup in a china saucepan or casserole.

The tomato and mushroom sauce needs to be started about twenty minutes before the lamb finishes roasting.

Tomato and Mushroom Sauce.

Ingredients.—4 oz. peeled and chopped mushrooms. $\frac{1}{2}$ pint tomato purée or ketchup. $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of gravy made when the lamb is done. 1 oz. of butter. Pepper and salt. 1 wineglassful of sherry.

Utensils.—China saucepan or casserole. 2 wooden spoons. Small saucepan.

Instructions.—Cook the mushrooms gently in the butter in the small saucepan with pepper and salt. Make the tomato purée boiling hot in the china saucepan or casserole. Add the mushrooms. Add the gravy by degrees, stirring all the time. Add the sherry. Make very hot and pour over the lamb.

Gooseberry Cream

Ingredients.—1 quart of gooseberries. 1 oz. of butter. 2 eggs. 2 to 4 ozs. of sugar. 1 teaspoon of orange flower water.

Utensils.—1 saucepan. 1 double saucepan. 1 sieve 2 spoons. 2 basins. 1 whisk.

Instructions.—Cook the gooseberries (you can use bottled ones). Sieve them. Reheat and add sugar. Beat the eggs, add to the purée and stir well over the fire in a double saucepan, but do not let it boil. Remove from the fire as soon as thick, add orange flower water and a little green colouring if necessary. Decorate with whipped cream.

The cigarette wafers cost about 1s. 6d. a tin. They need not all be used at once (unless very highly appreciated).

Lamb Moulded in Mint Aspic

Ingredients.—Cold lamb. Mint aspic. Dice of carrots, potatoes and cucumber (from the day before). Peas. 1 teaspoon chopped mint.

Utensils.—Loafshaped mould. Cake tin. Saucepan with warm water.

Instructions.—Cut the cold lamb into neat slices and two or three carrots, four or five potatoes and the remains of the cucumber into dice. Rinse the mould in cold water. Put the jar of aspic in the saucepan of water over a gentle heat until it liquefies. Pour enough into the mould to coat it. Let it begin to set and then arrange the meat and vegetables, adding a very little aspic between each layer till the mould is full.

The timbales are made of batter fried in hot fat. When cold they are filled with a mixture of thinly sliced bananas, strawberries preserved in syrup, a little of the strawberry syrup, a dash of rum, and a little whipped cream.

Whole strawberry jam can be used instead of the preserved strawberries if necessary.



The orange and grapefruit cocktails are served in orange skins cut down in sharp points to look something like lilies. They may be sweetened, and they may be enlivened with a liqueur, but they must be very cold.



Monday's child is fair of face
Tuesday's child is full of grace
Wednesday's child is full of woe
Thursday's child has far to go
Friday's child is loving & giving
Saturday's child works hard
 for her living
 But the child that is born on
 the Sabbath Day
 Is bonny & blithe & good & gay.

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Under the Shadow of the great Castle, where the Duke and his Nobles roistered and waxed fat and heavy, John of Ethirdova grew to feeble-witted Manhood . . . until the over-gorged and dying Duke pledged him to an annual Labour at the very summit of Ethirdova . . .



" . . . he sat beneath the table, watching the shifting feet and the heavy, fat loins and buttocks of the Duke and his guests . . . "

JOHN OF ETHIRDOVA

A Medieval Romance

By HECTOR BOLITHO

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

CHAPTER I.

THE valley of Ethirdova was spacious and quiet. Sometimes the mists rose and formed a roof, stretching from hill to hill, so that the valley was like a vast room. Little wisps of mist still clung to the heather. But they hung like feathers, afraid to move, afraid to stir in the valley which was so still. In some places there were pools, deeply stained by the peat, so that they were like tortoise shell. There were seventeen houses in Ethirdova. But the people might have been dead for all the movement they made. The smoke from the chimneys was lazy and the sheep were stiff and white on the hills.

When it was so dark that the mist could be seen no more, the sheep went to sleep in the damp heather and an old, slow woman came out of one of the houses and walked down to the stream, carrying a torch which she held high above her head. She tied it to a post in the ground, near the last of the stepping stones which made a way across the water for the shepherds.

She went back to the house, which was of two rooms, one a living room in which there was food cooking over the fire and a table with horn drinking mugs and black

bread and a wooden bowl, filled with goat's milk. By the fire sat an old man who was sewing goat skins together, with a long bone needle. When the woman came into the

room she looked at the old man, anxiously. Then they both turned towards the doorway, through which they could pass to the next room. There was nothing but a curtain of hide dividing the two rooms, so they could hear the baby crying softly in the bedroom.

The men came down from the hills and with them walked a younger shepherd, named Joseph, who wore a leather coat.

The hill was dark and he stumbled over the clumps of heather as he descended towards the stream. For a moment he rested beside

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the rushing water. He looked up and saw the roof of mist split in two and the sky and the stars appear in the rift between. A great wind came down from the mountain and the mists moved before it, so that the sky was clear again.

The stars were all well known to him for he learned them and counted them when he was alone, walking over the hills. But there was a new star, low and brilliant, apart from the constellations he knew so well. As he walked, it moved down the black space of the sky. When he came to the stepping stones, the star seemed to stand still and hang over the simple square outline of his house, on the other side of the stream. He stood still and made a sign on the earth with his stick, for there was a superstition in the valley that a star appeared in the sky every time a new soul was born into the world.

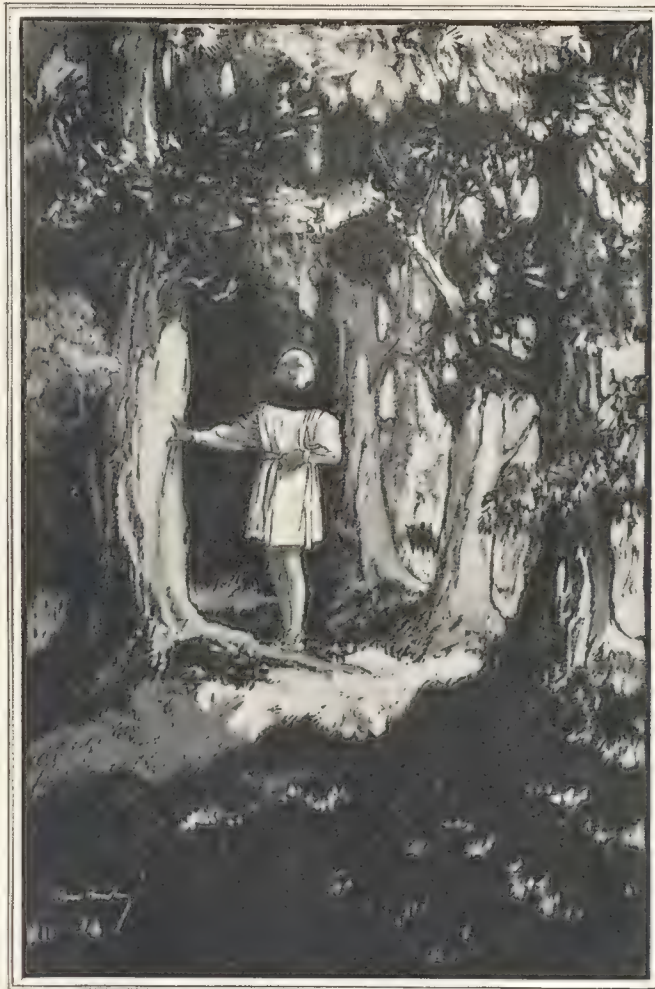
II.

THE Duke of Ethirdova did not fear God. He thought of his Maker as a kindly Being Who ripened the white grapes of the Rhine valley and the red grapes of Spain. He created peacocks for roasting and wild birds and venison and salmon trout, so fat that they burst in the oven, and so long that their heads and tails hung over the rims of the great silver plates when they were served upon the table. Indeed, the Duke of Ethirdova did little else but eat and drink, smack his contented belly and swear that God was good, so long as meat was plentiful and wine was rich. It became a facetious habit among the people of the country to say "The day is so good, the Duke must be smacking his belly extra much to-day."

The ladies of Ethirdova joined the Duke and his gentlemen for only the early part of the evening meal, which began before nightfall. When the birds, the haunches of meat, the sweet potatoes and the fruit, the eggs and other virtuous and nutritious foods were eaten, Ethirdova and his men would be left alone and then would begin drinking and revelry and eating and telling of stories, which persisted until his death.

The Duke of Ethirdova became so heavy that the servants had great difficulty in removing him to his chamber. So they nailed leather loops to the sides of his big chair and through these two stout poles were passed. Four men lifted him thus, in his chair, and carried him up the spiral stone staircase, reaching the top with great difficulty. This notion was so successful that all the chairs of the dining room were fitted with leather loops and the long poles were stood in the corners before dinner, with the same unconscious preparation as when the knives were laid on the table, or the lanterns lit in the niches around the wall.

But the servants of the Duke of Ethirdova were not above debauchery and licence themselves and, inspired by the example of their betters, they drank whole flagons of wine, behind a blue and gold leather screen or in the serving room, where the bottles were placed in a row, before dinner. It happened that on one such night, when the Duke and his gentlemen were so drunk that they were balancing empty glasses on their noses and making wagers as to the number of folds in Ethirdova's stomach, a fat and gross neighbour fell so drunk in his chair



"... He was sent to gather mushrooms and flowers and berries... he would stay in the forest for whole nights, sleeping against the trees or in a bed of pine needles..."

that he frothed at the lips, crumpled like an emptying sack and slid to the floor. His neighbours did not note his descent, nor did the servants, who were too busy emulating their masters, behind the screen and in the serving room, where they nudged the women in the ribs and repeated the stories they had overheard while they were serving at the table.

The drunken nobleman fell in such a way that he was strangled by his own collar. He was found next morning, big and cold and dead, his eyes jumping from their sockets and his mouth so hideous that a cloth was thrown over his face lest anybody should look upon it.

IT was because of this tragedy that John, the son of Joseph and Deborah, came to work for the Duke of Ethirdova.

Ten years had passed since Joseph the shepherd saw the star over his little house, on the night when he crossed the stream and found that his wife Deborah had borne a child.

They cared for the baby tenderly, for Joseph was a quiet man and Deborah was gentle and beautiful and diligent, spending her days working in the fields and in teaching John the names of the flowers and the birds and the trees. He knew the geese that flew out over the water, and the ravens that came down, maliciously, from the hills. He watched the storks that made their nests in the tower of the Castle and the mushrooms that grew among the pine trees in the forest. But he had not the wit to tend sheep, without losing them in the far hollows and dark places. His father would find him sleeping behind a tree or drawing figures on the earth

with a sharp stick, forgetting about his lambs, or returning with only a few of them, wearing collars of daisy chains he had made and placed around their necks. Some of their number would wander away, almost beyond the boundaries of the lands of Ethirdova.

Nor had he the wit to weave, which was woman's work. His patterns went awry and his threads became entangled. Yet he was so gentle and obedient in all other things that Joseph and Deborah sighed for his lack of wit, but rejoiced because of his goodness and his beauty. For his skin was like milk and his hair like gold and his eyes were big and black and still.

The Duke exacted tithes or service from all the people of Ethirdova, and if they did not pay him with a fraction of their wool or their crops they were obliged to fish or hunt for him, or to work within the walls of the red stone castle where he lived. So when it came that the son of Joseph and Deborah was ten years old, and neither tending sheep nor picking fruit nor cutting grass for the winter stores, the Duke sent for Joseph and his son and, finding the boy pleasant and quiet, took him into his service and gave him a strange duty: for it was about the time of the neighbour's death beneath the table that the boy John was brought to him.

Being small and quiet, he was required to place himself beneath the vast table every night before dinner. Scarcely breathing, lest he should be an offence to the Duke and his guests, the boy had to sit there and wait for any guest who might slide beneath the table because of the weight of his wine and the lightness of his reason. Thereupon the boy was to loosen the collar of the reveller's coat and prevent him from choking to death.

III.

WHEN John was eleven years old, his grandfather died. The aged man was terrible and noisy during the day before his death, calling down curses on himself and talking of fire and pain and long punishment in a voice so loud that his old wife and his son and Deborah cried in the little room beyond the goatskin curtains and were afraid to go near him.

But John was not afraid and he went near to the old man, who became quiet and still. He put his gnarled, wooden hand on to John's head. And when he had rested in this way for some time, looking at the boy's face, which was beautiful and pale and still, he whispered, "There is a mark on thy head, my son, a mark of the light." And he peered close at John and saw, set in his golden hair and on his forehead, two bars of burning silver, one crossed over the other.

"There's a sign on thy forehead, my son, a mark of the light."

Deborah and Joseph could not see the sign, because they were young and saw only with their eyes. But the old woman came into the room, and, seeing the cross on the head of John, she fell on her knees, beside the bed where her husband had fallen back, still and cold.

When darkness fell, John walked up to the Castle of Ethirdova and took his place beneath the table, for it was the night of a great feast. While he sat beneath the table,

watching the shifting feet and the heavy, fat loins and buttocks of the Duke and his guests, his father Joseph carried the corpse into the woods, with his mother and Deborah walking before him, to hold the branches and the twigs away as he bore the old man to his burial place. When he was covered with earth and moss and the great toadstools which had been broken by the spade, they stood quietly in the shadows and looked towards the sky. A star detached itself from the great pattern of the heavens and went hurtling down among the clouds, dying, as it spent itself over the mountain of Ethirdova. And Joseph made a sign upon the earth, with his spade, for there was a superstition among the people of Ethirdova that a star faded from the heaven every time an old man died and went back into the great mystery of the earth, whence he came.

IV.

THE Duke of Ethirdova celebrated his sixtieth birthday with a feast unequalled in the long story of his debauchery.

The servants brought unending bottles from the store behind the screen. The table was a mess of half-eaten food and bones, and fruit rind. On such rare occasions as this, the Duke of Ethirdova killed a number of the peacocks which were imported for his larder, and it was the fashion to roast them and serve them beneath the feathers and the skin, which was prepared separately, to form a plumaged cover for the roasted bird. Thus the table was made gorgeous by the sight of three peacock tails, standing high above the common level of dishes and food. The pearls of wax from the candles ran into gold sconces. Some of the goblets were made from horn or polished coconut shell and filigree silver, and some with decorations of cabuchon stone and polished agate or malachite. The goblet from which the Duke drank his wine was made of crystal and there was a delicate pattern, a procession of cupids and wine leaves, engraved upon it. There were dishes, piled high with fruit, some fresh from the orchards of Ethirdova, some crystallised and brought from France, such as pears and figs, and there were rich brown peaches, preserved in brandy.

The servants withdrew, and while they were eating their own food and drinking their stolen wine, the Duke lowered his head on to his arms and fell asleep.

Beneath the table John yawned and watched the great bulk of loins and legs around him. While he was looking towards one end of the table, at the other the great buttocks of the Duke shifted in his chair. Then John yawned again and fell asleep.

Nobody saw the Duke slide from his chair. His hands withdrew from the table, his head disappeared and his great bulbous body descended to the floor. He was so big and fat that he moved quietly and John was not awakened by his fall.

The servants were drunk and dishevelled when they returned to the dining hall. They found the Duke, still breathing heavily, and they helped him back from the floor to his chair.

The Duke of Ethirdova was ill and almost purple in the face, he had so well-nigh choked to death beneath the table. His physician was brought from his bed to minister to him and while the sleepy Duchess hung on to the red bell rope, muttering her fears, her lord was bled unsparingly and sent into a weak and tortured sleep.

When the servants returned to the dining hall, they snuffed the candles, one by one, and left John to sleep in the big dark room.

When he awoke, it was still quite dark and all others in the castle were asleep. He was cold and afraid. He crept along the

stone passages, down the stairs, through the little back door by which he always walked out, and down the hill to the village. When he crept into the wall bed, in the room where his mother and father slept, he lay awake, wondering what terrors of punishment would come to him for sleeping under the table at the Castle, and whether he would be banished from the Duke's service for ever and sent away into the cold windy forest on the hills.

And as he lay there, the sun rose up into the sky and the gipsy moon moved down among the black tents of the hills.

CHAPTER II.

THE castle of Ethirdova was built of red stone. It covered a small area, yet it was high and its red turrets were like flames standing far above the pine trees.

The mountain of Ethirdova was so high that its summit was for ever covered in snow and lost in the clouds. Terrible winds were born in its fair white valleys, and they rolled down furiously over the snow and the lower belt of firs, to the little village, where the houses shook and where the cattle breathed nervously in their stalls. The winds from Ethirdova were so strong that they tore up the fir trees on the fringe of the forest. Everything bent and shivered before them except the red castle gaunt and lofty.

John, the simple boy of the village, was not allowed to work in the castle after his wickedness in going to sleep. He was sent into the forest to gather mushrooms and flowers and berries. These he carried back into the kitchens, where he was teased for his stupidity and laughed at because he had invoked the anger of the Duke. While he grew in stature and in strength, his brain seemed to wither, and even the knowledge of his boyhood became muddled in his head, so that he was called the *half wit*, and he was made ridiculous by the people in the village. His father was ashamed of him, ashamed of the gestures and whispers which people exchanged when John walked down among the little houses.

Thus he grew older, and when his mother died, and when his father was soured, always blaming him for his weakness and stupidity, he would stay in the forest for whole nights, sleeping against the trees or in a bed of pine needles, or in a rude hut into which he brought the baskets of mushrooms and fruit and berries when he gathered them in the daytime. Sometimes five or six days would pass without his returning to his father's cottage. But nobody ever looked for him, and when the little children of Ethirdova misbehaved, they were threatened with his cruelty.

"I'll take thee to John the half wit's house and leave thee there," the older people would say. Then the children would be afraid, remembering his mumbling and his lovely vacant eyes, which never seemed to look at them when he passed.

ONE day, when he was sitting in his little hut, he heard the sound of many people shouting, and before many moments had passed, there appeared the Duke of Ethirdova, in the great chair in which he was always carried, now that he was too fat and old to move about by himself. His servants were carrying him, floundering and shouting, and when they came to the door of the hut, John saw that the Duke was purple in the face, that his eyes were closed and that his head was fallen on his shoulder. They carried him into the hut as best they could and one of them was sent running to the castle, to bring the physician. The Duke opened his eyes and looked about the hut, at his servants who bowed and rubbed their hands and muttered, and then at John.

He recognised John and cursed him. "You were beneath the table—through you, I might have died." As he stared at John, his eyes opened wider and his face was paler. Yellow veins showed in the bloody skin and his great body shivered in the chair. He leaned forward and stared at John's face, for in the boy's golden hair, he saw two bars of silver, crossed one upon the other, and a great terror shook him and made him wail with fear. "I'm for the fire, I'm for the fire. I am to die."

The Duke beat the arms of the chair with his hands, so that the servants were afraid and withdrew towards the door. But John walked near him, and the vast old man became calm again and, staring at the boy he said, "Thou has a sign upon thy head—thou hast a sign upon thy head—thou hast the sign which is of power greater than wisdom and of judgment which is beyond the learning of men." And in the boy's hair and upon his forehead was the sign of a cross. As John stood near him, the Duke lifted his fat and terrible hand, and holding it in the air, he said, "I am for the fire—when I die thou must climb to the summit of Ethirdova each year, and bring to my grave a ball of snow to quench the fires to which I am going now—to the top, the last peak of Ethirdova and bring snow, lest I perish in the fire—dost thou hear?"

John moved nearer to him and whispered "Yes." He was quiet and unafraid.

"Thy promise, thy promise, boy, that thou wilt climb to Ethirdova and bring snow to me, for fire cometh at the end, but snow is the enemy of fire, and thou shalt bring it to my tomb."

And John, who was uncomprehending and wide-eyed, promised him, and as he stood there, the old Duke still saw the cross of silver burning on the boy's forehead, and seeing it, he died.

CHAPTER III.

THE Dukes of Ethirdova were buried in a cave which was cut into a lower slope of the mountain. It was approached by a long tunnel, and the vast inner chamber, decorated with crystals and designs in polished malachite and granite, was illuminated by an earth hole in the roof. This ran up to the sunlight, the air and the field above. Outside, where the hole opened into the pasture, a rough stone wall protected the edge, so that sheep and lambs should not fall, nor shepherds who passed that way in the dark. The burial cave was made from a natural fissure in the earth and the winding tunnel by which it was approached was decorated with crude paintings of romantic or dramatic stories in the history of Ethirdova.

Within the great stone chamber were alternate tombs and panels of decoration. These latter were of flowers, or mosaics or coloured stone, showing huntsmen, boar stickers, and languishing potentates; indeed, the entire burial place of the Dukes of Ethirdova was dedicated to the blossoming pleasures of this earth rather than the punishments and terrors of the world to come.

There were eighteen tombs set about the wall, in a circle of such circumference that the light from the roof illuminated them at the middle of the day, when the sun was at its highest.

The dignity of the Duke's funeral procession was lessened because of the huge coffin which was necessary for his immense body. The men who carried him were chosen for their strength, rather than for their birth and quality, and thus the slow procession was headed by six gross and spluttering peasants who bent and wavered beneath the weight of the wooden chest. Indeed, when the procession reached a point



"... When he was almost sixty years old, John made his last journey to the mountain of Ethirdova. By mid-day, more than eight hundred people had gathered in the valley... He climbed, hour after hour, ... up and down the ridges which led to the summit...."

half way up the slope, they were obliged to pause and call for a farm cart in which the coffin was placed and carried to the mouth of the tunnel which led into the cave.

While they rested and waited for the farm cart which was to carry the coffin up the hill, John the half wit ran up the mountain, clambering over the stones and rough places. The mourners could not see him when they looked up towards the lower patches of snow, which might have been lost white children or sneep, browsing among the rough brown stubble and hardy veronica. John ran alone towards the top of the mountain. Around him moved the heavy unbridled winds, and as he climbed higher and higher, he left the earth for the sloping floor of snow, in which his boots made erratic marks as he floundered up, past the clouds, to the highest white stretches of Ethirdova. All the time he said to himself "A snowball to stop the fire, a snowball to stop the fire."

LATER, when the farm cart arrived, they lifted the heavy coffin on to it, and the funeral procession moved up towards the cave. But still, far beyond the sight and noise of the burial, John climbed the steep side of the mountain, sometimes falling in the snow, his hands so stiff that they seemed to crackle like breaking sticks when he bent them, his eyelashes white with snow flakes, his hands and feet and eyelids paining because of the cold.

He must run on and on, towards the mountain top, and bring the snowball to the tomb, and place it there before the fire could devour that awful old body, with its curves and lumps and colours. The Duke had chosen him, John the half wit, from all

the people of Ethirdova, to do this service for him. When at last he reached the top of the mountain, he made a snowball with hands that moved as though they were mad; vigorous hands that shaped the snow into a ball as big as his head. He pounded it and beat it until it was hard like a rock, and, standing at the top of the mountain, warmed by the zeal of his faith in the Duke's order, he held the snowball up—a Divine gift which was to save the Duke of Ethirdova from everlasting fire. He stood there for a moment, great winds and shreds of cloud whirling about him. He was as lovely as when he was younger, his hair was like spun gold and his eyes were big and his skin pale as milk, and the silver light of the mountain top seemed to weave a halo about his head as he stood there.

Then he ran down, holding the snowball to him. His feet evaded danger as if they were wonderful feet, shod with safety. His leaping body was quick as the wind, as he sped down over the stretches of snow, jumping the cracks where the light made the deep ice seem like pale jade. Down, and as he ran, the snowball melted in his arms and became smaller and smaller from the heat of his hands and his breast. As he saw it melting, he cried, and his tears fell upon it, and when he came to the end of the snow belt, the ball was no bigger than an egg. Still he held it as if it were some precious thing, a child or a dying white bird, in his hands. He came to the lowland, when it was evening. The coffin of the Duke of Ethirdova had been placed in its tomb. He ran into the cave, and the last little ball of snow melted in his hand. When he reached the tomb, his hands were wet, but the snow

had vanished. So he threw himself upon the floor and he cried and entreated the dead man to forgive him. He beat his frozen blue hands upon the stone. He screamed in his sorrow, so that two watchmen came from the recesses of the tomb-house and carried him out into the cold and then chased him down the hill, pelting him with stones and calling him mad.

And in this way he came to the village. But he did not go to his father's house. He turned towards the forest where the trees had neither berries nor leaves, and he sat in the little house where the Duke of Ethirdova had died. Then he knelt down and entreated the great man to forgive him and promised that next year and every year he would climb the mountain of Ethirdova and bring the snowball which would save the Duke from the terrors of eternal fire.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN the half wit was beautiful even when he was old. He no longer picked berries in the summer or mushrooms from the clearings in the forest, so he spent his days roaming over the hills, carrying little parcels of food which were provided for him from the kitchen at the castle. His back was no longer straight, and the gleam was gone from his golden hair.

People came many miles on the anniversary of the old Duke's death, to watch John return from his journey to the top of the mountain. Sometimes six hundred of them would be gathered in the valley. They came with their children and their little carts, their food, black bread, cooked potatoes and beer, and they sat in and about the village.

(Continued on p. 137)

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SPORTS SECTION

*Specially designed for Women Readers
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Conducted by Mrs Eustace White

THE OPENING OF THE TENNIS SEASON

*A few practical hints for the
first games of the season on grass*

By MRS. EUSTACE WHITE



EILEEN BENNETT, in killing a high, short lob, keeps her eye on the ball and the racket well back to ensure the freedom of the swing

length. Get the pace of the ground and then go on driving backwards and forwards without trying to beat your opponent. Aim to hit a good length down the centre of the court.

After a spell of forehand driving, turn your attention to the backhand.

If you are taking these backhands badly, just look at your feet; you will most likely find you are standing facing the net

instead of the side-line at the moment of hitting the ball. Get that right foot well over, so that it is more or less parallel to the base line, but get it over before the ball reaches you; you must have both feet firmly on the ground when actually making the stroke.

A common fault in making all ground shots is that of moving about during the stroke. By good anticipation be in the right place to receive a ball, but stand still when making the shot. Mlle. Lenglen is the best model to follow in this respect. Who ever saw her looking hot or flushed? She seems to take a few gliding steps and there she is with plenty of time to position herself in order to play the stroke with absolute accuracy.

THE month of May, to the vast majority of women lawn tennis players, means the start of the summer season.

Now, what is the best way to get back last season's form?

Hard drives!

Yes, that is what you must start with. Stand well back in the court and get a friend to hit up good length balls to you. Don't try to hit too hard at first and, above all, *keep your eye on the ball*. Try to keep the ball in play. It is extraordinary how few

players of good average club standard can give another player a really useful "knock up."

AT this first practice of the season on grass, the courts will probably be rather slow, and you will quickly find you are hitting a bad



AN ACTION PICTURE of the forehand drive (Miss Bennett) showing the racket well back and the feet parallel to the base-line



THE FINISH OF the backhand drive demonstrated by Miss K. Bowman in actual play. Note the thumb down the handle and the body and feet facing the side-line

BECAUSE you find a backhand shot difficult, do not avoid it by running round and playing it forehand. That is a miserable subterfuge. Play the right stroke every time—that is the way to improve your game all round. Do not use your strong strokes to the neglect of your weak ones. If you do, you will never strengthen the latter.

In placing your service, look at once the spot you are aiming for, and then

of course, when killing a high, short lob. There is very little swing required for a volley, it is a wrist and forearm stroke, and the racket must be held very firmly.

IF you are mistiming your volleys, just make sure you are not standing too far from the net. The nearer you stand to the net the easier it is to volley.

The sideways position is not so pronounced as for the drive. Get well down to low volleys by bending the knees, never play with a hanging racket. A good rule to remember is, always have the head of the racket above the level of the wrist.

THE 1928/1929 HOCKEY SEASON

Reviewed by **MARJORIE POLLARD**, the well-known
International, who for many seasons has delighted
Spectators by her brilliant dashes for goal

LOOKING back over the hockey season there seem to be very few outstanding events. It has been a tranquil time—a time of peace conducive to the real growth and development of what is the most popular women's winter game.

The game is governed in England by the All-England Women's Hockey Association, and has altogether about 60,000 playing members affiliated. This alone speaks for the popularity of the game.

Normally the season opens on October 1st—but this season everyone seemed anxious to start, and in such places as Manchester the game was in full swing by the middle of September. Even the A.E.W.H.A. arranged a first-class match before the actual season commenced. A Touring Team was setting out to America, and it was necessary that they should be given a game before they started. So they played the Rest of England on a broiling September day and were beaten 4—0. This team for the U.S.A. was good, and contained such players as Miss Anderson, Miss Knott, Miss Doman, Miss Chamberlain, all internationals. In spite of being beaten before they left England, this team proved altogether too good for any encountered in America, and scored in all 230 goals against three in 15 matches.

WHEN this team had departed, the season settled down to its opening practices, club tournaments, county trials and so on—all the exciting routine that so thrills the club player.

In November, a team arrived from Ulster captained by Mrs. Charters—Ireland's captain for many years. This team gave a good account of itself and beat Middlesex

3—2, but lost to Surrey and Sussex by 4—3. Later in the same month a team from Lancashire came South and played Kent, Middlesex and Surrey, and showed that hockey in the North was improving.

Towards Christmas all energies were concentrated on the annual Territorial Tournaments. The East went to Aldeburgh, the South to Dartford, the North to Scarborough, the Midlands to Malvern, and the West, the pioneers of these tournaments, remained faithful to Weston-super-Mare.

SEVERAL unexpected things happened at the Tournaments; for instance, Essex beat Kent, a most unusual event; Worcestershire beat Bedfordshire—from these tournaments resulted the territorial teams. It was obvious when these were published that there was very little new talent available. The Midlands had seven places to fill; a tall order in one season. They chose young promising players—and were beaten badly once or twice—but next year the same players will, perhaps, have benefited by the experience gained.

Territorial matches were played in such places as Durham, Reading, Southport, Bristol, Hereford, Bedford.

The weather entered into the contest very strongly. There was sun, rain, fog, frost, biting winds and snow—yet only once was a game abandoned.

The last game, at Bristol, was played under extraordinary conditions. There was six inches of snow on the field, but the game was played. It may not have been hockey, but it was a game. The Midlands drew with the West.

THE English team was published and contained only one new name. Miss Goldsworth came in at Left Inner, as I have retired from representative games. The team was not brilliant. Against Scotland, England won by 4 goals to 1. At Whitchurch, Cardiff, England beat Wales by 2 goals to 0. This last was a great game, and speaks well for the advancement of the standard of the game in Wales, as in 1926 England won by 20 goals to 0.

The season that has just closed went out with a fine flourish provided by a number of touring teams that went to Scotland,

Ireland, Belgium, France, and last of all an A.E.W.H.A. team, of good county strength, to Denmark and Germany.



ENGLAND frustrate the Scottish attack in the International at Merton Abbey

EVERYONE is keenly disappointed that the popular President of the A.E.W.H.A. is not seeking re-election. Miss Thompson, C.B.E., has been President since 1903, and is a most active member of the Association. She visits all the matches she can, goes to the tournaments and meetings, and is well-known and welcomed everywhere. Miss Thompson is also well-known in hockey circles abroad.

ONE venture which cannot go without mention is the making and publication of the Women's Hockey film. This film was the first of its kind to be made; an instructional film of a team game.

It is the entire property of the A.E.W.H.A. and was subscribed for by players. The film is hired out to clubs, schools and colleges.

There are no startling new discoveries in the way of international players, but it is very obvious that the whole standard of the game has improved enormously.



CAMBRIDGE beat Oxford in the Women's Inter-Varsity Hockey match by 5 goals to 0. Miss Arnold in goal gave a brilliant display, even winning a penalty bully almost in the goal mouth. The names of the winning team are Miss E. C. Arnold (Captain), Miss J. S. Lennox, Miss F. J. Stooke, Miss D. K. Emery, Miss B. M. Ramsey, Miss K. N. Paterson, Miss E. M. Wood, Miss B. M. Welford, Miss B. Norwood, Miss C. C. Candler, Miss E. M. Furtado



CHILLY WORK, goalkeeping, but at half-time the last line of defence has only one answer to a lemon



GERMANY THREATENS the Light Blue goal in the match between Harvestehude and the Cambridge Ladies. The latter won by 5 goals to 3

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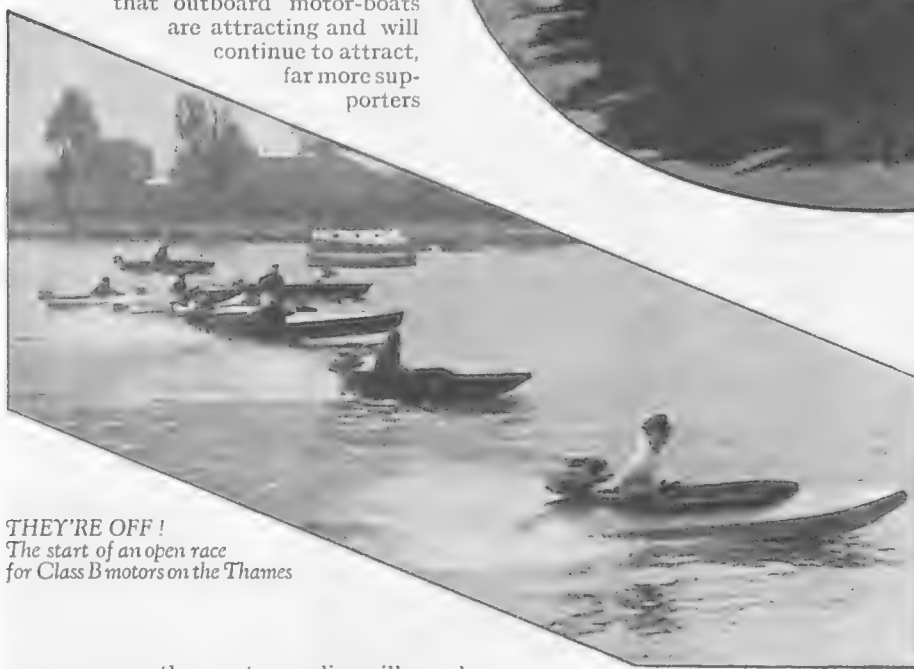
OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATING

*The practical politics of the
New Sport for Women*

By **T. STANHOPE SPRIGG**

Editor "Motor Boating World"

OUTBOARD hydroplanes have been appropriately termed the "motor cycles of the air," and the simile is a fair one except that outboard motor-boats are attracting and will continue to attract, far more supporters



THEY'RE OFF!
The start of an open race
for Class B motors on the Thames

among women than motor-cycling will ever do. The increasing popularity of this form of motor boating sport is mainly due to the wonderful performances put up by outboard engined craft and to their comparatively low initial cost.

Until quite recently, a very high price had to be paid for a boat capable of a speed of 30 m.p.h. whereas to-day an outboard-engined boat, well-built, and capable of the same speed, can be purchased for about £100, so bringing the joys and thrills of motor-boating within the reach of many.

CHIEFLY because our inland lake and waterways are unsuitable for passenger traffic and our sea coasts too rough for regular use, the outboard motor-boat movement in this country has tended to concentrate on racing rather than on touring. True, a very large number of outboard craft are used all over the country for utility purposes, such as tenders to small yachts, for fishing, river cruising, and even as a means of propulsion for small cabin cruisers. But from the point of view of the general public the chief attraction of the outboard is the opportunity it affords of experiencing the thrills of water racing at very little cost and with a minimum of danger.

The result has been that, starting quite recently, there has been a great vogue in outboard racing all over the country, a vogue which was given added impetus last year by the Duchess of York who presented

a Trophy to be competed for annually by British owners of outboard craft.

IN various parts of the country, inland lakes and stretches of smooth water have been reserved for outboard racing and on almost every fine week-end in the summer, and often in the winter too, these meetings are held and attended by groups of enthusiasts, men as well as women, towing their

SAFETY FIRST is the slogan of Miss Hall's business-like jacket. She and Miss Shillan are putting "Miss Croydon" through her paces at Rickmansworth

open to women only.

Many women have proved conspicuously successful in this form of racing, and the names of the Hon. Mrs. Victor

Bruce, Miss Zoe Livesey, Miss Joan Spicer and Miss Shillan occur to one at once.

Outboard motor boating is not expensive. The craft are economical in operation, their full consumption depending, of course, upon the size and power of the engine.



MISS ZOE LIVESEY,
a well-known "outboarder," driving
"Buckho" in a race at Chiswick,
organised by the British Motor Boat Club

outboard hulls on trailers behind their light cars.

Arrived at the water, the trailer is unhooked, run down to the water's edge and the boat launched. It is the work of a few seconds to hang the engine, in which the propeller is combined, over the transom, secure it in position with two thumbscrews, connect up the throttle control and the boat is ready for the fray.

Perhaps it is because the sport requires no great mechanical knowledge or driving experience that it is attracting so many adherents among women, but certainly there are few race meetings held in this country in which women are not competing, either in mixed events or in special races





THE RIGHT CLOTHES FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN



What to wear on the links, the tennis court, the running track, and on the water

By **MRS. EUSTACE WHITE**
and **MARJORY CHARLTON**

WHATEVER game you are playing, you will play it twice as well if you are suitably and comfortably clad.

It is so simple nowadays to be comfortable, and, at the same time, quite smartly dressed. Gone are the days when one hunted the shops in vain for a skirt wide enough to allow of jumping that ditch at the 14th, or when one set out on a systematic search for a dress in which it would be possible to run across a tennis court. Now we have the advice and help of people who make and sell garments specially designed to help us in our games.

A criticism frequently levelled at the present fashions for women is that they tend to make women all look alike. Well, what if they do, we have found comfortable and neat clothes that allow us both to work and play in the greatest comfort, and, as we all both work and play, we are going to wear them!

We must class games in two sections for the purposes of this article: games for which



Mlle. SIMONE de la Chaume, the French golfer, is petite, charming and always perfectly dressed for the game

a regulation outfit is worn, and those in which individual choice is allowed.

Under the first heading, we have hockey, lacrosse and rowing, and all branches of athletics; under the second heading, golf, tennis, motor-cycling, etc.

In team games, such as hockey and lacrosse, the governing association that controls and makes the rules of the game, also lays down a rule stating how players are to be dressed.

How necessary this is in team games! Nothing looks worse than eleven or twelve



SIMPLICITY and style distinguish the happily chosen outfit for the tennis courts

players, each one with a tunic of a different length, some wearing boots and some shoes, every slip cut from a different pattern.

It not only affects the look of the team, but it affects the play, too.

Be sure to find out when you join a club exactly what the uniform is. Don't make an old gym slip do, as it is sure to have the neck-band cut square, when it should be round, or *vice versa*. Most clubs can supply new members with a paper pattern of both tunic and slip. Close-fitting knitted gym knickers are the best to wear under the tunic for hockey and lacrosse and specially-made long gym stockings of whatever colour the club to which you belong ordains.

ALTHOUGH no rules are laid down by the Lawn Tennis Association as to the clothes to be worn on the tennis courts by either men or women, the players themselves have evolved what is now practically a uniform.

To Mlle. Lenglen must be given the credit for designing the lawn tennis dress as worn to-day. When she first appeared, other women were wearing

long, gored skirts over starched and embroidered petticoats, kept tidy at the waist by a stiff belt, with long-sleeved, high-collared blouses to add to the discomfort.

You can imagine the sensation caused by her first public appearance; not only was her play a revelation, but her attire caused a revolution. Quickly the new fashions caught on, till every frock that a woman wears to-day, whether it is for sport or ceremony, owes something to the dress specially designed for tennis.

Though the design of a tennis frock is standardised, there are many ways in which the individual taste can be emphasised. The arrangement of pleats or gathers in the skirt, the shape of collar, the presence or absence of sleeves, any touch of colour in embroidery or belt, are all matters for personal choice.



FOR THE TRACK, and the strenuous business of getting fit, comfort and "this freedom" are the watch words. Girls, in fact, must be boys

THE material for the dress may be of many kinds of cotton or silk. The latter, so much in favour for the last two seasons, is gradually giving way again to the old and tried *piqué*. There is more "body" in *piqué*, and if you are contemplating a round of sea-side tournaments, you will be much happier in a *piqué* dress than in a light, silk dress liable to blow about in the least sea breeze.

The golfer, too, may wear theoretically what she will, but practically, she will wear a tweed skirt and woollen cardigan. Golfers, as a rule, hate playing in hot weather, because they are tempted to discard the cardigan or *suède* coat they have worn during the winter, with the result that they over-

swing and their game goes all to pieces.

The only advice that can be given is to wear a lighter skirt and thinner cardigan in summer, and keep the *suède* coat and tweed skirt for winter.

THE chief point about your outfit for motor-cycling is that it should keep you warm, so choose leather. A leather coat, and breeches, with long boots or leggings, should keep you dry and warm on the longest ride.

The new sport of outboard motor-boat racing may involve the novice in a ducking, so in warm weather, sweater, shorts and bare legs are the most serviceable outfit. For the expert who can use her boat as a means of transport, oilskins to keep out the wet are recommended. Never wear gum boots. Should you be unlucky enough to have a spill the weight of the boots filled with water might prove very dangerous.



NOTHING MUCH for the fashion writer here, perhaps, only complete approval of our athletic Miss Englands and their business-like appearance on the playing fields. Grand-mama played croquet in a bustle; Eve, to-day, plays lacrosse, but the "bustle" is different



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Women's GOLF Section

Special Section of BRITANNIA & EVE devoted to the EVE Competitions and other important Golfing matters

Conducted by
ELEANOR E. HELME

The NEW REGIME and the OLD SPIRIT

In which new readers are introduced to the sporting traditions of EVE'S efforts for women's golf and old readers are given a word of welcome that is neither "weakly" nor weekly

By Eleanor E. Helme

(For seven years Golf Editor of EVE.)

Miss Helme's former "Eve at Golf" article is now appearing regularly in THE TATLER, to serve as a topical link between the old EVE and the new magazine in which full particulars of the EVE Competitions will appear every month in addition to other golfing matters of outstanding interest

THIS is one of the moments when it is a grave disadvantage to be a woman. If only we were Adam, we could here and now take off our hat and make a deep bow to our old readers and our new, but one cannot help feeling that the mythical Eve is hardly suitably attired for the corresponding curtsy. Yet, on second thoughts, Adam of the same period would have no hat. So in any case it must be left to Britannia, gracious lady, to make the gesture of welcome, and she must decide whether she removes her helmet or sweeps a curtsy with those flowing robes.

LADY ALNESS (right) and Miss R. Leatham, the 1928 winners of the EVE Autumn Foursomes

The gist of the matter is that the welcome is there. The weekly news article, club results, and such-like, are betaking themselves to The Tatler, and Eve appears in a new guise. But she is still filled with all the old determination that

in particular, the Foursomes, for which Eve has always been famous, will be carried on in just exactly the same way by BRITANNIA AND EVE. Some of the pictures of Britannia suggest something suspiciously like a piece of tape crossed over her noble bosom. Whether it is red or not who shall say. What we do say, with all the weight of the editorial we, is that no tape shall ever be allowed to stray into Eve Foursomes. Little matters like entry forms, some show of handicap certificates, there must be; but a fierce and grim atmosphere, never. The ameliorating chocolate will still be there for every competitor; the cups are there; the prizes will be there; and, unless a whole new race of golfers should spring up, the old cheery spirit will be there too. The tigers are there certainly, but they devour nobody, and there are strokes to receive, and you can ever after chat of the time

"when I was playing Miss Wethered," or "the last time I played Miss Leitch." As for the Girls' Championship, all qualifying is abolished. What more could be done to add to the gaiety of an already gay event?



SMILES and good company go hand in hand at the Girls' Open Golf Championship organised so successfully by EVE

However, not all golfers have the time or inclination for open competitions, nor are all young enough for the Girls' Championship. So Britannia and Eve have laid their heads together to see what can be done about spice for club competitions. They have decided that the Monthly Spoon Competition is to go on precisely as before, only, since some people were growing a little hopeless about sending in scores for the Eve Monthly Spoon Competition unless they were something stupendously good, from now on every card sent in for it, good, bad or indifferent, shall be a step towards winning something. So study carefully the New club competition on page 105.

OUR Future GOLF Policy

IT is all very well to talk of the new regime and the old spirit, and of competitions new and old which will be played under the auspices of BRITANNIA AND EVE. But what readers will want to know just as urgently is, what will the paper itself be like from the golfer's point of view. Let me tell them at once that in future golf is to have a special supplement each month in BRITANNIA AND EVE.

This number must not be taken as a specimen. Pressure on space is inevitable in a first number, and this month we have had to make shift with three pages, whereas in subsequent months the supplement will run to four. This has meant that the Fixture List has been crowded out, but it will reappear in the June and all following numbers. Secretaries are asked to keep it up to date by sending in any fresh fixtures, which must reach the golf editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by the 9th of the month for inclusion in the next issue.

Club results, however, being highly topical, will not appear in BRITANNIA AND EVE, but weekly in The Tatler. Any results reaching the office by Monday will be in-

A Special Golfing Supplement each month: Competitions: Comments: Fixtures and Forms

By Eleanor E. Helme

cluded in the following week's issue of The Tatler.

IN addition to the Fixture List the BRITANNIA AND EVE Golf Supplement will contain the results of the monthly spoon competition and of the new Club competition, the coupon for sending in with these, and conditions and entrance forms for the Foursomes and the Girls' championship.

That is the business part of the supplement. Then there will be accounts of the Foursomes, and comment on the other big events, whilst there will be outside contributions from well known players on various aspects of the game. There will be photographs, and drawings by Captain Charles Ambrose, who has been decorating After the Ball so delightfully. In fact, BRITANNIA AND EVE of the future is to be a very important golfing publication. Though you may read The Tatler for the weekly Eve at Golf article, you will certainly want BRITANNIA AND EVE as well.



THE EVE NORTHERN FOURSOMES at Woodhall Spa last March were cheerier than ever—a delightful meeting. Dogs, as well as the famous chocolates, were much in evidence

every golfer who has anything to do with her, and her new colleague, shall be a little merrier for the doing. And

TUNING UP

By *Molly Gourlay*, English Close Champion 1926, who tells, briefly and practically, would-be champions and humble players alike, how best to tackle the problem of arriving at concert pitch after lack of practice

I SHOULD think there has scarcely ever been such a season to which players have come so much lacking in practice as the present one, for the weather conditions during the early spring made practising simply impossible.

The question then arises how to get into one's game as quickly and as efficiently as possible. I always find that during even a few months' abstinence from golf muscles are apt to get soft and out of condition, and this accounts for many loose shots played at the beginning of the season.

TO get the best results it is necessary to keep the whole body fairly firm while playing the shots, and the left side well braced to make resistance to the impact. This, when one is in practice, is done perfectly naturally, but for the first few weeks on starting, to play again it will have to be done by deliberate effort until it once more becomes a habit. The same thing also applies to the hands: it is so easy for the grip to become slack, which results in a looseness of the shot, and it is really important to make an effort to hold the club firmly or it will make it all the harder to keep the rest of the body steady. Do not make the common mistake of gripping the club too tightly on the upward swing, but rather keep the greatest strength of your hands for the downward swing, so that you may

content with swinging the club easily, gradually putting more force into the shot, until the happy day arrives when that delightful feeling of perfect timing is restored.



Miss Molly Gourlay

THE disastrous error of hitting with the body must at all costs be avoided, for the importance of the correct use of the hands cannot be over-estimated, as it is only through their medium that the weight and strength of the body can be turned to good account. Practice, of course, is invaluable for getting back into training, but do not go on until you are tired, for that is the surest way of getting into bad habits, and, above all, think all the time—half an hour of practice when you are fresh and able to give your complete attention to any shot will do wonders in removing

the rust from your game

One last suggestion. If you have a few spare minutes refresh your knowledge of the rules; it will save many misunderstandings, and may save you a match, as people so



Anticipation is not always the better part of valour. But "keep smiling" has always been the watchword of the "Eve" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh where this group was taken last October

hit right through the ball without any lessening of power.

THERE are very few people who after some absence from the game can recapture immediately their sense of rhythm, which at the best of times is such an elusive thing. Probably the safest method is to start with a slightly shorter swing and to abstain from the temptation to hit too hard. Be



Last year's winners: Miss Marian Jolly, runner up, Miss Diana Fishwick, the champion, and Miss Edna Johnson, winner of the Craig Challenge Cup

"EVE'S" GIRLS' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Open to ALL Girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 10, 1929. Scratch Match Play Knock-out Tournament (No qualifying.)

Challenge Cup and replica to winner. Prizes to runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

To be played at Stoke Poges, September 11, 12 and 13, 1929. Entries open July 1. Entries close August 26.

Competitions for chaperones.

frequently penalise themselves wrongly to some breach of a rule

EVE'S Scottish Foursomes. Hotel Notice.

BRITANNIA AND EVE'S Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes at Nairn, June 4th to 7th, will be the Golf View Hotel, where special inclusive terms of 15s. per day are being offered to competitors. The Golf Links Hotel offers the same terms.

The "EVE" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES at NAIRN

June 4 to 7, 1929

(SIXTH YEAR)

Holders: Miss Shewan and Miss Stenhouse

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps

CONDITIONS.

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach MISS E. E. HELME,

"Eve" Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, May 13.

"Eve" reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under 1/3ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prize to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 13. ENTER NOW

NAIRN	ENTRY FORM	NO ENTRANCE FEE
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To reach Miss Helme, "Eve" Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Monday, May 13, 1929, "Eve's" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes—Nairn, June 4, 1929, and following days.

Please enter

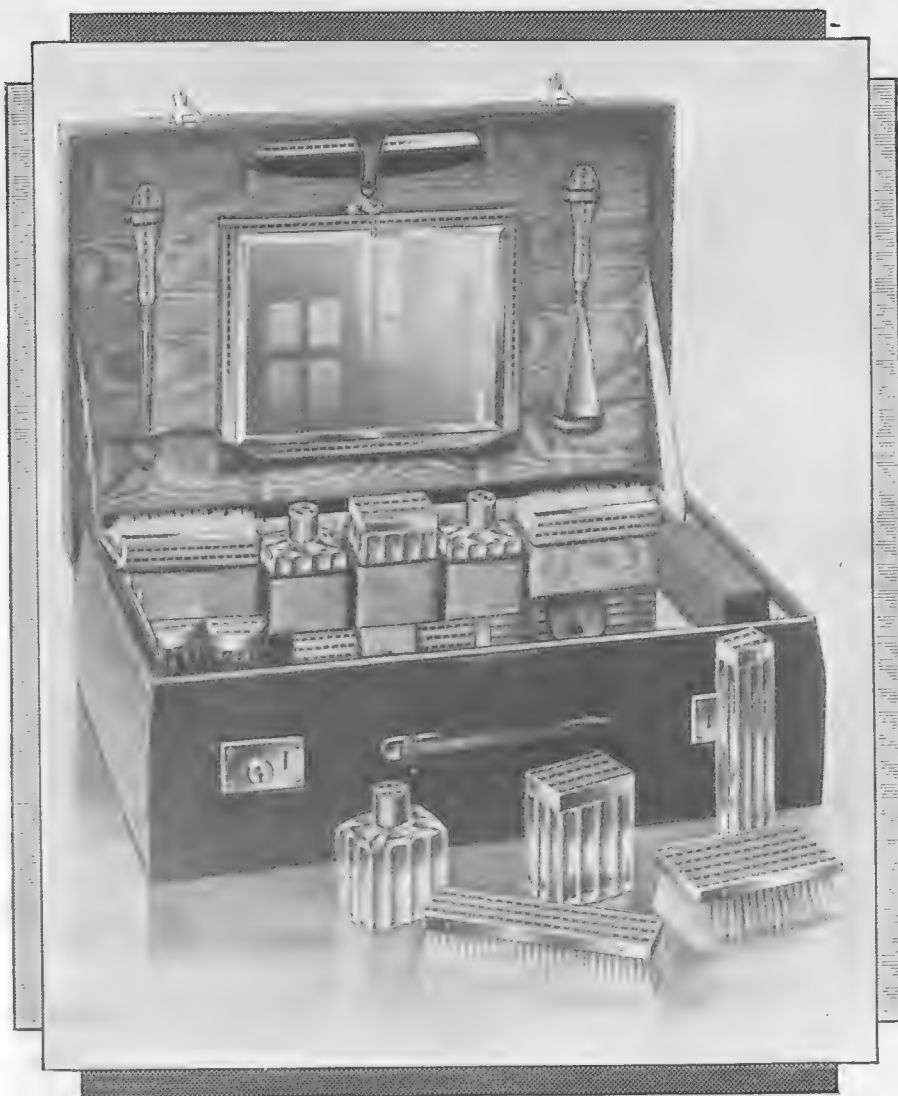
Mrs. }
Miss }
of Club. L.G.U. Handicap

Home Address Telephone No.
To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Nairn with

Mrs. }
Miss }
of Club. L.G.U. Handicap

Home Address Telephone No.

Please notify change of address, handicap or partner to Miss Helme as above: or after May 31 to her at the Golf View Hotel, Nairn. Tel. 40.



Fitted Cases

AN essential to modern travelling whether by motor, rail or boat, is an adequately fitted dressing case, containing just those toilet requisites that spell comfort to the traveller. The above illustration depicts the most modern development of the fitted travelling case. It is in violet seal morocco leather, measuring 20 ins. by 14 ins. by 6 ins. with a complement of silver engine-turned fittings of finest quality.

PRICE £47 10 0



Lady's 7 ins. Beige Morocco Motor Case lined silk. Sterling Silver Gilt mounted and Cut Glass fittings.

£4 10 0

Gentleman's Compact Solid Leather Dressing Case fitted with Ebony and Nickel-plated Toilet Requisites. Size shut, 10½ x 7½ x 3 ins.

£5 0 0

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*Smooth to the lips
are the 'Ivory' Tips*

The 'Ivory' Tip is found on one cigarette only, and
that is as choice a cigarette as you could wish to smoke—

DE RESZKE

—of course!

10 for 6d

The "EVE" GOLF Competitions

New CLUB Competition

BRITANNIA & EVE offer the following CLUB PRIZES in connection with the Monthly Spoon Competition

I. A prize each month to the Club which sends in the greatest number of cards, relative to the number of its members, for EVE's Monthly Spoon Competition.

II. A Challenge Cup to be held for one year by the Club which sends in the greatest total number of cards, relative to the number of its members, during the eight months, May 1st to December 31st, 1929. (A memento will also be given.)

III. The three Clubs who have sent in the greatest total numbers of cards,

relative to the number of their members, during the above period will each be entitled to hold an EVE Club Competition at their own Club during 1930, for prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE.

The cards which entitle Clubs to compete for these awards must be sent in to "BRITANNIA AND EVE" Office for the individual Monthly Spoon Competition, under the conditions of that Competition given on this page.

The "EVE" Foursomes

All these Foursomes are open to ALL players with L.G.U. handicaps, whether they are English, Scottish, Welsh, Irish or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

Already Played, 1929.



NORTHERN.

NORTHERN FOURSOMES, Seventh Year.

Knock-Out Match Play Tournament. Entries received up to 128 couples without limit of handicap: playing limit, 30 joint. Played at Southport and Ainsdale, April 9 to 12.



SPRING MEDAL.

SPRING MEDAL, Fifth Year.

One-Day Medal on two courses, 18 and 36 hole scratch and handicap. Entries received up to 100 couples. Handicap limit 30 joint. Entries from couples over the limit will not be accepted. Played at St. George's Hill, April 22.

To be Played, 1929.



SCOTTISH.

SCOTTISH FOURSOMES, Sixth Year.

Knock-Out Match Play Tournament. Entries received up to 128 couples without limit of handicap: playing limit, 30 joint. To be played at Nairn, June 4 to 7. Entries already open: entries close, May 13.



AUTUMN.

AUTUMN & ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES, Eighth & Fifth Years.

Knock-Out Match Play Tournaments. Entries received up to 256 couples without limit of handicap, the 128 couples with lowest handicaps playing at Ranelagh, the others at Roehampton. Playing limit 18 joint at Ranelagh, 30 joint at Roehampton. To be played at Ranelagh and Roehampton, October 15 to 18. Entries Open, July 1. Entries Close, September 16.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON.

May

Name Mrs. Miss

Address.....

For Club competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... Club, of which I am a member.

All entries for EVE's Monthly Spoon Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of BRITANNIA & EVE for the current month. Coupons must be attached to the cards, and addressed to the Golf Editor of BRITANNIA & EVE, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2. The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.



EVE SPOONS: Monthly Medal Competitions



"BRITANNIA AND EVE" Silver Teaspoons are awarded each month for net scores in both Silver and Bronze handicap divisions under the following conditions:

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (i.e., in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day Scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

True copies of these must be made by the player's partner, must be signed by the partner, and countersigned by the Club Hon. Secretary, who must also certify the scratch score of the course.

Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations permit them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month.

The Golf Coupon from the current issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE must be attached to the FIRST card sent in by each player in any month.

Cards must be sent to the Golf Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, so as to arrive not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out. The names of the winners, together with the scores they returned, will appear in the next issue of the paper.

The receipt of cards will not be acknowledged.

During April, May, June, July, August and September a spoon will be awarded to each of the 30 best net scores, relative to the pars of the courses on which the cards were returned, sent in each month by players with handicaps of 20 and under.

During the same months a spoon of a different pattern will be awarded to each of the thirty best net scores, relative to the pars of the courses on which the cards were returned sent in each month by players with handicaps of 21 to 36.

During October, November, December, January, February and March, the number of spoons awarded will be fifteen in each Division.

In case of ties for last places in both Divisions, the player with the shortest handicap will be considered the winner.

The Golf Editor's decision on all points connected with these Competitions is final, and she reserves to herself the right to refuse to accept any card sent in without assigning a reason for so doing. In the event of any player being found to have competed on an incorrect handicap she will be disqualified, and must return any prize or prizes won. Should ladies be in any doubt as to the exact procedure that is required of them, they are most cordially invited to write explaining their difficulties.

NOTE.—For the CLUB Awards, cards count for the Club to which the player belongs, irrespective of where taken out, e.g., a card returned at an Open Meeting counts for the player's Club, not for the Club holding the meeting.

"EVE" BROOCHES for a HOLE in ONE



L.G.U. conditions as given above. The card must be certified by marker and Hon. Sec., and accompanied by a coupon in the usual way.

An "EVE" brooch will be awarded to any lady who does a hole in one in the course of taking out and returning a card under

The card must be

LADIES PREFER CURLS.....

.....BACK TO FEMINITY IS THE CRY
OF THE MOMENT.....COIFFURES,
LIKE FROCKS, MUST FOLLOW
FASHION'S TREND.....

By MARY PANDOS

*(With illustrations specially drawn
for this issue of BRITANNIA & EVE
in Paris)*

"A CURL in the right place is the making of a face," says Monsieur Claude, while his deft fingers are busy with the preliminaries of a "permanent."

Monsieur Claude belongs to the pleiad of the world's beauty creators whose mission it is to enhance the charm of those endowed with natural attraction, to make indifferent looking womanhood more seductive, and to give plain femininity a chance. His art deals with the coiffure; scissors are his modelling spatula and feminine hair is the docile clay which he fashions according to the inspiration of his genius and the mode. Monsieur Claude is the high-priest who officiates in one of the most up-to-date hair-dressing establishments. In this temple of nickel and crystal are sacrificed locks of every kind and colour; lustrous and

faded strands, silky and harsh ones, hair thick like a June forest, or scanty like the winter lawn.

A "permanent" is the chief rite in modern hair-dressing. The performance takes the aspect of a surgical operation. A staff uniformed in white is making the last preparations before the decisive moment. The sufferer for beauty's sake is a society belle who would lose her prestige if she showed herself this season without clusters of curls and permanent waves.

The so-called "permanent," probably because it entails permanent nuisance for the victims who go through the ordeal, insures curls and waves for an eternity of three months. When submitting to the treatment which lasts from three to four hours, those presented by nature with a growth of wiry hair must be painfully conscious of injustice in the affairs of men.

Luckily, Monsieur Claude knows the art of coaxing his client to the chair of torture; his manner in dealing with the small-talk of the day is always amusing and not less appreciated than his dexterity in turning wires into waves.

"Of all æsthetic barbarisms," says Monsieur Claude, "the close-cropped shingle was, perhaps, the worst. What art possibilities are there left in one inch of hair? I call it nearly as painful as the Renaissance mode when hair was drawn so tightly as to pull the line of the eyebrows out of shape. Certainly there is danger in the contrary excess; how ludicrous appear to our modern eyes the hair puddings piled on the unfortunate feminine heads by the eighteenth century humorist coiffeurs. Fancy going through existence with a pyramid of foreign locks on your head, crowned by



A coiffure with a parting in the middle is becoming to regular features. Whilst a wisp of hair on the forehead gives a "fair feminine touch"

enough ribbon to stock the counter of a department store. Or to be coiffed by full-sail boats on perilous waves, and hanging flower-gardens, or orchards, which turn women into horticultural exhibits."

WHILE talking, Monsieur Claude's fingers are actively working on the patient's head; his comb traces narrow paths on the scalp, along which his nimble fingers dance with the agility of a Follies girl's legs. Neat, parchment-covered sausages range on the front, making the patient resemble a member of some wild tribe from the heart of dusky Africa.

The system of torture applied is the new permanent wave by which the hair is rolled from end to root and twisted on isolating bark curlers, while it used to be the other way round.

Monsieur Claude's attention now concentrates on the side curls, which does not prevent him from following the course of his thoughts.

With the close shingle, imagination, which is the basis of every art, had run short. And thus, after a barren period of ephebian emulation, women have come back to the fluffiness which allows for fanciful interpretation. Remove the flattering shadow of dark or fair locks from above the brow and the charm of mystery is gone. It seems almost unbelievable that woman should ever have accepted to be a Sphinx without her riddle!!!

"YES, I can see your point—the woman of to-day objects to the idea of a cumbersome chignon. Hairpins will soon be relegated to the museum where they will be allotted a place among silex axes of cave



Typically calm and sedate is this delightfully simple coiffure, the rather high forehead relieved only by a single wave



Scotch KILTS

for
Ladies

Made to Order.

The marked return to favour of the wearing of the Kilt by ladies is a recognition of the peculiar attractiveness of this garment.

The making of a kilt is a highly specialised work; what are often described as kilts being merely skirts. Jenners make KILTS for Ladies, correctly tailored in their own work-rooms in full pleated, regulation style with apron front and fringed edge fastened with buckled straps and kilt pin. In a wide range of Clan Tartans of suitable weight.

PRICES FROM 4½ Guineas.

Patterns and Particulars on request.

Jenners pay carriage.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH
LIMITED



Jenners are now showing their new Hats for Spring, including Paris Models and adaptations of Models in great variety.

Illustrated above is one of the many charming inexpensive styles. It is a copy of a French Model, in BAKU STRAW, with drooping brim wider at one side. Trimmings with bands of the same straw in two tones, the edge of brim bound with Petersham ribbon. Colours; black, navy, old blue, antelope, red, grey, mushroom, dark walnut, almond green, and beige. Sizes: 6½, 7 and 7½.

Style 63.

PRICE 39/6

Illustrated
Catalogue
on request.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH
LIMITED

Fine Scotch Knit SPUN SILK JUMPERS

Jenners' fine knitted Jumpers, this season, are notable for great charm in appearance and exceptional smartness. Illustrated here is a becoming Jumper of SPUN SILK in stripes of different widths in two tones. The neat V neck and band at foot are of a contrasting colour. Finished with two pearl buttons at neck. Colours: in stripes of wine and grey with purple border; beige and tan with orange; silk and hyacinth with fawn; mushroom and royal blue with wine; tan and beige with brown; light navy and sage with wine; brown and beige with nigger; and grey and white with black.

Style 76.

PRICE 47/6

Catalogue on request.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH
LIMITED



Ladies' Scotch Light-weight Weltd WALKING SHOES

Made in Scotland by craftsmen unexcelled for brogues, the shoe illustrated, now introduced by Jenners, is a lighter-weight weltd style of real refinement, beautifully cut and exceptionally comfortable; made from the highest grades of leathers only.

The "Piper Brogue," based on a traditional Highland clan shoe, with extra length leather laces. In Tan or Black Calf.

PRICE 45/-

Jenners pay carriage.



JENNERS
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LIMITED

When replying to advertisements, please mention "Britannia and Eve."



BACK in the 17th century — 232 years ago — the figure of Britannia was first stamped on silver. It was then the appointed hall mark of a compulsory high standard of purity enacted by law in order to hinder the use of silver coins for plate. To-day it is the coveted sign of silverware manufactured of 100% pure metallic silver. It is placed

with pride upon every article of B.M.C. Silverware—brushes, mirrors, boxes, photo frames, calendars. And because this pure silver is electrolytically deposited to the object it adorns *it cannot dent, fracture or deteriorate.* If you have any difficulty in seeing this wonderful new silverware, write to us for the name of your nearest distributor.

B.M.C. SILVERWARE

BRITISH METALLISING CO LTD (B.E.L.) Gardiner House, 10-14 Charterhouse Street, London, E.C.1

humanity and other fossil expressions of dead civilisations. I know of old ladies who persist in their Victorian coiffures and are in great trouble whenever they want to get their packages of hairpins. Created by necessity, they disappear for want of use, and it is a blessing indeed. The coming generation will consider them with the pity mingled with contempt by which is judged the evident "foolishness" of elders. Youth has a pretty impertinent way of saying: fancy mother playing tennis with a trailing skirt and a pinched-in-the-waist bodice. The future will decide which was more incongruous to practise sports with a crinoline or to exhibit an Eton boy's shaved head above an intricate flowered chiffon gown.

"I know your strongest objection against long hair is the morbid fear of spoiling your line. As a fact, never have women been to such an extent slaves of the silhouette. They roll, practise physical culture, diet, starve and would walk on their heads for the sake of line. The small head contour obtained by a skull-cap is part of this "line" complex.

"I do not know a woman willing to give up what she considers the corollary of distinguished smartness. If by any scientific means she could reduce her skull as she reduces her figure, she would not hesitate to do so.

"Curls—this is confidential, but I may venture to say so as your hair is light, are only becoming to photogenic blondes. Raven locks belong to the repertoire of the vamp style. They used to adorn the heads of heroines who played with poison and trifled with daggers. They were part of the official uniform of wickedness, as well as cruel red lips (all lips are cruel nowadays). The lady with the dusky locks was of a villainous disposition towards her infant children and towards her fair sister. Believe me, literature is chiefly responsible for gentlemen's preference of blondes. . . Yet it is a mistake to generalise as there are exceptions to every rule, and in every age there are men who prefer brunettes.

"SOME day, when I have retired from business I might settle down in a little house on a river and write the psychology of the coiffure. Did you notice how it will change the expression of a face? Any dark-haired man with a tall forehead can suggest a "Napoleon," if he pulls a lock over his brow. Fringes read: Dolly Sisters. How could one recall them before the mental eye with a different coiffure?

This is why so many artists and screen stars cling to a once-adopted hair mode; they are afraid of altering the standardised image by which they are known to the public.

Will Mary Pickford be herself now her glorious curls are gone? Or Chaplin the same without his moustache? How the audience would miss the familiar appearance. . . Success, believe me, is partly built on such little items which seem trifles but have their importance.

We know of incidents that have caused discoveries; Newton's apple was one of these providential cases. But the fact of a mistake leading to a new fashion

is unprecedented. This anecdote deals with a Paris lady who became a fashion innovator through the error of her coiffeur.

"My professional *esprit de corps* bids me disbelieve this story which throws discredit on our trade. One of the best-known leaders of Paris society who was due to a dance, wanted her hair whitened with a dash of indigo. In a minute of absent-mindedness, no doubt, her coiffeur added to the compound what turned her hair to distinct mauve. Imagine the despair of the lady. How could she show herself in public with a head of so unnatural a shade? It was too late to try and mend the damage. She went to the entertainment and, by one of those ironical tricks which make you suspect that fate is a humorist, her coiffure was pronounced a great success. At one of the following gatherings, many white-haired ladies had turned a slight mauve and the fashion was launched. But, as I said, this may be a legend invented by some gossip of fertile imagination.

"This is how mauve hair has replaced the silver strands which are submitted to the caprice of fashion. History is full of such inconsequences. Sweet seventeen looks still younger and sweeter in wigs and powdered locks. When grey hair ceased to be the fashion, it became what it is in reality: the ominous



And still more curls! Worn at the back as a disguise when the hair is growing; or, for the piquant profile, falling softly over the forehead



Here, a curly fringe and strands of hair carefully placed over the ears go to make a frivolous ensemble

token of waning youth which woman is anxious to conceal. If my professional duty did not bid me secrecy, I could tell you strange stories about the first white lock.

"As I have mentioned wigs, I may state that they are an institution as old as the Pyramids. It strikes us as funny that in a country of tropical climate like Egypt, the primitive inhabitants should have worn wigs. It is likely that royalty found woolly hair incompatible with the dignity of Pharaohs, and this accounts for the wigs that adorn the anointed heads of the descendants of Ra, as they are known to us by their monuments. Since then, wigs have alternated with heads of natural hair, but there is not the slightest resemblance between the curly monuments donned at the court of Louis XIV and the close-fitting silk thread affair dear to the modern Parisienne."

HERE Monsieur Claude interrupts the flow of his historical and fashionable information; the last curl has been placed under the protective cover of metal, and now the electrical heater is switched on. The operation has reached its final phase. The signal is given and now the hair imprisoned by the metal and linen shrouding emerges in a mass of permanent waves.

After the usual shampoo and manipulation Monsieur Claude himself adds some final master touches. And now Madame is ready. Madame is pleased. How could it be otherwise? Monsieur Claude has personally presided at the ceremony and attended to every detail of the rite with the perfect accuracy and taste for which he is famous.

STAGE and SCREEN

Diana Bourbon and Sydney Tremayne contribute a monthly commentary on matters of moment in the worlds of the Theatre and the Film



Bertram Park

ANNA MAY WONG in "The Circle of Chalk" gives a memorable performance in a real celestial Antiquity, flawlessly translated, and produced à la Basil Dean

The STAGE

PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE main trouble with the English theatre to-day is its dramatic critics!

The reason this has not been suggested before is that most theatrical writers are dramatic critics, and so the point of view has never occurred to them. Instead, the most heavily backed favourites have been "the American invasion"—which we seem to be singularly successfully repelling; and the "shock-ing dearth of young talent."

Which doesn't exist.

There is plenty of young talent knocking around the present-day theatre, if only the right people would take the trouble to look for it, and would have the gumption to look in the right place.

Take a casual triplet of examples. The other day a young girl stepped practically out of the chorus into the leading part in a new musical comedy. The first night revealed her to be full of charm, prettier by far than her predecessor, possessed of an immeasurably better singing voice (and that in spite of what must have been a nearly paralysing nervousness), graceful, able to wear her clothes, and a better dancer than anything she had to do gave her a chance to show. To set against all these assets, she had a diffidence that time will, and has got

Diamond mining has its troubles and rewards—but we have a wealth of young talent well worth the preliminary digging and polishing.

By DIANA BOURBON



Stage Photo Co

COLIN CLIVE has "arrived" in "Journey's End" via musical comedy, and is now wringing the hearts of London in a front line dug-out

to, overcome; since "personality" is the first and foremost necessity in leading ladies.

I mean, of course, Jean Colin.

In the circumstances of the much advertised dearth

of raw material for British musical comedy, Jean Colin was a "find" of the first water. What did the dramatic critics do? Did they applaud discreetly, so as to encourage her to overcome her nervousness, and—more important—encourage timorous tradesmen masquerading as theatrical managers to make like experiments?

Not they. A few dismissed her with a stereotyped phrase of commendation, while a large body ignored her altogether. Yet she was precisely what they have been clamouring for for months, even years, past, every time anyone imported an American performer!

Take another, not so recent, case. When "Journey's End" was put on for a run, after its private performance by one of those artistic societies that occasionally justify their existence by discovering just such a prize, Laurence Olivier, who had made a hit in the emotional part of the young captain, had already been snapped up. There was wailing and gnashing of teeth. Who could possibly succeed him?—and no matter who it was he couldn't



Sasha

JEAN COLIN in the "Five o'Clock Girl" is London's newest leading lady. She dances, looks as pretty as a picture, and can really sing—an event in musical comedy!

Yes, the critics are responsible. They are responsible for the situation that makes such things possible. They have cultivated a passion for "restrained" acting that is the whole bane of modern drama. Let anyone produce some youngster with real temperament, and give him a chance in the West End, all the critics jump on him like a ton of bricks, chanting, "Rant! Overacting! Crude!" And then off they run and single out for praise some other terribly "naïve" polite young thing who never overacts—lacking any power to overact with. And they say, "Such suppressed power. Such admirable control."

By the natural laws of nature the mistake is not found out till he reaches years of maturity, and is expected to serve up raw power and emotion he hasn't got. When the critics are the first to turn and rend him—a grossly unfair proceeding.

A little exuberance, is the easiest thing in the world to tone down, if you catch



Photo by Peter North

THE "SERENA."

A very snug fitting superfine Felt Hat. Smart line on the side covering one ear. In all head sizes and the newest spring colours. With brim and crown finely stitched, price 38/6. Price 30/- Large size Head Fitting a speciality.



Photo by Peter North

THE "WALDEN."

The latest in "Sporting Berets," very light in weight, in our celebrated Waterproof and unspottable Velvet. In any two colours from a selection of over 40 shades, or one self colour throughout. Large size Head Fitting a speciality. Price 31/6

Finest French Paste Sporting Brooches: Aberdeen, Sealyham, Alsatian, Cocker, Airedale, Wire Haired Terrier, Fox Terrier, Greyhound Bulldog. Price 7/6 each extra.

The largest stock of Helmets and all Sun Hats for India, etc.

A selection of Hats sent on approval, on receipt of reference or cheque will be returned if not approved.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready. Post free

No agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

ROBERT HEATH, LTD.

ONLY ADDRESS

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE,

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Cleopatra was a great Politician, but she is Famous for her Charm



DEMEYER

The great and glamorous ladies of history are not remembered because they paraded militantly in the streets wearing flat-heeled shoes and matter-of-fact hats. They were not ones to present petitions to the Senate with earnest eyes and shiny noses. And yet, they managed to get their own way, to make their presence felt, to become tremendously influential without organizing a single woman's club to aid them in accomplishing their purpose.

The velvet glove has always been an indispensable adjunct to power of any sort. And a velvet skin is equally essential to the undeniable power of beauty. You need not head a committee of crusading women to command the attention that is your due if, with intelligent care and well-advised treatment, you keep your skin as radiant as your favorite enthusiasm; your body as supple and alert as your mind.

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A RECORD BREAKING TRANSPORT ACHIEVEMENT.



Lobito Town and Bay, on the West African Coast: a place in Angola with a great shipping future as a Western port for Central Africa, thousands of miles nearer Europe and America than those it now uses.



Off loading direct from rolling stock into steamship moored alongside the new wharf at Lobito Bay.



A section of the permanent way under construction, showing some of the natural obstacles that have had to be surmounted in its creation.



Sir Robert Williams, Bt.



Construction of the Benguela Railway in progress near the Angola-Belgian Congo border.



Motor trolley running over a temporary section of the line used while permanent way is under construction.



The Ruashi Mine, near Elizabethville, an excellent example of the many open cast copper mines belonging to the Union Minière du Haut Katanga. An important objective of the Benguela Railway.

The conception of the Benguela Railway, a Portuguese Company whose correct title is the Caminho de ferro de Benguela, and the development of the harbour of Lobito Bay, in Angola, a Portuguese Colony on the West Coast of Africa, emanates from Sir Robert Williams, who was created a baronet in 1928 or the outstanding part he has played during the last half century in the development of Africa. This Railway will considerably expedite the industrial development of Angola, Northern Rhodesia and other districts of Central Africa in its vicinity, by providing them with a port on the West Coast at Lobito Bay, some thousands of miles nearer to Europe and North America than the ports at present at the disposal of these territories, and will afford the great copper mining district of Katanga with an economic outlet to the Atlantic Ocean. The line, which is now being extended through the Belgian Congo to join up with the Katanga Railways system at Tshilongo, reached the Angola-Belgian Congo border last August, and the official opening ceremony is to take place at the border in June this year. Special arrangements have been made for the South African Mail boats, the "Carnarvon Castle" and the "Balmoral Castle," to call at Lobito Bay in order to take out and bring home the British guests whom the Railway Company have invited to attend the ceremony. Some idea of the time saved by this new route can be gauged by the fact that from the day they sail from Southampton to the day they return to that port, these guests will have travelled to the very heart of Africa and back in the almost incredibly short time of a little over five weeks—a remarkable achievement which must rank high in the list of modern transport records.

When replying to advertisements, please mention "Britannia and Eve."

The Stage

it young. And time spent harnessing up power that is running wild is more fruitfully employed than time spent trying to manufacture some that doesn't exist.

Everybody prefers to set the other way to work though. Result: many boring evenings in the theatre that make us waver weakly in our allegiance. Happily it can't go on much longer. Reaction is bound to set in, and we shall have some nice, red corpuscles acting, and a few authentic thrills again—instead of having to turn to monotonous crook plays for the synthetic variety. Most of the so-called dramatic actors and actresses of the modern stage will then have to take a dose or two of hæmoglobin.

But to take the third of my triplets. An odd but fascinating Chinese antiquity called "The Circle of Chalk"—it merited a visit if only because it was the one complete dramatic novelty of the year.

In "The Circle of Chalk" London met one of the greatest actresses I have seen in a decade. Anna May Wong came from the screen to play an almost impossibly long and difficult part, and displayed flawless grace, a wonderfully mobile face that reflected every faint change of mood or emotion, and, in addition, that absolutely indefinable "Something"—you can't put your finger on it—that spells greatness.

She kept the mind and attention riveted.

All the dramatic do was to bleat at great length about her American accent—which is pronounced. Every non-professional theatre-goer I have talked to about her has agreed with me that the entertainment was so unusual and delightful, and Anna May's performance so lovely, that they forgot all about her accent and merely enjoyed themselves!

There is something even more fruitful of theatrical success, though, than ignoring dramatic critics. I mean having a settled policy and a more or less permanent company. If any more proof of this sound statement were needed than can be supplied by the present reign of Tom

Walls, Ralph Lynn, *et alia*, at the Aldwych in a variety of farces whose individual identities don't matter in the least, it is supplied by the second venture, in company, of Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and the rest—in "Love Lies" at the Gaiety.

It didn't need Laddie Cliff's speech on the first night to tell us that all those behind the curtain were good pals. It stuck out a mile all the evening.

Hugh Wakefield and Marion Lorne, "Park Lane" at the St. Martin's, are another example of the same thing. And Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes are too good together to be readily torn apart.

All of which gives you a yard-stick for some of the best shows in town. Their way success lies!



Dorothy Wilding

THE AUSTRALIAN pair, Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, repeat their dancing success in "Love Lies" at the Gaiety

The SCREEN

"The MOVIE FINGER writes . . ."

The Triumph of Unrealism

WHEN a producer decides

to make a super film, he seems to turn, instinctively, to the Bible for inspiration. We have had "The Ten Commandments,"

A Monthly Review of Current Film Topics

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

or historical exposition, but because of the opportunity for spectacular production which they present.

"Ben Hur," "The King of Kings," and now there is "Noah's Ark." It must be remembered that these films are not made for purposes of religious propaganda

or historical exposition, but because of the opportunity for spectacular production which they present. It is useless for the critics to be shocked by their historical or chronological inaccuracies. None of the true film fans who crowd to see "Noah's Ark," at the Piccadilly Theatre have their delight in the colossal spectacle spoiled because instruction from Jehovah at the Burning Bush was not part of Noah's religious experiences or because the Tower of Babel catastrophe did not precede the Deluge in Biblical history.

"Noah's Ark" is a stupendous film. The idea underlying its conception is often lost in the clap-trap of cinematograph represen-

tation. Its least satisfactory aspect is the attempt to correlate and draw a parallel moral from the two great cataclysms, the Flood and the World War. The repetition of situation and characterisation is tiresome, and, at times, ludicrous. There are, too, moments of sentimentality and bathos.



GEORGE O'BRIEN as Japheth makes love to Dolores Costello as Miriam, the handmaiden, in literally antediluvian surroundings. A scene just before the great Flood, as the American Talkies see it in "Noah's Ark"

The producers are entirely lacking in emotional reticence and, apparently, financial limitations, otherwise they could neither have conceived nor executed the most spectacular (literally) super film ever produced.

THE vast temple and dominating idol of the False God, the crowds in the sacrificial scenes and the Deluge itself,



The interior of the Ark in the latest semi-Biblical super film, showing Paul McAllister (centre) as Noah, and Malcolm Waite and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams as Ham and Shem

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Exact date of birth
Britannia & Eve. May.

with the stampede of men, women and wild animals through the rushing waters, only the author of "Revelations" could adequately describe in words!

We do not live in an unexciting age, with terrific speed limits being made on land

with George Bancroft in one of his bullying, blustering, big-heart, big laugh parts, as a detective, and William Powell, always a convincing villain, as a master crook. Evelyn Brent, choicest, slenderest and fairest of film viragoes, is a queen of the underworld and the desideratum of both men. There is also "The Girl from State Street," in which Conrad Nigel doubles the part of two brothers; one, implicated in a bank robbery and the murder of a policeman, commits suicide, and the other impersonates him in order to track down the nefarious gang. Myrna Loy, with the Aubrey Beardsley face and the inexpressive mouth, is the star.



THE UNGENTLE WAYS of the Chaldeans prior to the Flood: a scene from the spectacular film, "Noah's Ark."

and sea, and flying feats, like Lindberg's, stirring the imagination of the public, but it is significant that no one has thought of making a *Super* film about contemporary life. There have been some epic pictures inspired by the war: "The Somme" and "Q Boats," two of the best films ever made in England, "Verdun," from France, and "Wings," from America. But there film history ends, and anyone, in the future, looking among "plain clothes" films for evidence about the life of our times, would have to conclude that nothing happened after the war except Comedy and Crime.

Several pictures, generally, released this month, occur to me as illustrative of this. Crook drama is well represented by "The Drag Net,"



PAGAN PASTIMES: The sacrifice of virgins at the festival of Jaghut, the false God, in "Noah's Ark."



THE END OF A PERFECT DANCE: Louise Fazenda and Clyde Cook; really funny, in "Pay As You Enter."

On the comedy side there is a really amusing farce, called "Pay as You Enter," in which Clyde Cook surpasses himself as a small tramway conductor in a large hired evening suit, and Louise Fazenda is at her funniest. And "Not Quite a Lady" is one of the best British pictures of the month. In it Mabel Poulton has the part of Ethel, a cabaret dancer who becomes engaged to a really nice young man. As a

strategic move his mother asks her and her mother to stay with them in the country. Ethel, driven to exasperation by her mother's social unutterableness (this part is played



TRUE LOVE DOES NOT RUN SMOOTHLY, even on railway lines, for Helene Costello and Antonio Moreno in "The Midnight Taxi."

by Barbara Gott with quite effulgent vulgarity) and her own insufficiency, breaks off the engagement and returns to her "home"—a London night club. She will have to hurry or she will be homeless!

IN Eric von Stroheim's screen version of "The Merry Widow," we have a full-blooded romance gorgeously caparisoned in Balkan States uniforms. The fullest possible use is made of Mae Murray's flamboyancy (as the Widow), John Gilbert's manly fervour (as Prince Danilo), and Roy Darcy's pepsodental villainousness.



DISGUISED AS A RAJAH, in a stage super's property clothes, Adolphe Menjou woos Evelyn Brent, who is a (responsive) Duchess in "His Tiger Lady"

Norma Shearer is exquisite in hoops and crinolines as Rose Trelawney in the film made from Pinero's famous play, "Trelawney of the Wells." The theme is the same as that of "Not Quite a Lady," but love and virtue triumph.

One can only conclude that there is a reaction against realism on the screen, and that Romantic Drama in its most ornate and picturesque guise is coming into its own again.



MAURICE BRADDELL and Mabel Poulton as a cabaret dancer, in "Not Quite a Lady," made at Elstree.



IN THE CHARMING SCREEN VERSION of Pinero's Victorian play "Trelawney of the Wells." Ralph Forbes is the hero and Norma Shearer the actress-heroine



Here's Health unto 'His Majesty'

THE loyal and fervent wish of the people for the recovery of their Sovereign has its counterpart even in the humblest home. As the happiness of the nation is bound up with the health and well-being of His Majesty, so the peace of mind of parents is intimately concerned with that of Baby—the uncrowned monarch of the home.

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All the little tricks and arts of the highly skilled dressmaker—the subtle touches that mean so much—the perfect fit that gives style—all these you will learn through the Dressmaking and Designing Courses of the Woman's Institute. The Courses are taught entirely by correspondence. They offer a genuine opportunity to every woman who wishes to have more and smarter clothes for the money she has to spend—or to train herself for a pleasant and profitable profession.

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The Children's SALON

Founded by "THE GENTLE WOMAN" in 1890.
(No Age Limit)

and Competition Circles
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For GIRLS, BOYS, and GROWN-UPS,
interested in ART, LITERATURE,
NEEDLEWORK and PHOTOGRAPHY,
etc.

Conducted by "LEVANA"

You can join TO-DAY! Fill up the Enrolment Form on page 118.

Our Change of Title: the Salon Expands

"WHAT'S in a name?" And the answer, in spite of Mr. William Shakespeare, is that it is usually a highly interesting and important matter. Certainly this is the case with the Salon's title, which, at this epoch-making moment in its long and uninterrupted career, has decided to revert to its older and more famous form.

Thus, in response to many requests, and in order that all suggestion of a sex barrier may disappear from its name, "The Girls' Salon" becomes once again "The Children's Salon." The sterner sex have always been included in our ranks, many of them being the sons and brothers of Saloners, but under the older and more comprehensive title we are able to invite all boys to join and take part in our competitions as freely as do "their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts."

These competitions, as many have long realised, are unique in two special directions.

First of all, entries are criticised, thus enabling members to obtain valuable advice concerning their work, and secondly, the subjects set are of as general a character as possible, giving every encouragement to individual talent, and often permitting items to be entered which do not necessarily have to be done specially.

Both boys and girls will be equally interested in the art, literature, snapshot and handicraft competitions, but even in these days of the so-called "needleman," I do not expect the "he's" of the Salon to enter for needlework! Therefore a special competition for boys only will be arranged every month, to which a very interesting prize will be attached, and I suspect that there will be a big rush to secure it. And finally; of course, everyone will try for the £5 Quarterly Prize announced on page 120 to be awarded to the member who has shown most progress in the Competitions during May, June and July.

COMPETITIONS for MAY

Saloners join and Compete in THREE CIRCLES—GRADUATES (over 20 years of age); MEMBERS (over 15); ASSOCIATES (under 15).

The RULES are on page 118. Please read them carefully.

RESULTS and CRITICISMS of the Competitions closing on May 13 will appear in the JULY Issue of "BRITANNIA AND EVE"

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 13th.

Subject: A Still Life Study.
ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 31st.

Subject: An Outdoor Scene.
LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 13th.

Subject: A Lyric.
LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 31st.

Subject: A Short Paper on a Favourite Book.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 13th.

Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 31st.
Subject: Anything Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 13th.

Subject: Do-As-You-Like.
ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 31st.

Subject: A Design for a Book Jacket.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 13th.

Subject: A Poem of Two Verses Suitable for a Song.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 31st.
Subject: A Paper on "School Life as I Find It."

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, May 31st.
Subject: Anything White.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, May 13th.
Subject: Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE, and Coloured.

ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 5s.
Closing date, May 31st.
Subject: Flowers in a Vase.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, May 13th.
Subject: A Rhyme Concerning a Dog.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 5s.
Closing date, May 31st.
Subject: A Short Story.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 5s.
Closing date, May 31st.
Subject: A Piece of Plain Sewing.

Open to all. Age taken specially into account
SNAPSHOT COMPETITION.

Closing date, May 13th.
First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s.
Subject left to competitor.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION.
Closing date, May 31st.
First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d.
Do-As-You-Like.

Special Monthly Competition for Boys

Closing date, May 13th.
Prize for May: A Tennis Racquet.
1. Write a short paper on "What I Should Like to Do if I Could Choose My Own Career," OR...
2. Tennis or Cricket—Which is the Better Game?

COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE

FIRST HALF OF THE MONTH Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Design for a Poster Advertising Ink.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: Anything White.

Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Landscape.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Short Poem.

Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Still Life Study.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Paper on Bird Song.

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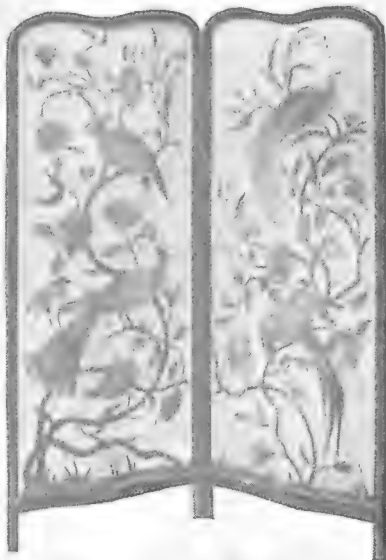
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The CHILDREN'S SALON: continued**CORRESPONDENCE
and CRITICISMS**

"LEVANA" replies to all ordinary
letters in this column and urgent
enquiries are dealt with by post.

Dorothy D. S. Douglas.

CERTAINLY you may rejoin, and you
will retain your old number M.C.S.
2237. I hope I shall encounter it
regularly again on the competition
entries. By the way, weren't you interested
in photography? We shall be having a regular
series of Snapshot Competitions now.

Joyce Dugdale.

When sending in the essays which you re-
quire specially criticised, why not enter them
for the "Do-As-You-Like" contests, then they

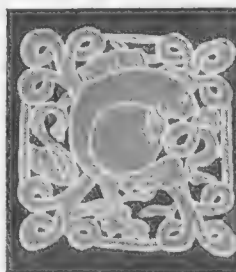
nothing for the extra expense involved in
reproduction.

Alma Coleman.

A better climax is required. This is striking
enough, but it is not a sufficiently logical outcome
of the earlier scenes. I will enter the story for
the Members' Literature Competition of May
31, and criticise it more fully then.

Marjorie Quilter.

We are continuing all the competitions as
before, and are having additional ones as well.



This dainty little
d'oyley in Richelieu
embroidery is the
clever work of Mar-
jorie Webb, G.C.S.
4578.

Among these is a special
one for boys each
month. By all means
get Jack to enrol on
the form given below.

Peggy H. Bailey.

Your colour is charm-
ing, and the sense of
design excellent, but
you have not sufficient
experience to carry out
your schemes. Sketch
from life whenever pos-
sible, making rapid
notes, among other
things, of the figure in
action.

Margaret Montrose.

We always have at
least two or three short
story competitions

during the year, and several for poetry. I am
so glad you are interested and hope you will join
and send in at once.

Phyllis Hamilton.

I think you have forgotten that after 15 years
of age you must compete among the Members.
Your brother will be an Associate for the first
six months, then
you will compete
against one an-
other in the Mem-
bers' circle. That
ought to be good
fun! The drawing
shows considerable
promise, but the
hands and feet
are too small



An interesting entry from
Isobel C. Williams,
M.C.S. 2560, for one of
our Art Competitions.
The subject was "a book
cover."

Elsie Scott.

I quite under-
stand that your
time is limited,
but an occasional
entry is better
than nothing
while the exami-
nations are on. You
can resume again
as soon as they
are over. A son-
net is a verse of
fourteen lines,
each line having a metre of five feet.

Phyllis May.

Remarkably good line, but as a whole the
design somewhat lacks distinction. If you
had kept a simpler black mass above your
figures, and avoided the double frame, the
result would have been much finer.

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.
2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.
3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.
4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.
5. Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

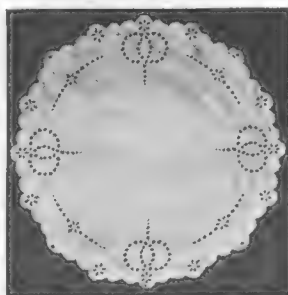
can compete as well? Otherwise, of course, I
can only criticise.

Amy G. Haydon.

The notice for the first needlework com-
petition is a bit
shorter than usual
owing to the
change over, but
as it is of such a
general nature
anything ready
will be eligible.

Audrey Fryer.

This shows a
big advance from
the days when you
were an Associate.
I think you have
a distinct flair for
poster work, but
avoid the use of
so many colours.
In a design of
this type you gain



A finely embroidered dinner
centre with which M.
Champion, G.C.S. 4772,
won a prize in a recent
Needlework Competition.

ENROLMENT FORM

Please enrol me as a {Graduate
Member
Associate} of The Children's Salon and Competition

Circles. (Strike out words which do not apply.)

Signature

Address

Age, if under 20.....

Cut this out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2., with
P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon. If you would like to become a Fairy
Godmother (see page 120) please say so.

The Children's Salon

(continued).



A characteristically vigorous painting for a Do-As-You-Like Art Competition by Josephine Peyman, A.C.S. 936, whose work is remarkable for an Associate.

News of the Month

THE 39th Annual At Home, at which Saloners foregather to compete in Dancing, Recitation, Pianoforte, Literature and Art before distinguished judges, will take place in the autumn. An announcement concerning this fixture will be made in our June issue.

MANY members live too far away to attend this function, but special arrangements for them are made, in order that they may compete through the post. This distance, which separates so many of us, is one reason why we like to publish the portraits of Saloners in our pages. Those we are little likely to meet personally, but whose names get so well known to us all, through the correspondence and the competitions, become in this fashion more closely one of us, and we can thus attach to them their true personality. So put yourself in the post, please, with your enrolment form.

OWING to the huge new membership which will result from the greatly increased circulation of a monthly paper such as BRITANNIA AND EVE, we have been able to cut down the annual subscription by half, from 1s. to 6d., and the life membership from 5s. to 2s. 6d. This sum goes to the Salon Hospital Cots' Fund, some particulars of which will be found on page 120. Those Saloners who have paid the higher subscription this year will, I know, not grudge it in so good a cause.

A SALONER has suggested that much might be done to help the different charitable activities for children with which we are identified if local secretaries in our big towns were appointed to work voluntarily on their behalf. I shall be delighted to consider names of those who have some time to devote to the splendid work of ministering to sick and unhappy children, as represented by our Hospital Cots and "Cinderella" schemes.

Children's Salon

COUPON

To accompany All Competition Entries.

SALONER'S PORTRAIT GALLERY



Katinka Dabell (Graduate 5604) with Darby and Joan, two of the youngest members of the Salon Pet's Club (see page 120).

A Portable with Abnormal Range



The Screened-Grid Four is contained in a beautifully finished and fitted Figured Walnut Case and is sold (complete with full equipment, CELESTION Loud Speaker and Marconi Royalty on reduced basis)

at 30 Guineas

or £4 down and 12 monthly payments of £2 : 11 : 0

THE HALCYON "DE-LUXE" SCREENED-GRID FOUR

This is Halcyon's latest model; the most up-to-date portable receiver in the world, specially designed to give an abnormal range. Embodying screened-grid amplification, it gives a long-distance performance previously unobtainable with any other type of wireless set. Think what this means. Under ordinary favourable conditions you can tune-in to your choice of any British or Continental Stations and get your selected programme at full Loud-speaker strength.

Ideal for Country Districts

For those who live in the country, there are three essentials necessary in

a wireless receiver. Widest possible range, great reliability, and absolutely perfect reproduction. The Halcyon Screened-Grid Four—built by skilled labour to achieve this ideal, and not to compete in price—fulfils all the requirements of those who demand the very best in long-distance radio reception. It is the right article—sold at the right price. For beauty and for quality of reproduction it is up to the very high standard for which Halcyon themselves have set with their famous five-valve portables.

Ask your dealer for a free demonstration—without obligation—of this most modern of "de luxe" portable wireless receivers—guaranteed for two years

WONDERFUL
RANGE
—
SUPERB
PERFORMANCE

PERFECT
LONG DISTANCE
RECEPTION
WITHOUT
AERIAL or EARTH

GLORIOUS
TONE
—
EXTRAORDINARY
RELIABILITY

"De Luxe" CABINET-FIVE

For years this set has stood for all that is best in portable wireless: ideal for those who demand perfect reproduction, reliability and ease of manipulation.

PRICE:

In Figured Walnut Cabinet (including full Equipment, CELESTION Loud-Speaker and Marconi Royalty on reduced basis)

33 Guineas

or £5 down and 12 monthly payments of £2 : 15 : 0.



"De Luxe" CABINET-THREE

Specially designed for those who demand the supreme performance of the Cabinet-Five with even simpler control and very low upkeep charges. It provides the greatest ease of manipulation ever achieved.

PRICE:

In figured Walnut Cabinet (including full Equipment CELESTION Loud-Speaker and Marconi Royalty on reduced basis)

20 Guineas

or £3 down and 12 monthly payments of £1 : 13 : 6.

Do not buy a wireless until you have heard a Halcyon—it pays to buy the best

Halcyon

PORTABLE WIRELESS RECEIVERS

As supplied to the British Broadcasting Corporation

From all leading London Stores and principal Wireless Dealers throughout the country. Ask your Dealer for free copy of beautifully illustrated and descriptive Brochure "HALCYON DAYS" or write to Department B.E.

Telephone: Langham 3996-7-8.

THE HALCYON WIRELESS CO. LTD
CANBERRA HOUSE, 313-319 REGENT ST. LONDON W1

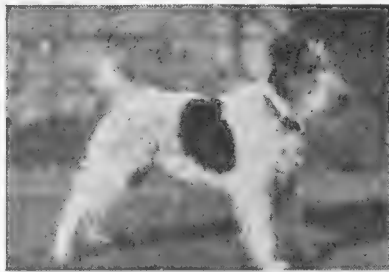
Bullmore's

When replying to advertisements, please mention "Britannia and Eve."

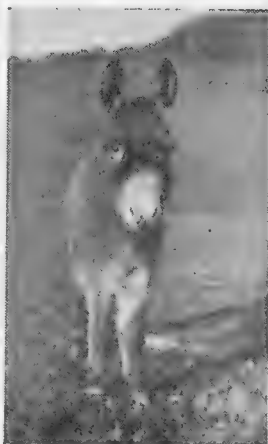
The Children's SALON: continued



"Peter," the property of Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S., 4242, is a Cairn who cannot help looking a bit downhearted if there is no rabbit about



"Woof" says "I belong to Theo-dora Fuller, G.C.S., 4998, who snapped this herself. I am just six months old. Put me down for the Pets Club, please!"



Our only donkey in the club, so far, is "Bunty," owned by Vivien Belben, A.C.S., 897. We hope on seeing her that other donkeys will join!

Join the new PETS CLUB

and help the SALON Hospital Cots Fund

LINKED up with the idea of encouraging talent by means of its competitions, the Salon has also aimed at achieving definite results in the region of social service, and its members, in the course of its long career, have endowed no fewer than twelve cots in the different Children's Hospitals.

At this moment we are collecting funds for the thirteenth in the John Madocks Convalescent Home for Babies at Basing, in Hampshire, and to assist in speeding up the

good work the Salon Pets Club was recently inaugurated. It is proving a huge success. Pets love it! Ask your cat and dog at once whether they would not be delighted to join. I think I know beforehand what the answer will be.

So don't hesitate to enrol your own particular terrier, pony, puss, canary, or donkey straight away, and help the great work which this hospital is carrying on among sick little slum babies, who are nursed back to health and strength in the



Three typical little "Cinderellas" of the Salon who are waiting for a "Fairy Godmother"

VERY few members of the Salon succeed in resisting this fascinating idea. Suggested, of course, by the famous fairy story, it enables Saloners to become "Godmothers" to the little Cinderellas of the slums in our big cities. Since unemployment has inflicted so much suffering and privation, this work is more vitally important than ever, and we are proud to record the greatly increased enthusiasm which has been displayed in this connection during the last year or so.

Almost everyone joining the Salon has been anxious to assist in the work, delighting in the opportunity it affords to bring a little unexpected pleasure into the life of one of those many thousand children whose homes are so often only one room in a dark

ing them clothes; distress into comfort, by gifts of fruit, fresh eggs and other nourishing food when they are ill; loneliness into friendship by sending them letters, picture books and the like; and ugliness into beauty by assisting to provide them with brief holidays in the country or by the sea in the summer, as a change from their wretched surroundings.

The above are just a few suggestions indicating the manner in which assistance can most usefully be given. Many other little ways by which further interest may be shown will occur to individual godmothers. But we have no rules and regulations as to

Will you Become one of The SALON'S "Fairy Godmothers"?

"LEVANA" describes the scheme below

and airless street.

Changing a pumpkin into a coach and four would doubtless bring untold delight to these hapless little mites, if it could be done. But it is far more important, on their behalf, to try to change want into plenty by sparing

how much shall be done. We leave that entirely to each godmother accepting the responsibility, knowing from experience that she will do all that she can.

I shall be delighted to send the name and address of a little Cinderella to any member who applies for one, either

on the enrolment form, if new, or by letter if already one of us. If a child of any particular age is preferred, this should be stated, and as far as possible I will endeavour to comply with the request. It is a help to have a Cinderella about one's own age as then one's discarded clothes will so often fit her.

All communications, both in this and every other matter in connection with the Salon, should be addressed to me thus:—Levana, The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

A Quarterly Prize
of **£5** is awarded
every three
months to the Saloner who
has shown the most progress
in the Competitions

The 12th Quarterly Prize will be awarded on
Entries submitted for May, June, and July

splendid air of this Hampshire village. I shall hope next month to show you some pictures of these babies taking their cure.

A sixpenny postal order, or the same sum in stamps, is all that is required annually from each pet who wishes to become a member of the club, and with this subscription, whenever possible, he should enclose a snap of himself for publication in this page.

An Offshoot of The SALON.

BRITANNIA & EVE'S Literary Competition Circle

This Special Circle was formed last year to enable Salon members who had become professional writers to continue to enter for contests of this type. It is also open to all members of the outside public. See page 166 for further particulars.



A Group of our "Cinderellas" at the Pantomime. Fairy Godmothers have sent over 300 of these little people to the theatre every Christmas

Maison-Nicol

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HAIR.

THE thinking woman of to-day appreciates the value of "appearance," and realizes the importance of her hair.

If a postiche is desirable, the choice of a Nicol Transformation will assure to the wearer a coiffure of absolute naturalness, refinement of style and real comfort unequalled by any other "make." For Quality, Workmanship and Design NICOL postiches are always acknowledged to be beyond comparison.

Please write for Catalogue, or a Selection of Postiches can be sent on approval.

The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15 Guineas. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Guineas. Shingled Headdress from 20 Guineas.



PERMANENT WAVING that is beautiful in its reproduction of growing naturally wavy hair is achieved by our scientifically perfect process. No electrical heaters are employed. It permits hair of the most delicate shades—even white hair—to be waved and curled without discoloration or discomfort, and leaves the texture soft and glossy. The intensity of the wave can be varied to suit individual requirements.

Please write for an appointment.

MAISON NICOL, Ltd., 170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

TWO MINUTES' WALK FROM PICCADILLY END OF BOND STREET.

TELEPHONES: REGENT 6358 & 6359

TELEGRAMS: POSTICHEUR, LONDON

When replying to advertisements, please mention "Britannia and Eve."

HOUSEKEEPING AND LABOUR SAVING SECTION

A Practical Series for Practical Women

Edited by
CATHERINE IVES

KEEPING the HOUSE of TO-DAY:

IN spite of the immense simplification of housework produced by the use of gas, electricity and other modern inventions, the town housekeeper has many problems left. The country housekeeper has more

by **CATHERINE IVES**

THE keeping of any kind of house entails certain inevitable labours, and the four principal ones—cleaning, cooking, heating and lighting—have been simplified enormously for people with gas or electricity at their disposal.

CLEANING remains, in spite of its simplification, and so does cooking, although the dirty work caused by the old-fashioned coal range is rarely thrust upon the modern cook.

It is possible to build houses to-day in which even the cleaning is reduced to a negligible minimum; and where the ingenious use of electrical and mechanical appliances and a wise choice of culinary utensils permit a considerable amount of cooking to be done with very little labour.

The corners of the rooms and the points where the walls join the ceiling and the floor may be rounded, so that there are no mouldings or corners to catch and hold the dust.

THE floors may be made of seamless composition, through which no dirt can penetrate and which can be cleaned in a few minutes. The tops of tables, chests and shelves may be finished with metal, or another composition which needs no polishing, exerts no fascination for dust, and refuses to stain.

The staircase will have no banisters, the stair carpet no rods and the fireplace no fireirons.

Every room will have its plug for the vacuum cleaner, or the polisher, if necessary. All lights may be enclosed in dust-proof containers.

The bathrooms and probably the bedrooms will have chutes down which discarded garments may be dispatched to a receptacle on the ground floor or basement to wait until they are washed. The dining room and kitchen will be connected by a silent lift if on different floors, by a well screened buttery hatch if they are adjacent.

AND, although it will be so simple in line and so easily cleaned, the whole house may be as exquisite in colouring, as satisfying in composition and as comfortable to live in as one of those fairy palaces which all good architects and decorators visit in their dreams.

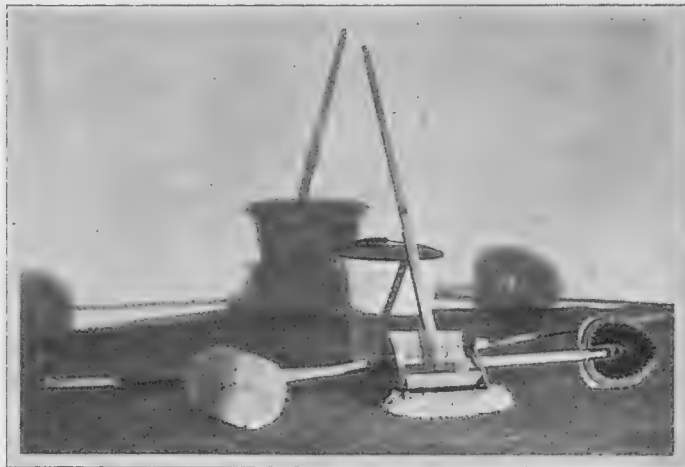
But the most expert knowledge, the most excellent taste and a considerable amount of hard cash have to be combined in order to produce a house like this.

The majority of us have to make the best of what is already built, or what our means will run to in the way of building.

This usually means that the amount of cleaning to be done is out of all proportion to the result produced; it often means, too, that the amount of fuel necessary for heating is out of all proportion to the temperature of the rooms; that the lighting is less efficient and more costly than it need be, and the kitchen arrangements entail far more labour than is essential for the preparation of food.

DRASTIC alterations are liable to cost as much as moving to a fresh house or building. It is, therefore, obvious that the only sound remedy for the housekeeper who has to make the best of a labour-making dwelling, is to ensure that her methods and her mechanical assistants are the best she can procure.

It is foolish to persist in using out-of-date tools, utensils and methods of lighting and heating if one can possibly avoid doing so, for the simple reason that it means too much work for the mistress of the house herself, or too great an expenditure on domestic help.



Lent by Selfridge's

The Turk's head broom is for walls, mouldings and cornices; the combination polish-applying brush and polishing pad saves having to stoop when polishing a floor. The self-wringing mop does the same service when a floor is washed.

Where gas or electricity are laid on, the task of modernising one's methods of house cleaning and cooking is comparatively simple.

THE woman who longs for an electric vacuum cleaner in vain may use a suction cleaner with a clever and powerful action produced by purely mechanical means.

The carpet sweeper is well known, but also worth remembering when one is assembling an army of dust repelling tools. While it does not pretend to all the powers of the suction cleaner, it is a very good everyday ally and is quiet to use.

The Turk's head broom is for mouldings and cornices that are otherwise out of reach, and there is a new hand broom which surpasses the older type because of the careful placing and easy grip of the handle.



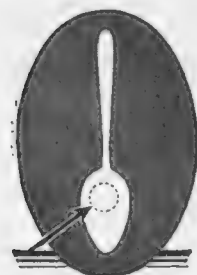
Lent by Selfridge's

The mechanical suction cleaner and the carpet sweeper are excellent assistants where there is no electric current. The small broom is the best kind for stairs because of its easily gripped handle.

COMMUNITY PLATE



Patrician Moderne Design

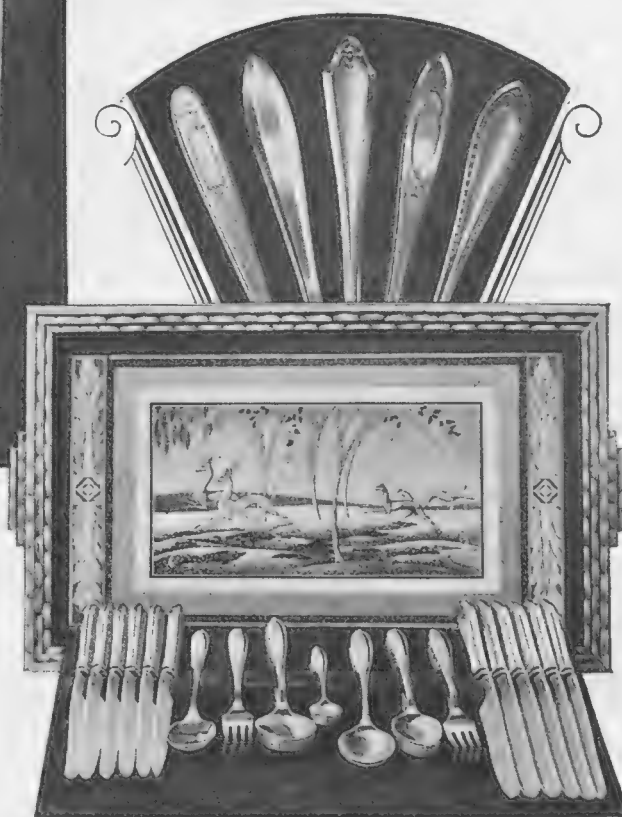


OVERLAY of PURE SILVER
at the Wearing Points

The Buffet Service Tray shown here provides for 6 persons—6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Soup Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Jam Spoon—and with Ivorine Handled Knives costs only £7:10:0

It can be had in any of the five Community designs: Grosvenor, Patrician (also shown above), Hepplewhite, Adam, and Sheraton. Whether in canteen or 3/6 gift set all Community is reinforced with pure silver at wearing parts and trade marked COMMUNITY PLATE.

BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.
SHEFFIELD AND LONDON



YOUTH weds—and old and young pay tribute in gifts rare, beautiful, useful.

First among gifts that will lend distinction and grace through the years is Community Plate. It gives a lifetime of service—*Guaranteed for Fifty Years.*

The classic beauty of the Period Designs and the superb quality of the silverware itself star Community as first choice on any occasion for gifts or presentation. And—present prices represent value incomparable.

Ask your Silversmith

OILING the HOUSEHOLD Wheels

TIME-TABLES of the work to be done and lists of all the things the house contains are among the most useful assistants the busy housekeeper can have

IT makes no difference whether a household is large or small, whether the domestic staff consists of one maid, several people of both sexes, or none at all: the fact remains that certain methods of housekeeping help the wheels to go round smoothly, and that the absence of these almost invariably makes for rough going.



The woman who tackles all the duties of housekeeping with no great natural ability, no method, and an indifferent memory, has every reason for feeling distraught most of the time

The most important of these, so far as I have been able to discover, consist of carefully thought-out lists of the work that has to be done; and accurate lists of what the house contains.

Inventories of household goods have been considered necessary for centuries by most people with any possessions worth counting.



A list of the contents of a cupboard may be hung on the inside of the door for easy comparison with the articles it deals with

They are just as necessary to-day, if not more so, and even when one's possessions are neither extensive nor particularly valuable.

They are useful from the point of view of household budgeting, by providing a basis for judging the yearly sum necessary for repairs and replacements. They are useful from the point of view of checking breakages by maids or members of the family; and if professionally made and kept at the bank or in a solicitor's office, they are invaluable in cases of burglary and fire.

The reason why lists, or rather time-tables of work do so much towards easing the duties of the housekeeper is not difficult to discover.

Take the case of the woman who does her own work and perhaps employs a charlady at intervals. On most days of the week she will have to do all the housework, all the cooking, and any shopping that is necessary.

If she takes enough time on one day of the week to plan out all the meals for the next seven days and make notes of any

special things that need seeing to, she will have gone a very long way towards saving herself time and worry.

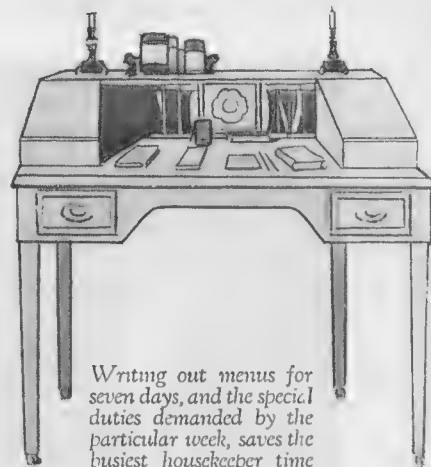
If, besides these weekly lists, she has a permanent list of the daily routine of housework, with notes of the special work necessary for special days, she will have gone further.

It is very easy to prove the usefulness of these work lists or schedules, especially so if one has not been in the habit of using them and is not one of the very few "born" housekeepers. All one has to do is to keep house for one week without a definite plan and for the next week with, and notice the difference in one's general state of mind and the amount of spare time at one's disposal.

Few of us are blessed with superb memories, and though many of us can remember the things we are really interested in with ease, it is a different story when it comes to the things which have to be done, but the doing of which excites us not at all.

Some of the work of a house is creative, like cooking, and therefore interesting to those who will take pains. But a great deal of housework is admittedly mechanical and monotonous. Worse—it has to be done all over again almost as soon as it is finished.

By drawing up a list of the daily duties for special days, and trying to follow it as closely as possible, one knows at any given moment what has and has not been done—what special work belongs to that particular day and what to the next



Writing out menus for seven days, and the special duties demanded by the particular week, saves the busiest housekeeper time and worry

A very short period spent in working to a table of this sort enables one to gather a fairly clear idea of how long the different processes take to perform—how long to sweep or vacuum clean a sitting-room or a bedroom, and how long to dust either or both—how much extra time to allow on days when the upholstered furniture is to be vacuum-cleaned, and how much when the floor is to be polished.

This means that the arrival of a sudden and tempting invitation, or one of those days when you feel that out-of-doors is the only bearable place, need not leave you feeling guilty if you decide to go, or resentful if you don't. You consult your list, decide whether what remains to be done can be fitted in on other days and when, make quick notes in order to save the bother of remembering, and

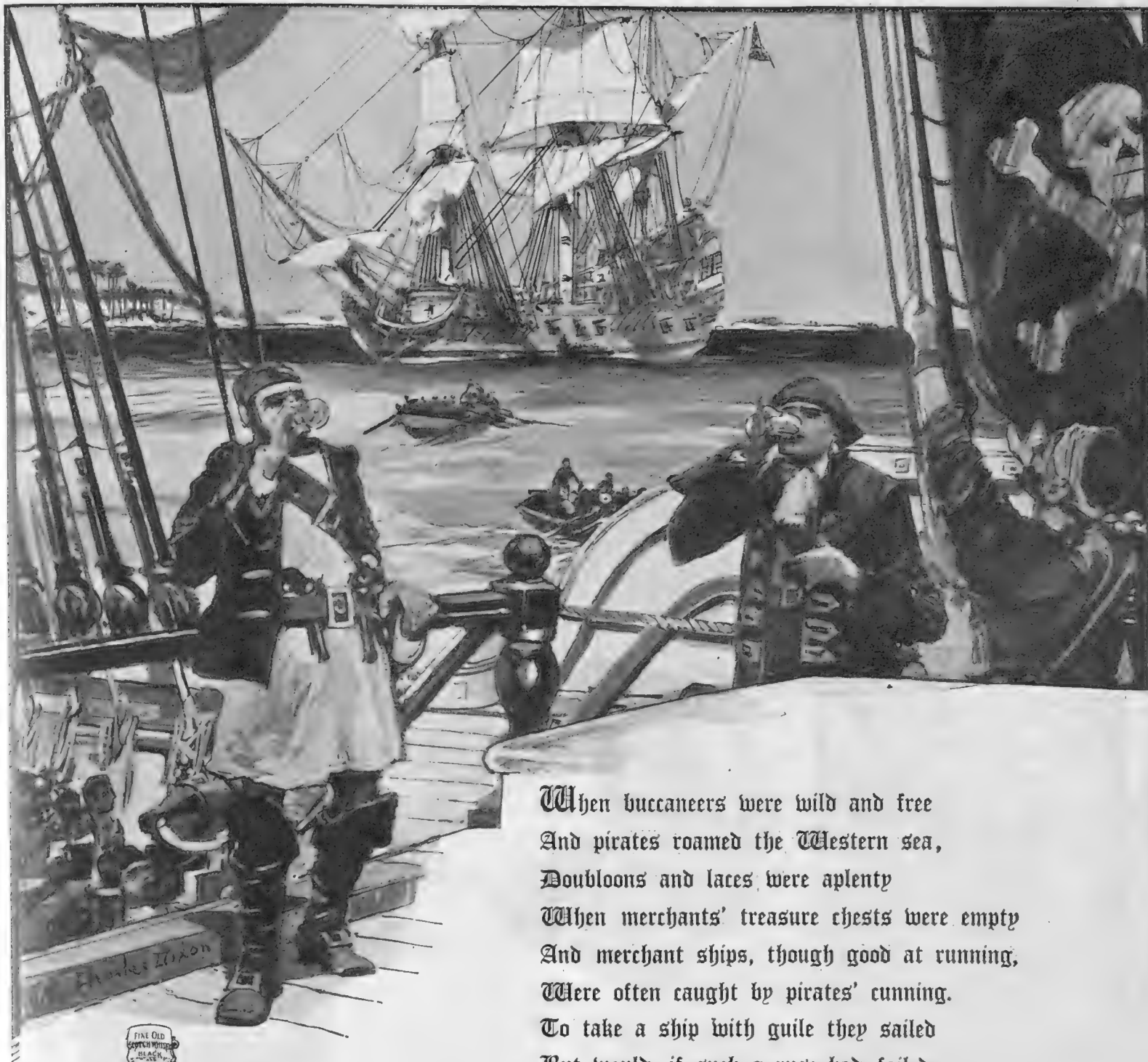
enjoy fresh air or fresh surroundings with a quiet mind and considerable benefit.

These time-tables of work are just as useful with maids, only in this case the mistress of the house should always keep duplicate lists in her writing desk, for every maid likes to know exactly what she is supposed to do.

There are occasions in every household, however, when one has to ask extra service of one or more of the maids, and at such times it is only too easy to be unjust when one notices that some detail has obviously been neglected. The maid very often resents comment on the omission, but does not explain why she had not time, and her employer remains convinced that the neglect was deliberate. A glance at the work list would have explained the whole matter and suggested where the omission could be fitted in on another day.



The wife who makes work-tables and inventories, and has a time and place for all the household labours and possessions, relieves her mind of unnecessary burdens and remains leisurely serene



When buccaneers were wild and free
 And pirates roamed the Western sea,
 Doubloons and laces were aplenty
 When merchants' treasure chests were empty
 And merchant ships, though good at running,
 Were often caught by pirates' cunning.
 To take a ship with guile they sailed
 But would, if such a ruse had failed,
 Run 'Jolly Roger' into sight
 And pledge themselves in Black and White.



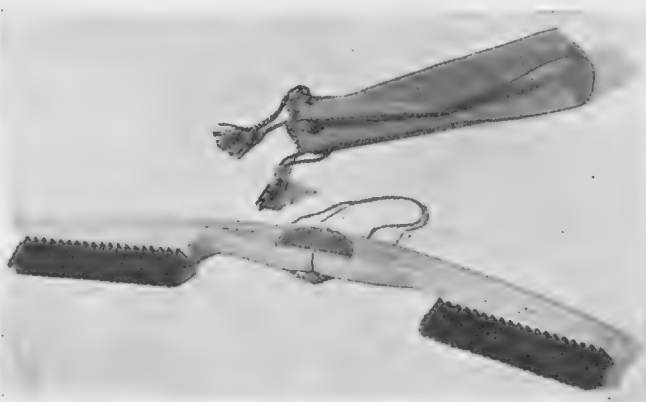
BUCHANAN'S
 “**BLACK & WHITE**”
SCOTCH WHISKY

WINDOW SHOPPING

Left: This magazine and newspaper rack takes up a negligible amount of space, and holds a considerable number of papers and magazines. The original of the photograph has a burnt orange background and amusing decorations in reds and greens; but it can be copied in any desired colour. The height is 3 ft. 7 ins.; width, 1 ft. 3 ins. Price £3 - 10 - 0



Below: A barrel for golf clubs, sticks, and umbrellas. The prevailing tone is green, with black bands. The huntsmen, etc., are in natural colours. Height 2 ft., diameter, 13 ins. Price £3 - 3 - 0

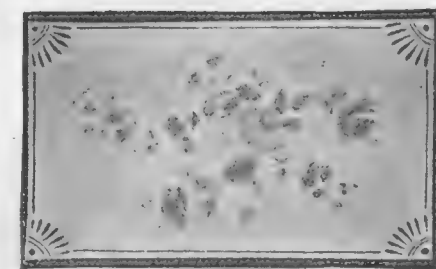


Above: A folding clothes brush, which is at the same time a folding coathanger, is an exceedingly useful article for the hall at home, and for the trunk or suitcase abroad. It has a leather case in which it may live when not performing either of its duties. Price 12/6 for the brush hanger, and 5/6 for the case.



Above: A scent bottle with a safe gilt stopper and a separate spray, which is quickly attached. The leather case which contains them measures 7 ins. by 6 ins. by 3 ins. Price complete, 42/6.

Right: Another modern lamp has a rectangular base of painted tin with a yellow ground, and floral decorations in rose, green, and blue. The ground of the shade is also yellow. The base is 6 ins. high, the shade 5 ins. high and 8 ins. broad. Price 45/-



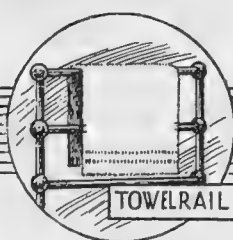
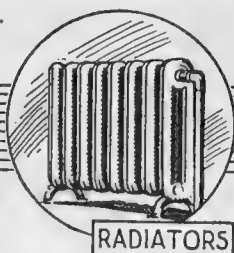
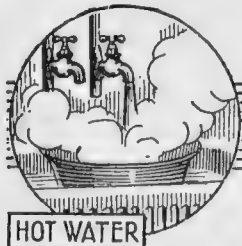
Photographs by E. J. Mason.



Above: A very smart bag in black antelope and silver metal, with an ingenious fastening, costs £3 - 13 - 6. The modern black and silver ring for the little finger, £3 - 13 - 6; and the necklet of glass beads, in blue and other colours, which fastens by means of a tiny bead circle, costs £1 - 1 - 6.



This hat box may be packed in a trunk or suitcase when folded, and its measurements then will be 1½ ins. by 14 ins. by 7 ins. In two shades of brown, in red, blue, and other colours; it is light to carry, and costs £3 - 3 - 0.



All for 6d. per day of 24 hours

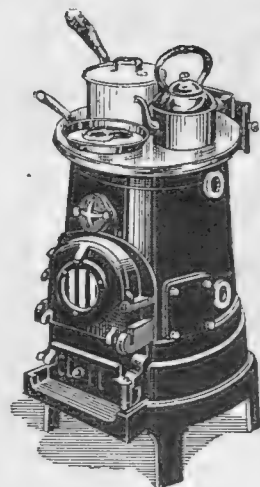
Those who have installed a "Glow-Worm" Boiler have found that it has made a world of difference to the comfort and convenience of their household and at the same time effected quite a considerable saving in their fuel bills. For not only is the "Glow-Worm" particularly efficient as a raiser of Hot Water, it is also amazingly economical on fuel.

THE GLOW-WORM

The "Glow-Worm" Boiler heats the kitchen and provides Hot Water sufficient to supply a bath every 15 minutes, four taps, towel rail, and if required, one or two radiators. It has

also a large and really effective Hot Plate which permits of boiling, frying, simmering, etc. Yet the fuel cost is rarely more than 6d. per day of 24 hours.

YOU ARE INVITED TO WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE.



Prices of "Glow-Worm" Boilers range from £6-10-0

ANTHRACITE RADIATION Ltd.

(Incorporating London Warming Co., Ltd., and Glow-Worm Boiler & Fire Co., Ltd.)

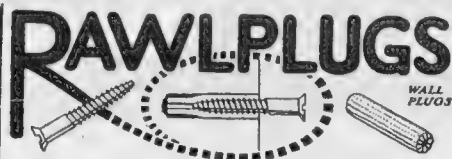
(Dept. E.17) **5 Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1**



NOT a tile chipped, not a crack in the wall—every fixture neat, firm, clean and workmanlike. You don't need to be an expert to put up fixtures that will stay fixed and be a credit to your home. Just get the handy Rawlplug Outfit and follow the simple directions. From Ironmongers, Electricians or Stores.

Rawlplug Guaranteed Products include four complete lines of Bathroom Fittings, Durofix (the water and heat-proof adhesive), Liquid Porcelain, Plastic Wood, etc.

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OUTFIT
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HOUSEHOLD
OUTFIT
3/6



HANDYMAN'S
OUTFIT
5/6

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A53

PLEASURE CRUISES



R.M.S. HILDEBRAND

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LIVERPOOL

May 14th, July 16th, September 17th and November 15th

SEE THE EQUATORIAL FOREST FROM A DECK-CHAIR

FARE FOR THE SIX WEEKS' ROUND CRUISE—

from £90 to £120

Including all the organised Shore Excursions.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK "E" TO AMAZON DEPARTMENT

BOOTH LINE

11 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, LONDON, W.C.2, and Cunard Building, LIVERPOOL.

When replying to advertisements, please mention "Britannia and Eve."

The POWER of the PAINT POT

A PAINT pot is invaluable, both when one wants to create a pleasant room at but a small cost, or to alter an offending piece of furniture into something more agreeable to the eye

SUCH a number of household objects can be transformed quite easily from dingy or aggressive eyesores into outstandingly agreeable possessions; and this even without considering the walls and ceilings, floors or doors.

Tables and chairs with good lines but a bad surface and indifferent colour, bedsteads to which the same remark may be applied;

in imitation of some happily unknown wood. The small table had been ill-treated in the same way and the washstand was covered with layer upon layer of white paint.

A scraper, copious baths of strong soda water and some sandpaper reduced them all to the condition necessary before beginning alterations.

The large wooden knobs on the drawers were removed, and the three pieces were painted the same deep rich blue as one of the stripes in the curtains.

THE chest of drawers and washstand had their large wooden knobs replaced by small glass ones; the chairs were washed repeatedly with very strong soda water until the natural colour reappeared and toned with the beds and cupboard.

This particular room is merely an example of what is possible when one wants to create a pleasant room at a small cost. It is obvious that the paint pot is just as

properly on a rough, blistered or-cracked surface.

It is therefore essential to see that whatever one intends to paint is perfectly clean and perfectly smooth before one dreams of applying the first coat of colour.

A THOROUGH scrubbing with plenty of soda dissolved in hot water followed by a thorough rinsing with clean cold water is often all that is needed. But if one is painting direct on to new wood one must first give it a coat of flat white paint which contains enough red lead to turn it pale pink. This is known as "priming" the wood, and helps the succeeding coats of paint to dry properly.

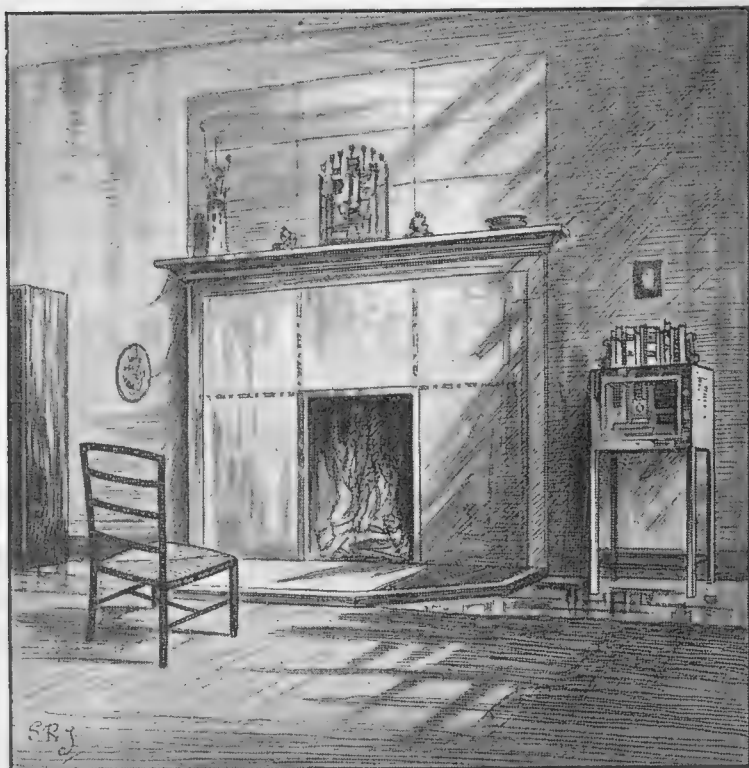
If one is painting on to enamel a first coat of flat paint will be necessary before applying the oil paint.

IF a delicate shade is desired and the existing paint is in a strong colour the best way to "kill" the existing colour is to give it one coat of yellow paint. Failure to do this usually results in considerable chagrin for the painter, because the original colour persists in coming through.

In order to obtain a really fine surface it is necessary, as each coat becomes dry, to rub it down with a piece of damp felt dipped in pumice powder, or with the very finest grade of glass paper.

Paint takes some days to dry, especially during bad weather, and the paint brushes need to be properly cared for meantime. Most amateurs leave their brushes in turpentine. This undoubtedly cleans the brushes, but causes the paint to run along the handle and up the hand and arm of the painter next time it is used.

The professional painter wipes off as much paint as possible with paper and leaves the brushes in a jar of water three quarters of the way up the hairs. He then rinses the brushes in turpentine, washes them in soap and water and hangs them up to dry.



A child's low chair can be a very pleasant fireside companion—especially if it is painted in lacquer red or peacock green, and matched perhaps by one other piece of furniture in the room

chests of drawers and wardrobes, dressing tables and bookshelves, overmantels and screens, vases, lamps and tiles are among the most notable examples of things which live in every household and would often be vastly improved by a new complexion.

valuable when one wants to turn an offending room or piece of furniture into something more agreeable to the eye.

I ONCE had occasion to furnish an extra guest-room at a fortnight's notice and with no spare cash.

It had agreeable window curtains with narrow lines of deep blue, green and wine on a beige ground. It had a beige and blue matting on the floor, two beds of unstained oak with bedspreads to match the curtains, and a small oak hanging cupboard. No chest of drawers, no dressing table, no washstand and no chairs.

A country sale at a most unpromising little house produced a chest of drawers for fifty shillings; a washstand for fifteen, a small table for about the same price, two rush seated chairs and a small wicker arm-chair that did not creak so much as some I have met.

THE chest of drawers had enormous wooden knobs and sickly yellow graining

BUT to write cheerfully about what can be done with paint is one thing—

To take the paint brush into a hand already weary with the preliminary washing or sandpapering is quite another; and the inexperienced painter should be warned about several details of the work before beginning to do it.

The first of these is the absolute necessity for proper preparation.

Paint never dries properly on a greasy surface. It never lies



Very simple table and chairs can be painted to agree with curtains and chair cover. The curtains are green and beige, with a little black. The table and chair in a deeper green of same tone—beige and black

*The
Products
of
Shetland*



Model No. 196

3-piece Shetland
Hand Knitted
Suit in Fawn,
Grey, Moorit or
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Complete
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A splendid selection of real Shetland Wear suitable for all occasions. Three-piece Suits, hand embroidered in varied colours and designs—attractive Jumpers, Cardigans and Skirts, as well as a choice selection of Shetland and Scotch Tweeds, sold by the yard, or made to special requirements.

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List - - to-day!*



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**32 PAGE DOG
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Send a postcard to-day for your copy of a fully illustrated dog magazine full of dog stories, absorbing articles, poems, dog lore—to:
SPRATT'S PATENT LTD.

24/5 Fenchurch St.,
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Spratt's cater for the British love of dogs so thoroughly—so exhaustively—that wherever British dogs are kept Spratt's is a household word.

A perfect balance of meat and wheat, baked to just that correct degree of crispness in the largest factory of its kind in the world—is the sound basis of all Spratt's meaty biscuits and nourishing meals. They form a staple food—better than any other food you can buy, or any feeding system you can devise. Feed Spratt's from to-day. Your dog deserves it! Your own dealer will show you the Spratt's Food made specially to meet his exact feeding requirements.

And if there is anything you wish to know about dogs in general or your dog in particular—then

Look for the
name and trade
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**SPRATT'S
DOG BISCUIT**

it pays to drop a line to
SPRATT'S

**THE WOMAN
WHO KNEW
WHAT
MACNAB'S
COULD DO**



**FREE
THIS BOOK**

had no need to envy the tempting new modes of the moment. Her Hat, as modish as any, her clothes full of charm of exquisite freshness made a picture of good taste and style. Her for the tout ensemble a 'trifle light as air.' Macnab's perfected processes of Cleaning, Dyeing and re-modelling assures the distinction and style associated with New apparel.

Old Hats re-modelled from	- 2/9
Dyed	- 3/6
Coats Cleaned	- 7/6
Dyed	- 10/6
Hand Bag Dyed to match	- 1/6

"Her House in Order" for every woman who loves her home and seeks to make it perfect. Contents includes: Birth-month Character studies; Gives Lucky Colours and Gem Stones... makes most fascinating reading. Write to Macnab's for Your Copy.



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SLATEFORD DYE WORKS
EDINBURGH

**Don't envy other men's
Hair—use ANZORA yourself!**



When a man's hair is smart and lustrous looking—and it remains so—he uses ANZORA. Only ANZORA can so thoroughly master the hair.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores.

ANZORA
Masters the Hair!

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

MADAM,

Did you Know . . . ?

Practical Paragraphs for Home Consumption



THE "LEEDS" DESIGN

This lovely "Leeds" Service will delight you with its unusual beauty. So subtly blended are the colours of Chinese blue old gold and pale primrose, so artistic the design that we know you will appreciate the exquisite charm of this attractive tea-set. A coloured illustration of this pattern and a brochure containing other beautiful designs will be sent free on request, along with name of the nearest retailer.

Grosvenor
Old English
Tea Sets

JACKSON & GOSLING
Grosvenor Porcelain Works,
Ltd. LONGTON, STAFFS.

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THAT there is a new and very practical lemon squeezer? It is made with a lower portion to prevent wasting the fruit juice, which is frequently difficult to avoid when using the ordinary kind.

THAT if you heat a lemon before squeezing it you will be able to extract very much more juice. That lemon juice

with olive oil instead of water or methylated spirit, to rub this well on to the spots, leave for two or three hours, wash well in hot soapy water and polish in the usual way?

THAT when the consumption of candles is more than it should be, as still happens very often in the country, the following method will effect a considerable saving?

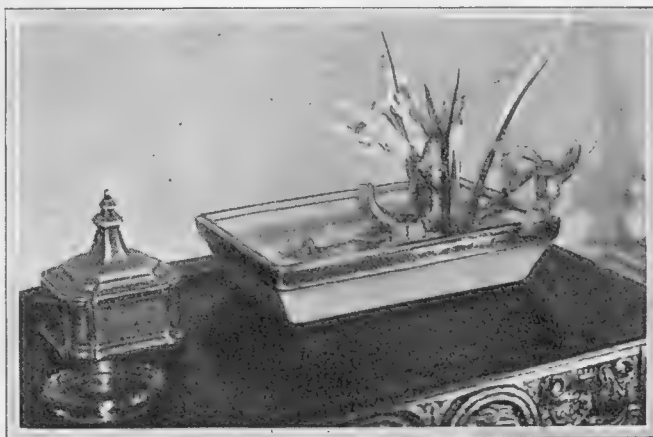
Find a cork which approximately fits the candlestick (you can cut a wedged shaped piece out of it if it is too large) and roll it with a rolling pin, or under the feet, to make it more pliable.

Drive a nail through the cork so that the end projects for about three-quarters of an inch.

Place the cork in the candlestick, nail head downwards, heat the candle and press it on to the nail.

This allows the candle to burn to the very end.

Avoid this method with wooden or china candlesticks.



E. J. Mason

A very few flowers go a very long way if arranged in bent slips of lead or pebbles in a shallow dish filled with water

mixed with olive oil is an excellent substitute for cold cream and particularly good for whitening the arms and keeping them smooth.

THAT a very few flowers will go a very long way if they are arranged to stand in a shallow dish filled with water? Clean pebbles, or bent strips of lead are two of the best ways of making the flowers and leaves stand up.

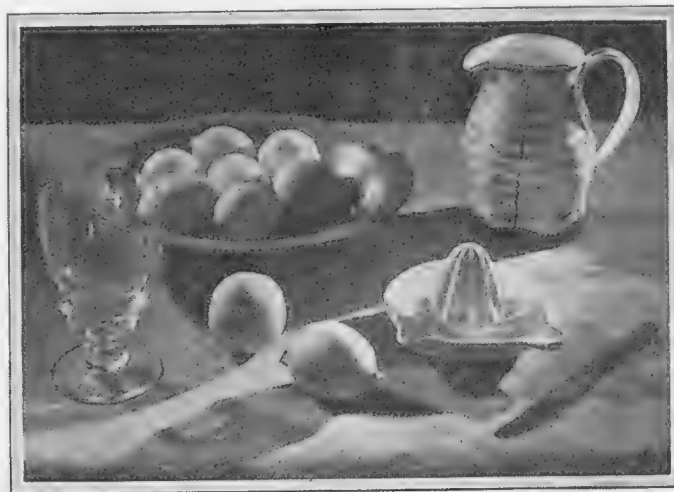
THAT May is the month in which to collect Sweet Woodruff and dry it for the purpose of scenting the linen cupboard? Sweet Woodruff has hardly any scent when fresh, but when it dries it smells like new mown hay and lasts for a very long time.

THAT if you want to mend a tear in a dress or a suit without using a needle you may place the torn part flat on a table wrong side up, cut out a piece of the same fabric or a fine firm linen a little longer than the tear, brush a corresponding area of the material surrounding the tear with raw white of egg, place the piece of fabric or linen on top, and press well with a hot iron? If this is done before the edges have time to fray the mend will be invisible and will last well.

THAT to remove black spots from silver it is only necessary to mix plate powder

THAT the reason why new blankets should always be soaked for some hours in cold water with about two handfuls of salt is because immersing them in hot water straight away makes them turn a bad colour?

THAT there is an extremely good way of removing stains on mahogany which will not yield to vinegar and warm water; only that it is very necess-



E. J. Mason

A new and practical lemon squeezer is made with a lower portion which catches all the juice and so prevents wastage and table stains

ary to use it with considerable care?

Scatter a little salt on the stain. Have one cloth ready with furniture polish on it. Dip cloth into methylated spirit, rub the salt-covered stains and follow on with an immediate application of the furniture polish. Rub the polish in well.

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INTEREST IS PAID half-yearly — Jan. 1st and July 1st — by this Society to Investors who take up its Shares. Accounts may be opened with any sum from 1/- to within £5,000.

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THE ASSETS OF THE SOCIETY are over £5,915,000 and the Reserves exceed £294,000.

THUS ALL INVESTMENTS are ABSOLUTELY SECURE.

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Payments can be made through any Branch of the Midland, Barclays or Lloyds Banks.

C. JOHNSTON BURT, F.C.I.S., F.L.A.A., Manager.

THAT although it is not very easy to wash glazed chintz at home, it is possible to produce a good result in the following way?

Boil two pounds of rice in three gallons of water until soft.

Let it cool, put the chintz in when the water is tepid, and use the rice like soap.

When it is nearly clean strain off the rice, but reserve the water.

Wash the chintz again in the water, soak it in well salted water for some time; to fix the colours, and rinse thoroughly under running water.

It must not be ironed until it is perfectly dry, and a polishing iron is necessary to give the proper glazed surface.

THAT an easy way of saving good soap is to keep a small flannel bag in the bathroom and put the ends of the tablets in this? When it is full the bag may be sewn up and used to wash with until all the soap is finished.

THAT rubbing the hands with salt or vinegar will take away the objectionable spongy feeling of the skin after doing laundry work?

THAT whenever you proceed to paint anything in the house—a chair or a table, a wall or a door—you should use as little paint as possible?

The professional painter knows this well, but the average amateur tends to be too generous, with the result that the paint runs, and produces a tear-drop effect which even stippling cannot eliminate. It also stops the paint from drying properly.

THAT when the drawers of a writing table or chest of drawers refuse to run easily there are several ways of making them amenable?

Some people rub a cake of soap along their edges, sides and base. Others prefer candle-wax. "Ronuk," or a similar waxy polish, is excellent for the purpose, and graphite is yet another medium.

THAT the best cleansing agent for leather furniture is linseed oil, because it feeds the leather at the same time?

The surface of the leather must be completely free from dust before the oil is applied. If it has become at all sticky it may be washed with warm water in which a very little soda has been dissolved, and thoroughly dried. The oil should be put on sparingly, with soft clean cloths, and well rubbed in.

THAT steel is much more easily cleaned and polished if it is given a preliminary coating of onion juice mixed with three times its quantity of vinegar and left on for half an hour?

THAT there is more than one way of protecting blankets, woollens and furs from moths?

It is always essential to put them away in a state of perfect cleanliness, and each of the following methods makes them unattractive to the destructive insects.

1. New unbleached calico may be wrapped entirely round them.
2. Several thicknesses of newspaper may be used in the same way.
3. Epsom salts may be sprinkled freely among the folds of the garments; and muslin bags filled with an aromatic mixture are useful for keeping among the things one does not want to put right away for the whole summer yet cannot spare the time to examine very frequently.

"The most successful woman I know"

in the art of remaining slim and young eats to satisfaction, drinks plenty of water, and has plenty of exercise in the open air."

News has been received

London Evening News,
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No need to Starve! No need to "Bant"!

"RYVITA CRISPBREAD"

—makes you fit and keeps you slim

THE wonderful daily bread of Sweden. Helps to make indigestion, constipation, malnutrition, and obesity unknown. Eaten and recommended by eminent doctors, dentists, and food experts:

Genuine Ryvita Crispbread is sold by all good grocers and stores at 1/6 per 40/50 slice (1-lb.) cartons; also in ½-lb. cartons, 10d.

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RYVITA CO., 489 RYVITA HOUSE, 96 SOUTHWARK ST.,
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PLEASE SEND SAMPLE AND RYVITA BOOK FREE TO

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Write very plainly

ADDRESS.....

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DRY IMPERIAL

VINTAGE 1919



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY.

Messrs. Moët & Chandon are the owners of the largest acreage of vineyards in the Champagne District and are the biggest distributors of that Wine in the World. They export to this Country a greater quantity of Champagne than any other house.

The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

When replying to advertisements, please mention "Britannia and Eve."

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or PARAFFIN**

**Makes
All the ICE
you need**

The Electrolux is the highest quality refrigerator in the world.

It is the *only* refrigerator which produces *continuous* cold without the aid of mechanical moving parts.

It is silent in operation—being motorless.

Having no moving parts there is nothing to wear out or go wrong.

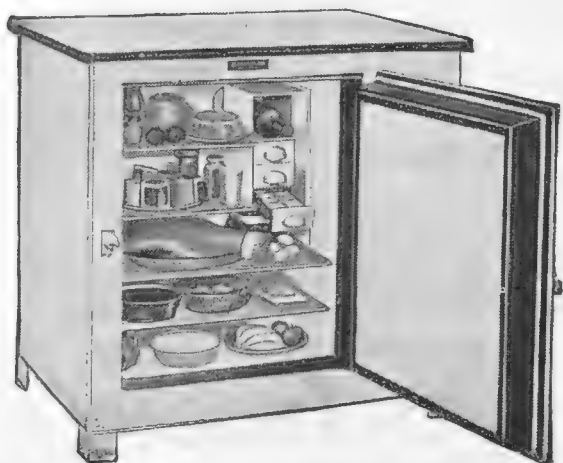
It is simple in use. A turn of the lever gives perfect refrigeration.

It safeguards health by keeping food fresh. It eliminates all waste.

Neither illustration nor words can adequately convey to you the merits of the Electrolux Refrigerator

You must see it demonstrated

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Leading Firms throughout Great Britain who sell and recommend Electrolux are given on the page opposite

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S.W.16. South Met. Gas Co., 372, Streatham High Road.

S.W.17. South Met. Gas Co., 176, Balham High Road.
S.W.17. Philip Bros., 35, Upper Tooting Rd.

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N.3. North Middlesex Gas Co., Finchley.
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N.11. Southgate & Dist. Gas Co., Station Rd.

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N.W.5. Daniels, Ltd., 207, Kentish Town Road.

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E.18. Liddle & Sons, 41, High Road, South Woodford.

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BIRKENHEAD.—Corp. Elect. Dept.; Bernard, Ltd., Hamilton St.

BIRMINGHAM.—Corp. Elect. Dept.; Parker, Winder & Achurch; Corp. Gas Dept.

BLACKBURN.—Corp. Elect. Dept.
BLACKPOOL.—Corp. Gas Dept.

BOLTON.—Corp. Gas Dept.; Rothwell, St. George Rd.
BOSTON.—Elect. Supply Co., Dolphin Lane.

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BRADFORD.—Corp. Gas Dept., Showrooms, 21 & 23, Barley St.; Taylor & Parsons, Bond St.; Henry Wilson (Bradford), Ltd., Midland Bldg., Forster Square.

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BRIGHTON.—Corp. Elect. Dept.
BROADSTAIRS.—Bridlington Gas Co.; High St.

BROCKENHURST.—F. J. J. Ironmonger.
BROMLEY.—G. Weeks & Sons.
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BURSLEM.—A. Bew, Liverpool Rd.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Corp. Gas Dept.
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CAMBERLEY.—E. V. Lomas-Smith.

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CANTERBURY.—S. Terry, St. Dunstan's Rd.
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CARLISLE.—Corp. Elect. Dept.; Corp. Gas Dept.
CHELMSFORD.—Chelmsford Gas Co.
CHELTENHAM.—Gas Light & Coke Co.

CHESTER.—United Gas Co.
CHESTERFIELD.—Chesterfield Gas Co.
CHICHESTER.—City of Chichester Gas Co.; T. L. Lummus, South St.

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EDINBURGH.—Scott & McIntock, Fountainbridge; Savers, Shandfield Place; John Kelly & Son, Rose St.; Jenners; James Gray & Son, George St.

ENFIELD.—North Met. Elect. Co.
EPSOM.—Wandsworth, Wimbledon & Epsom Gas Co.

EXETER.—Exeter Gas Light & Coke Co.
EXMOUTH.—Exmouth Gas Co.
FALKIRK.—Thomas Laurie & Co.

FELIXSTOWE.—Gas Light Co.
FOLKESTONE.—Folkestone Gas Co.; Franks & Son, Sandgate Rd.; Gilbert & Co., Guildhall St.

FRAMLINGHAM.—Charles Garrard, Ltd.
FRINTON-ON-SEA.—Radcliffe Bros.
GLASGOW.—Corp. Elect. Dept.; Wm. Kemp & Co., Ltd., Buchanan St.; Arch Low & Sons, 112, Hope St.; Wylie & Lochhead, Ltd., Buchanan St.; P. & R. Fleming, Ltd., Argyle St.; Clyde Valley Elect. Co.; Caterers' Appliances, Ltd., Carlton Court.

GLOUCESTER.—Sessions & Son.
GORLESTON.—Gorleston & Southtown Gas Co.
GOSPORT.—Gosport Gas Co.

GR. YARMOUTH.—Gr. Yarmouth Gas Co.; Bowers & Barr, Ltd., Regent St.
GREENOCK.—Kinnaird & Co., Cathcart Street; Corp. Gas Dept.

GRIMSBY.—Matt. Jennison, Ltd., Osborne St.
GRINSTEAD (East).—A. C. Bridgeland, London E.C.1.

GUERNSEY.—L'Anglais & Co., Bodge St.
GUILDFORD.—Elect. Installations, Ltd.; Bowden & Higlett, Onslow St.

HALESOWEN.—Halesowen Gas Co.
HALIFAX.—Hamer & Co., Carlton Works.
HAMILTON.—Burgin Electricity Dept.

HARROGATE.—Palshaw, Ltd., Albert St.; Harrogate Gas Co.

HARTLEPOOL.—Hartlepool Gas & Water Co.
HARTLEPOOL (Wear).—Phillips, Ltd., Church Street.

HAWKICK.—Hawick Gas Co.
HELENSBURGH.—T. G. Allen, W. Clyde St.
HEANE BAY.—C. H. H. Kenworthy, Charlesworth House, High St.

HERTFORD.—Hertford & District Gas Co.
HEYWOOD.—Corp. Gas Dept.
HINCKLEY.—Clarence Goode, Castle St.

HUDDESFIELD.—Corp. Gas Dept.
HULL.—British Gas Light Co.; Clark & Graham, Prospect St.

HYTHE (Kent).—F. S. Longly & Sons.
ILFRACOMBE.—Ilfracombe Gas Co.
IPSWICH.—Warner & Sons.

KETERING.—Kettering Gas Co.
KIDDERMINSTER.—Kidderminster Gas Co.
KINGSBRIDGE.—A. Skidston.

KIRKCALDY.—Corp. Gas Dept.; Martins, Ltd.
KIRKINTILLOCH.—Corp. Gas Dept.
LANCASTER.—Calvert & Heald, Market St.

LANGLEY MILL.—Langley Mill & Heanor Gas Co.
LARGS.—Bradley, Crawford St.
LAUNCESTON.—Launceston Gas Co.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Midland Elect. Light & Power Co.
LEEDS.—Ellie, Albion St.; United Yeast Co., York St.

LEICESTER.—Webb & Sons, Cank St.; City of Leicester Gas Dept.
LEIGH.—Corp. Elect. Dept.; Corp. Gas Dept.

LEYLAND.—Leyland Gas Co.
LINCOLN.—G. Henry Lee & Co., Barnett St.
LINCOLN.—Corp. Elect. Dept.

LINDSEY.—Schöfield, Acre St.
LISKEARD.—Gas & Elect. Dept.
LITTLEBOROUGH.—Littleborough Gas Co.

LIVERPOOL.—Corp. Elect. Dept.; Liverpool Gas Co.; G. Henry Lee & Co., Barnett St.
LANUDUNO.—Conway, Mostyn St.

LONGTON.—Potts, Commerce St.
LONG EATON.—Long Eaton Gas Co.
LOOE.—Elect. Supply Co.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—Fisher, Sparrow Hill.
LOUGHBOROUGH.—Marden & Co.
LOWESTOFT.—Fryce & Co., Suffolk Rd.

LUTON.—Shoolbred & Connell, Langley St.
LYME REGIS.—Deven Gas Assoc.
MAIDENHEAD.—Maidenhead Radio Co., 40, Queen St.

MAIDSTONE.—Maidstone Gas Co.; Haynes Bros., King's St.
MALTON.—Yates, Saville St.

MALVERN.—Hall Bros., Church St.
MANCHESTER.—R. O'Brien & Co., 66, Mosley St.; Radcliffe & Little Lever Joint Gas Board.

MANSFIELD.—Mansfield & Co.
MARGATE.—Elliot & Co., Ltd., Northdown Rd.
MARKET HARBOUROUGH.—Eaton & Co.

METHIL.—Moncrieff Bros., McDonald St.
MIDDLEHAM.—W. C. Sykes, Elect. Power Stn.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Jones & Co., Norton St.; Baker Bros., Corporation Rd.

MINEHEAD.—Minehead Elect. Supply Co.; Minehead Gas Light & Coke Co.
MORECAMBE.—Borough Elect. Dept.; Corp. Gas Dept.

MOTHERWELL.—Motherwell & Wishaw Elect. Dept.
NELSON.—Carter & Co., Ltd., Manchester Rd.
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NEWBURY.—Edwards & Godding.
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NORWICH.—Garland & Sons, London St.
NOTTINGHAM.—Lewis & Grundy, Pelham St.
NUNEATON.—George Cross, Newgate St.

OLDHAM.—Corp. Gas Dept.
OSWESTRY.—Oswestry Gas Light & Coke Co.
OTLEY.—Annisson Bull.

OXFORD.—Oxford Gas Light & Coke Co.; Pearson & Co., George St.
PAISLEY.—Kennedy Stark & Co., High St.

PENANCE.—J. H. Rowe, Market Jew St.
PERTH.—Garvie & Syme; Corp. Gas Dept.
PETERBOROUGH.—Hayward & Towell, North Street.

PLYMOUTH.—Collman & Southwood, Tavistock Rd.; Express Radio & Elect. Co.; Borough of Plymouth Gas Dept.; Plymouth & Stonehouse Gas Light & Coke Co.; Pophams, Bedford St.; Ashfold & Co., Windsor Lane.

PORTSMOUTH.—Portsmouth Gas Co.
PRESCOT.—Prescot Gas Co.
PRESTATYN.—Council Gas Dept.

PRESTWICK.—Jas. Kilpatrick & Son, 63A, Main St.
RADCLIFFE.—Turner & Booth, Church St.

READING.—Callas Sons & May, Oxford St.; British Casings Co., Caversham Rd.

REDDITCH.—Redditch Gas Co.
REDHILL.—East Surrey Gas Co., The Pavement, Brighton Rd.

REGGATE.—Radio & Elect. Co., Broadway; East Surrey Gas Co.
RHYL.—Rhyll U.D.C. Gas Dept.

RICHMOND (Surrey).—Richmond Elect. Co., Quadrant.

RIPON.—City of Ripon Gas Dept.
ROCHDALE.—Rochdale Gas Dept.; Adamson, Yorkshire St.

ROCHESTER.—Joseph Collis, High St.
ROMFORD.—Romford Gas & Coke Co., Ltd.
ROSSENDALE.—Rossendale Union Gas Co.

ROTHERHAM.—Rotherham Elect. Dept.
ROTHERHAM.—Rotherham Corp. Gas Dept.
ROYSTON.—Royston Gas Co.

RUABON.—Rhos Gas Co., Ltd.
RUNCORN.—The Mersey Power Co., Ltd.
RUSHDEN.—Rushden & Higham Ferrers Dist. Gas Co.

RYDE (D.O.W.).—Ryde Gas Light Co.
ST. ANDREW'S.—St. Andrew's Gas Co.
ST. ANNE'S (Lancs.).—Corp. Elect. Dept.

ST. AUUSTELL.—St. Austell Gas Co.; G. Hawke & Son.
ST. HELIER (Jersey).—Harper, High St.

SALFORD.—Salford Corp. Elect. Dept.
SALISBURY.—Salisbury Gas Co.; Woodrow & Co., Ltd., Castle St.

SANDOWN.—Sandown Gas & Coke Co., Ltd.
SCARBOROUGH.—Scarborough Gas Co.; Walker & Hutton, Harcourt Place.

SEVENOAKS.—Sevenoaks Gas Co.; Sevenoaks & Dist. Elect. Co., Ltd.
SHANKLIN.—Shanklin Gas Co.

SHEFFIELD.—Sheffield Gas Co.; Cockayne, Ltd., Watson's Wall; M. Newman & Son, Moorhead.

SHREWSBURY.—Shrewsbury Gas Light Co.
SIDCUP.—South Suburban Gas Co.
SILFORD.—U.D.C. Gas Dept.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Southampton Gas Light & Coke Co.; Lankester & Son, High St.
SOUTHEND.—St. Anne's Mning. Co., Southchurch Rd.

SOUTH MOLTON.—T. H. Moor, The Square.
SOUTHPORT.—J. T. Berry & Co., Forest Rd.
STEYNING.—Steyning Gas Co.

STIRLING.—Stirling Gas Light Co.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Corp. Gas Dept.
STOURBRIDGE.—Page & Bloomer.

STOURPORT.—Stourport Gas Co.
STROUD.—The Wold, J. E. Clark, The Sq.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Stratford Elect. Co.; Corp. Gas Dept.

STRETFORD.—Stretford & District Gas Board.
STROUD.—Stroud Gas Co.
SUNDERLAND.—Sunderland, Vine Place.

SUTTON.—Sutton Gas Co.; Surrey
SWANSEA.—Corp. Elect. Dept.; Swansea Gas Light Co.

SWINDON.—Swindon United Gas Co.; Bays & Co., Wood St.
TAMWORTH.—Pooley Hall Colliery Co., Ltd.

TARPOUR.—Cluet's Royal Dairy.
TAUNTON.—Taunton Gas Light & Coke Co.
TAVERSTOCK.—Tavistock Lighting Coal & Coke Co., Ltd.

TONBRIDGE.—Tonbridge Gas Co.
TORQUAY.—Harding & Son, Market St.; Torquay & Paignton Gas Co.; Truscott, Fleet St.

TRURO.—Truro Gas Co.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Strange & Sons, London Rd.; C. & A. J. Cross, Ltd., High St.; Tunbridge Wells Gas Co.

ULVERSTON.—Ulverston Gas & Water Dept.; Warburton, King St.

WALLASEY.—Chesters, Victoria Rd., New Brighton.
WALLINGTON.—Blackmore, Stafford Rd.

WALSALL.—Corp. Gas Dept.
WALTON-ON-THE-HILL.—East Surrey Gas Co.

WANTAGE.—Wantage Motor Works, Mill St.
WARRINGTON.—Warrington Elect. Co., Ltd.
WATERFORD.—City of Waterford Gas Co.

WATFORD.—Watford Gas & Coke Co.; Wigg, St. Albans' Rd.
WELLINGBOROUGH.—Wellingboro' Gas Light Co., Ltd.

WELWYN GARDEN CITY.—Welwyn Garden City Stores.
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.—Jay, 753, London Rd.

WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Hartlepool Gas & Water Co.
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WHITEHAVEN.—Whitehaven United Gas Co.
WIDNES.—Corp. Gas & Water Dept.; Mersey Power Co., Ltd.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE

FOR WOMEN

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Special Section for women readers of BRITANNIA & EVE devoted to the Care of the Body and general Physical Well-Being.

KEEPING FIT . . . On 30 minutes a Day

SIMPLEST and most beneficial of all exercises is the primitive deep breathing illustrated in Fig. 1. It has for its object the proper expansion of the chest and lungs (as a rule never used to their full capacity by non-manual workers), relief of the strain put on heart and stomach by hollow-chestedness, and correction of that poor

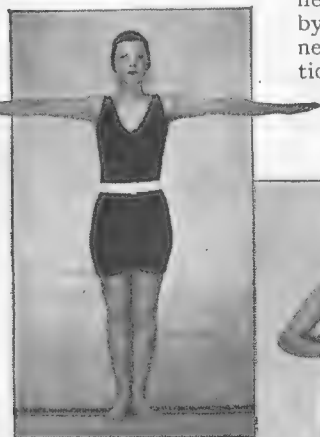


FIG. 1. The elementary breathing exercises should form an integral part of the morning and evening toilet of every member of the community



FIG. 2. A simple exercise for the ankles can be combined with deep breathing. Fingers lightly placed on the diaphragm show whether it is doing its fair share of the work of breathing

carriage so common among us to-day.

Stand perfectly erect, arms at sides, mouth firmly shut. Breathing slowly through the nose, fill the lungs with as deep a breath as possible, simultaneously raising the arms to shoulder level (no higher). Pause a second, then let the breath out, equally slowly, through the mouth, with a faint hissing sound or a long-drawn "aah," returning the arms at the same time to the first position. This elementary exercise repeated from six to twelve times should have a definite place in the morning and evening toilet of every member of the community, never being curtailed or scamped.

ILLUSTRATED in Fig. 2 is an elementary ankle exercise which can be advantageously combined with it to save time. Stand with the heels together and the toes slightly turned out. Keeping the heels touching, rise to the ball of the foot, stand there while you can count seven slowly (or till the lungs are

Physical Culture is not a lot of Mumbo-Jumbo for which only the leisured can find time. Here are nine perfectly simple exercises that ask fifteen minutes in the bath or bed room, morning and evening—and in return will get and keep you fit

By MARGARET GAYE

full), drop on to the flat of the foot. Pause a second and repeat—till tired. This exercise, incidentally, can be indulged in at odd times during the day. It strengthens weak, run-over ankles, reduces fat ones, and in time will give an arch to the flat-footed.

THE principal bugbear of all exercises is their monotony. By way of a change in the deep breathing, try this: Stand erect with arms at sides. Slowly take as deep a breath as possible. Then breathe out, slowly and distinctly counting aloud until there is no more wind left. This has the advantage of being amusing. One enters into competition with oneself to see how long one can eke out the breath, which must be

be as distinctly pronounced as the first.

But to leave breathing. A very simple exercise for chest development is the breast stroke used in swimming. Regularly indulged in, 10 to 20 times daily (morning and evening), this exercise will fill in "salt cellars" and do away with skinny arms and throat. It is also excellent for round shoulders. Stand erect, and extend both arms in front of you, hands touching. Slowly, and with great pressure as though you were fighting your way through water, separate the arms (turning the hands palm outwards) and sweep them in a wide circle at shoulder level, ending up as far behind your back as you can get them. (See Fig. 3.) Now draw your elbows to your sides, folding the hands back to the shoulders, join them on the chest and push slowly forward till the arms are in the first position. Repeat the exercise. Now lie flat on your back on the floor and beat the legs violently, and as quickly as possible, up and down, moving them scissor-wise, not together. (See Fig. 4). This should be done quite 30 times.

FIG. 3. How far behind can you get your arms? The ordinary breast stroke used in swimming does away with hollow chests and "salt cellars"



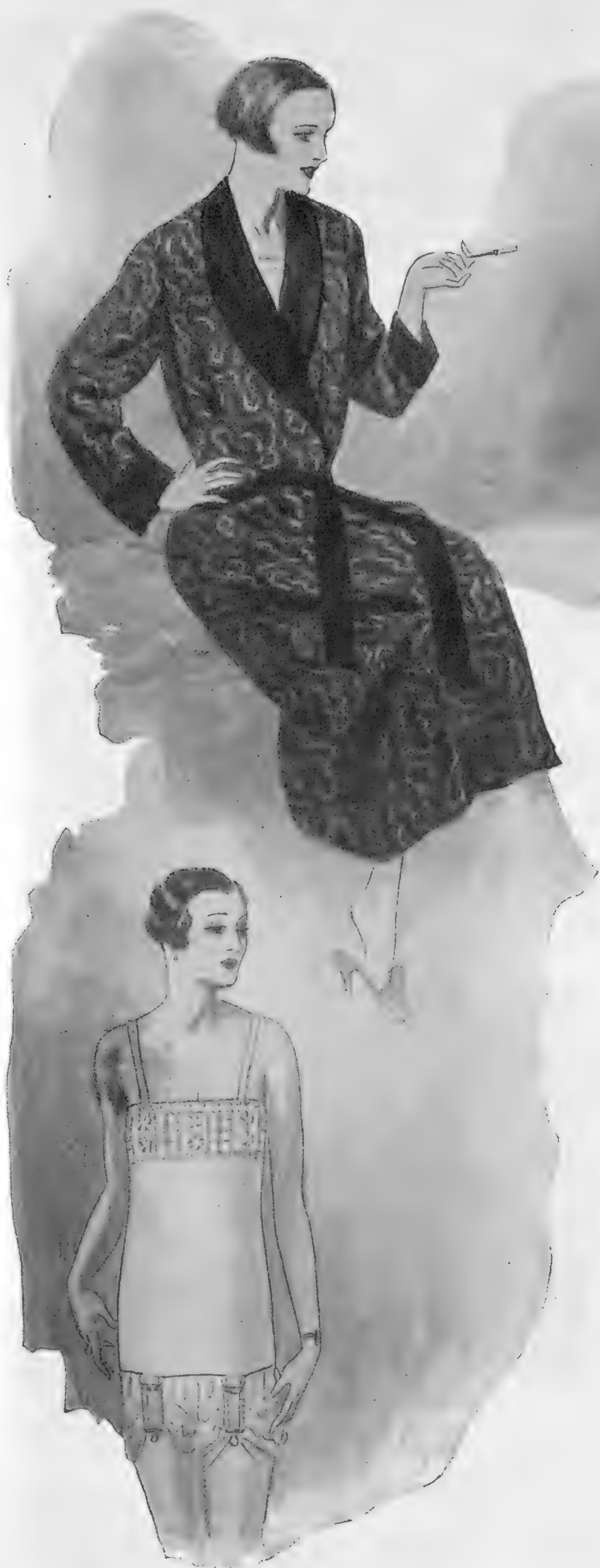
FIG. 4. Performing scissors with one's legs in the air while lying flat on the bathroom floor

slowly emitted all the time, not held. At first it is an effort to get to 20, but with practice one can reach 50, or even 70. The last number must

FIG. 5. Get into this position, and swing the body violently to and fro



NOW lie flat on the floor, and, marching your body into a bow, raise it as far as possible, resting only on your heels and shoulders. Hold the position a second and drop. Repeat about six times. Next draw the legs



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hand printed silk dressing
gown at 5½ guineas The
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5 guineas and without sleeves
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up as in Fig. 5 and resting the body like a bridge on the feet and shoulders swing it to and fro violently ten times. Rest a minute and repeat.

These two physical jerks exercise almost every muscle in the body. They are also particularly good for the abdominal muscles and facilitate the elimination of waste matter. The healthy will not want to dispense with them, but they are specially designed for those who have yet to achieve physical fitness.

FOR round shoulders an excellent treatment is the following: Standing with back very straight, shrug the shoulders as high as possible, then push them back and down. Raise them again quickly and repeat. There should be no pause, so that the exercise becomes a revolving of the shoulders.

ONE thing in all exercising is essential. The body must not be allowed to get taut and stiff. All limbs other than those in motion should be easy and relaxed, and even those muscles being exercised must not be "tight."

Accordingly, it is an excellent practice to shake oneself loose between each batch of exercises. Wring hands and arms, stretch the legs, wriggle the body and neck. Make

sure that there is not a muscle anywhere that is not relaxed. Then pull yourself together and start again.

ANOTHER important point is that it is harmful, not beneficial, to exercise for one second after the body as a whole, or the particular set of muscles being "jerked," are tired. At the first sign of exhaustion, stop.

This is one of the main reasons for having a repertoire of varied exercises, which should be judiciously alternated. Though the back, leg, shoulder, and breathing exercises have been described, for convenience sake, in sets, they should never be performed so. Tired muscles do not respond to treatment, but a very short pause will suffice to rest any one set. Arrange your system accordingly. One deep breathing exercise, followed by one on the floor on your back, for instance, followed in turn by the revolving shoulders. Then back to deep breathing. Don't neglect the loosening up process, really an exercise in itself, between each one. The importance of not exercising when tired is one of the few points on which the sponsors of all different physical culture systems are agreed.

If possible, it is a good plan to lie down for five minutes after exercising and relax completely.

IF YOU DANCE . . .

dance for Health and Beautiful Limbs

YOU can dance your way into health and fitness—to a certain extent dance your way into the possession of shapely limbs.

An ugly body, unless it is positively deformed, is due to one of two things. Excessive thinness or excessive fat. Broomstick legs, skinny arms, salt-cellars, may be corrected by proper development of the muscles, just as can round shoulders and hollow chests. In fact, dancing, which is at once more graceful and less strenuous than other

A beautiful dancer must practise the exercises of the art, just as an accomplished pianist still practises Czerny or Beringer

results in as bad a muscular effect. The amateur need have no fears. She is more than unlikely to have

time or strength to carry her exercises to such an extreme.

The "Bar Exercises."

Some of the Bar Exercises that form a regular part of the training of the ballet are excellent for ordinary



FIG. A: An example of the bar exercises on which ballet dancers are brought up. The back "battement." It should be performed ten times, quickly, with each leg.



FIG. B: Side "battement." The great feature of these exercises is that the body must remain still—and upright—however high the leg beats.

use. (Most of us are familiar with them in the paintings of Degas.) Two

are illustrated—the back of a chair, as in the pictures, will serve the amateur as a bar, or the foot rail of the bed will do. The rail must be high enough to give support

when standing naturally, however, and, if a chair is used, it must be solid.

The first of the Bar Exercises are the Battements (beatings). Holding on to the

forms of physical culture, is the ideal solution for the weak adult or child.

The same exercises are just as effective with the fat and flabby. Regular, determined work will gradually reduce superfluous tissue to hard, shapely, muscular surfaces. In professional dancers it will sometimes be noticed that over-development

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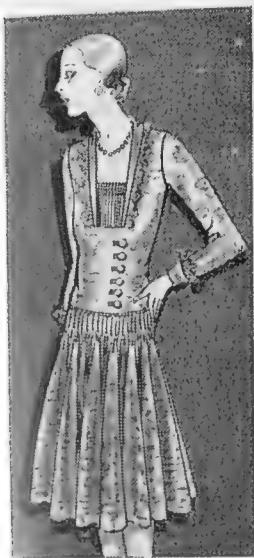
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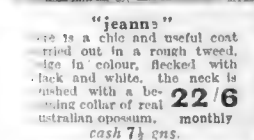
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"karen"
this dress owes its quaint charm
entirely to the rich cocoa moire of
which it is composed, softly
pleated beige georgette forming
rills on the collar and cuffs, and
the vest in front adding a
dainty finish to the
cash 5 gns. monthly



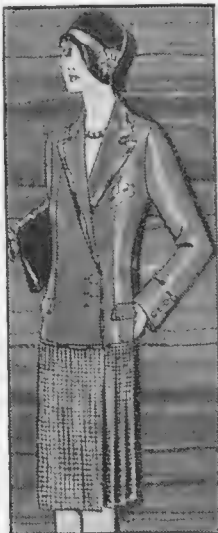
"la marquise"
a delightful ensemble, composed of
navy blue charmelaine coat, de-
signed on lines of elegant simplicity
and a crepe-de-chine dress, beige in
colour, with a smart cubist design
printed on it, in blue. the softly
flowing lines of the gown contrast
charmingly with the more severe
lines of the coat, which
is lined with the printed
crepe-de-chine. 27/-
monthly
cash 9 gns.



"jeanne"
this is a chic and useful coat
carried out in a rough tweed,
beige in colour, flecked with
black and white. the neck is
finished with a be-
coming collar of real
australian opium. 22/6
monthly
cash 7 gns.



"marthe"
gay as the spring itself is this
chic little crepe-de-chine dress.
it is black with beige flowers
printed on it, and a beige jabot
and piping to finish it.
the price of this charm-
ing model is only 12/-
monthly
cash 4 gns.



"printemps"
what could be smarter for
spring than this perfectly
tailored suit? the coat is
in black face cloth trimmed
with braid, whilst the chic little
skirt with its two pleats
on the left side is made
of black and 15/-
white checked
cloth. monthly
cash 5 gns.



"serenade"
here is a charming little
evening frock made of black
georgette and trimmed with
diamonds. the slim bodice
and the full circular skirt,
which opens down the back
and front on a georgette
foundation, gives a very
youthful air. this model is
equally charming
in white, pink,
lemon or jade. 21/-
monthly
cash 7 gns.



"phi-phi"
stocknet printed in futurist
design in mushroom and dark
brown on a beige background
makes the jumper of this very
smart little suit. the brown
crepe-de-chine "sash" is a
charming novelty, and the
mushroom coloured kerchief
edged with brown which
finishes the neck is both chic
and becoming. a skirt of brown
french wool novelty
material completes a
delightful ensemble. monthly
cash 3 gns.



"eve"
here we have a very chic after-
noon frock in black crepe-de-
chine. the bodice is quite
straight with a V-neck, and
long tight sleeves. the skirt is
composed of flat frills running
right round in rows of flat
circular frills, and terminating
in a centre panel from V to
hem. a narrow corded
belt finishes this de-
lightful model. 27/-
monthly
cash 9 gns.



"vienne"
a smart little suit perfectly
tailored and expressed in
fine brown suitings. the
coat is lined with
brown crepe-de-
chine to tone. 15/-
monthly
cash 5 gns.



"elyti:"
this is a charming afternoon
gown, black and white georgette
being used for its development.
the embroidery on the front of
vest, and on the graceful sleeves,
is carried out in black and white
chenille, particularly
suitable for the 21/-
matron's figure. monthly
cash 7 gns.



germaine
black silk bengaline lined
with silver-grey satin is used
to develop this elegant
model. a scarf collar finishes
the neck, the sleeves are
very novel, and a broad
band of chinchilla lapia fin-
ishing the hem 25/6
monthly
cash 8 gns.



"apres-midi"
what could be smarter, or
more useful for a thousand
occasions, than this elegant
coat? it is developed in rich
black bengaline, and the
cleverness of its design makes
it becoming to almost any
figure. the "bow" effect,
ending in a long loose panel,
at the back of the 18/-
neck, is the last 18/-
word in chic. monthly
cash 6 gns.



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Growth and Colour.

This 96-page Guide sent Gratis and Post Free.

PHILIP H. MASON

Pharmaceutical Chemist
17, BANK PLAIN, NORWICH

rail, and keeping the upper part of the body perfectly upright, exercise each leg in turn, kicking it quickly as high as possible in front, at the side, at the back, about ten times in each direction. Point the toe: it is not only more graceful, it is a valuable ankle exercise. The body must not jerk spasmodically as the leg beats. You will find it almost impossible to keep steady at first; but this will come in time. You should also be able to beat a little higher each day. The girl in the photographs is at the initial stages.

The battements give great flexibility to the whole body. The trunk and waist muscles are severely tested in holding steady while the leg moves. The legs themselves become well developed and soon lose superfluous fat.

Skiping for Grace and Pretty Ankles.

The ordinary movements of skiping are good for poise and general grace of movement, as well as for clumsy ankles, which, if exercised enough, may be perceptibly fined down provided their thickness is a matter of tissue and not of the formation of the bone. Very few homes, however, have any room in which skiping can be indulged in without risk to life and furniture. Go through the foot-work of skiping without a rope, therefore, for five minutes at a time, at odd intervals throughout the day. Skip from room to room whenever there is no one looking—and keep your heels off the floor. That elementary rule of good dancing—dance on your toes—will strengthen the ankle and in time give even a flat foot an arched instep.

Dance with Your Arms.

As you skip, exercise the arms and train them to graceful movement by flinging them—not violently, but joyously—from side to side. First the right arm out, and the left arm across the chest. Then back, and left arm out, the right across the chest. As you perform this exercise the arms must at no time be perfectly straight, nor must the elbow stick out, sharp. A flowing, curved line should be maintained. Practise repeatedly in

front of a looking-glass till you have it absolutely right. And remember to keep your back in while you're doing it.

Are Your Wrists Dainty?

The next two exercises for this month are very simple ones for the wrists. If these are already shapely, they will give you flexibility.

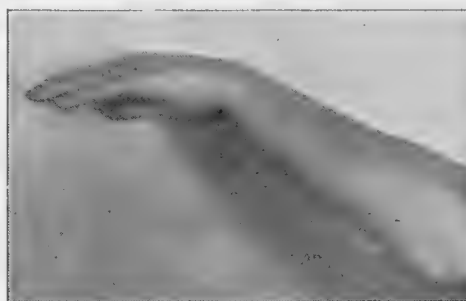
First hold the arms extended in front of you, and keeping them quite motionless beat your hands up and down without stopping, until your wrists are exhausted. Then rest. This can be done at any odd moment, sitting or standing.

The second exercise is to extend the arms in the same way hands palm downwards. Turn the hands inward on the wrists till they are extended palms upward, and then turn them back. Repeat this until tired.

In both these exercises it is essential to keep both wrists and fingers quite relaxed. If they are stiff and tight the whole purpose is defeated.



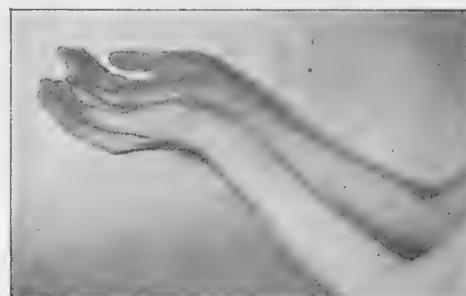
FIG. C.: Try this in front of your mirror. Some people can bend back till their heads touch their knees, but if you can do it as far as this and keep your body as graceful you are on the right road.



This will help you to acquire graceful and shapely wrists. Start with the hands extended, palms downward. Thus.



Now turn the hands inward, using the wrists as pivots. Don't take too long over it, and, above all, keep the muscles from stiffening.

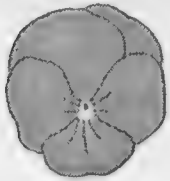
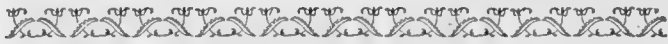


This is the final position—the hands cupped, the palms upward. Now turn the hands back, reversing the movement, and repeat the exercise.

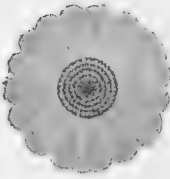
Bending—Backwards and Sideways.

Obviously it is impossible for anyone to be really graceful unless all their body muscles are flexible. Within the limits imposed upon the majority of us by single jointedness, we should be able to do anything we want to with our muscles; get our limbs into any position. Touching one's toes is a crude example of what I mean. Anyone who can't do that is in a bad way, and had better work at it intensively till the inability is corrected. As another example—few of us want to do the "double splits." The repeated performance of them is even bad for the female anatomy. But we ought all to have our muscles so flexible and under such perfect control that we could do double splits if we wanted to.

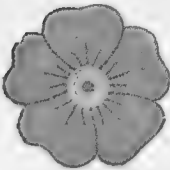
Few exercises are better for general flexibility than back bending, illustrated in Fig. C. One should also be able to bend sideways till the trunk is at right angles to the lower half of the body. Both these exercises should be constantly practised in front of a mirror. It is better to bend a very little way properly than to try too much at once and do it badly.



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Press quotation, February, 1929:—

"The dread of a lost contour is a haunting reflection to many a woman. To combat this Madame Rosa Hollay's methods of manipulating the facial muscles are having remarkable success."

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Vide Press, March 5th, 1929:—

"There is a wonderful cream of Suzanne Verdi's. It is like velvet, makes the skin look like velvet and its name is Velvet. It is guaranteed to create a complexion out of nothing."

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"YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH!"

The first of a series of practical articles in which modern and common sense methods of getting fit and keeping fit will be discussed each month

(1) Heat as a Help to Health

YOU will notice that health is "featured" in our heading, and not illness. In this column we propose to discuss all the facilities at the disposal of the average woman for the maintenance of perfect physical well-being. Dietary will necessarily come within scope of our enquiries and we will consider the most practical methods of counteracting any of the minor ills to which our ways of living, enforced environment or inherited tendencies make us prone, such as headaches, anæmia, insomnia, "nerves," rheumatism, etc. Nor shall we neglect the theories of modern authorities about how to bring up children to be healthy and well formed.

When there is anything really the matter with her, every sensible woman would, of course, consult a qualified medical man, but while illness is outside our province, health is very much within it. We do not believe, provided there is nothing organically wrong, that it is ever necessary to be "not very well." There are, we know, people who, literally, "enjoy bad health," but in these busy and

efficient days they are, mercifully, becoming fewer and fewer. The "will to be well" is an important factor, though we do not subscribe to any fads or magical healings, but merely believe in an intelligent and commonsense application of modern therapeutics to our every-day lives.

It is wiser, if you are not feeling well, to open a window than to open a medicine cupboard. There is a tendency to take too many pills and potions, and to neglect the means Nature has provided for the elimination of poisons and the taking in of life-giving oxygen. We have millions of pores in our skin and every one is designed, not only to breathe, but to release any toxins or acids, which may be in our system. A healthily active skin is essential to well-being.

IN this country, owing partly to climatic conditions, the preponderance of chalk in

the geological formation and the way we and our ancestors have fed, there is a very prevalent tendency to rheumatic and gouty conditions. They may show themselves in twinges of pain, or neuralgic headaches, in sore throat, an over-sensitive skin—a hundred little ways which hardly seem worth bothering about, but which are nature's warning signals.

The symptoms are caused by the presence in our system of certain acids and toxins. The commonsense cure is to evict these

alien and troublesome visitants and one way of doing this is to draw them out through the pores of the skin by means of heat. In this connection there is, of course, our old friend the Turkish bath, but this should not be resorted to indiscriminately, or without the assurance of a doctor that it is a suitable treatment, as the circulation is so greatly and rapidly accelerated that a strain is put on the heart.

Radiant heat baths are preferable, as they are generally given by experts in electro-therapeutics, or under a doctor's directions, so that the temperature

and the duration of the bath are properly regulated, according to the needs and constitution of the patient.

THERE is a new branch of thermostatics in which the opening of the pores is procured by means of a mineral wax. By its means greater heat can be applied, with a corresponding increase in the action of the skin, without any effect on the heart's action or even flushing of the skin. The reason being that the wax forms a sheath over, but apart from, the place to which it is applied and the moisture induced acts as a kind of water veil between the wax and the skin.

Should time or financial considerations make this treatment, or the radiant heat baths, impracticable, there is always the hot water bath, which can be made more effective as an eliminator of acids by the addition of alkaline salts or mustard.



German girls find an effective means of keeping fit! Handball is becoming extremely popular in Germany and has been formally taken up by the Athletic Association

The Maison Ross

FOR THE RACES!

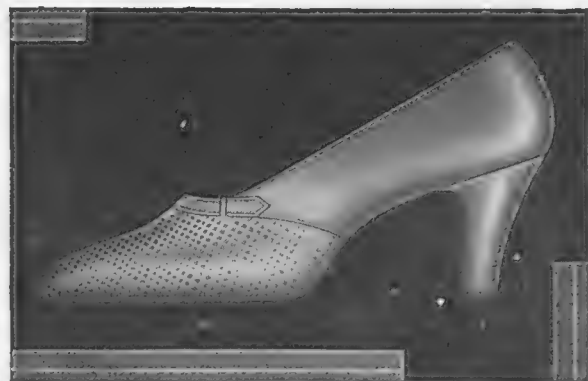


Ideal for Race Meetings is this charming georgette gown with the new lace border of piped georgette. It is set off by a distinctive jabot collar in oyster white and pale lemon which tones with the amber and diamante clasp of the belt.

The hat is in oyster white openwork straw with lemon felt border and piping of felt on the crown.

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You may read all about the system in the booklet which you may have free, by writing personally to

Elizabeth Eve

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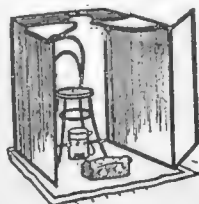
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MASKS and FACES

*Beginning a special series of
articles on every phase of
Contemporary Beauty Culture*

By "CHRYISIS"

PERHAPS Mr. George Moore was a little too idealistic when he expressed the opinion that there are no such things as ugly women, only women who do not know how to be pretty, or he may merely have been anticipating the progress of modern beauty culture.

Beauty culture at its best is a science. It involves a knowledge of dermatology and chemistry, anatomy, electricity, and even surgery. A proper understanding of the methods evolved by its serious exponents is a necessary part of a modern woman's education. The proof of its efficacy is the higher average of beauty and youthfulness which the development of modern beauty culture has brought about. The woman of forty to-day is infinitely younger in form and feature and, therefore, at heart, than her grandmother was at the same age, and this in spite of the fact that she admittedly leads a much more strenuous and wearing life.

I SHALL describe in this column all the many branches of modern beauty culture, both in theory and practice. They include differing systems of massage, the use of electricity in a variety of ways, reducing treatments, electrolysis, plastic surgery, etc. And, as well as describing treatments given at the various establishments, I shall hope to be helpful in all matters pertaining to the general care of the skin, hands, hair, figure, etc., by methods which any woman can carry out for herself in the privacy of her own home.

One of the most interesting manifestations of modern beauty culture is the development of the various systems of mask treatment. They are really an up-to-date and scientific renaissance of an old formula, for the efficacy of "beauty masks" was known to the ancient Egyptians and to the Roman matrons many centuries ago.

WHETHER the "mud" actually comes from the Caucasus, or some district where the earth has certain properties of proved medical efficacy, or is compounded scientifically—generally with a base of Fullers' earth impregnated with mineral



A Silver metal cabinet, fitted with the latest perfumes, and an ivory toilet set, strikes a new note for your dressing-table

or herbal extracts, which have been found to have a beneficent effect on the skin and the subcutaneous muscles and tissues—the principle which underlies their prescription is the same. It is the stimulation of the circulation and activation of the pores of the skin, so that they are cleared of impurities and are enabled to absorb the beneficial

ingredients of the mask or subsequent applications of cream or lotion. Nearly all beauty culture systems are based on these three objectives, cleansing, stimulating and nourishing.

Generally, the mud mask, applied moist, is allowed to dry on, and in doing so contracts, smoothing out superficial wrinkles and counteracting any tendency to sagging.

When it is practicable to indulge in the luxury of one of these treatments at a specialist's salon, the enforced relaxation, the surrender of volition and the rest play their part in the restorative process. But it is possible to buy the "mud," with full instructions for self

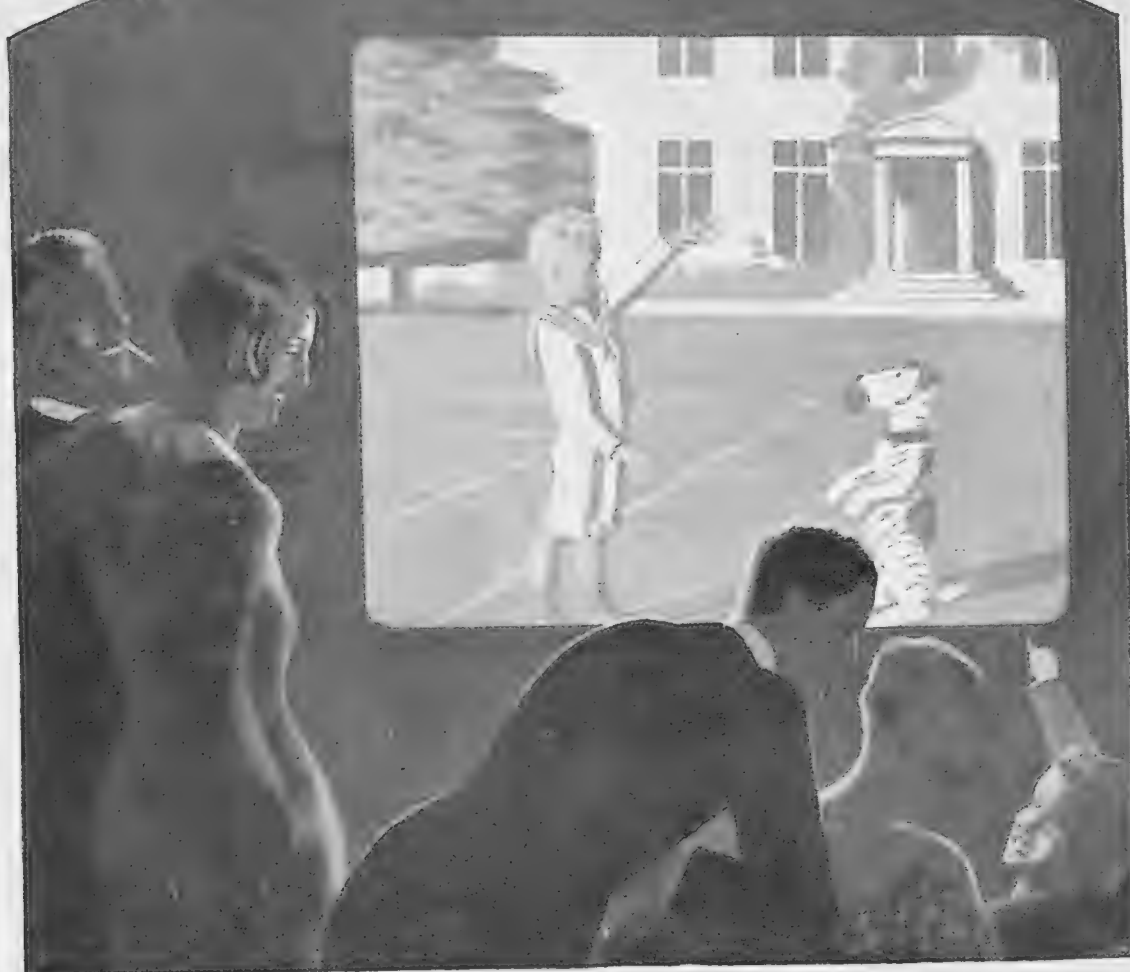
treatment from a number of reliable beauty specialists.

THERE is a large variety of "beauty masks." A wax mask, applied hot, has especial virtue for the treatment of tired and thin faces. One, in which egg is an ingredient, followed by the application of ice, is decisively tonic in effect. There are masks in which electricity plays a part, which I shall deal with in their proper place. Some are expensive and necessitate visits to beauty specialists: others are well within the reach of every woman. There are many "home-made" mask treatments, but as this is in the nature of an introductory article, and my space is limited, I can only, at the moment, indicate the trend and theory of this branch of modern beauty culture.



*In the science of beauty culture
lies the secret of eternal youth*

Ciné-Kodak



"Look, look — that's me!"

"That's you all right, Billy boy . . . I say, I wish somebody had made a movie of me when I was that age."

"What beats me, Helen, is how you became such an expert film producer."

"Shall I let you into the secret? With a Ciné-'Kodak' *everybody* becomes an expert first go off. It's even easier than snapshotting, because there's no worrying about keeping your subjects in order. In fact, the more they

move, the better your pictures."

"What an everlasting joy it must be, making and showing your own private films! What projector do you use?"

"The Kodoscope, it's called. When I've run through my own pictures I'll show you one or two big-star films I've borrowed from the Kodoscope Library."

"Well, Charles, aren't you glad we looked in?"

The Ciné-'Kodak' (from £18 18s.) and the Kodoscope (from £18) are fully described in an interesting booklet which your 'Kodak' supplier will let you have. All the film is safety film, and it costs you nothing to have your reels developed and finished. Ask the nearest Ciné-'Kodak' dealer for a demonstration.

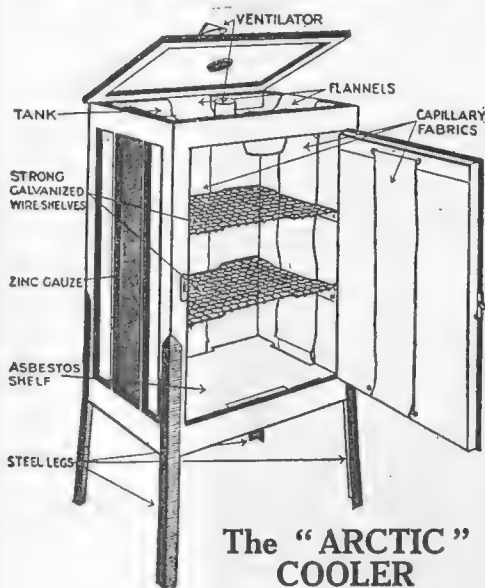
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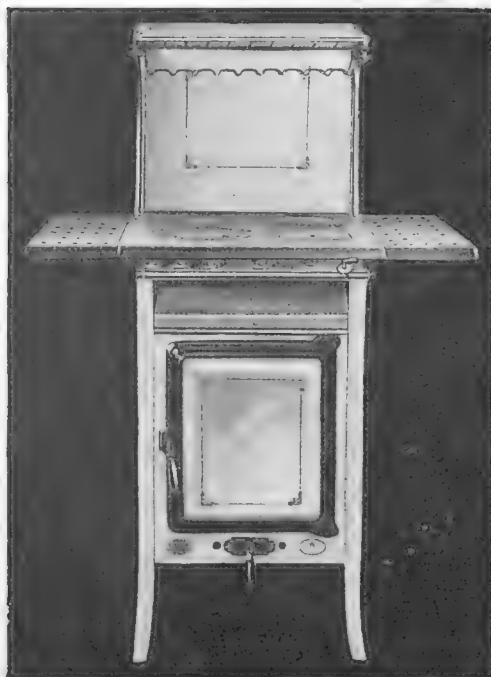


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GARDEN SECTION

Edited by

MARION CRAN

MAY in my GARDEN

The music and magic of Spring cannot fail to appeal to the amateur gardener

FROM over the sea and far away he has beaten his trackless way back to the garden. It is a miracle which we await each year with new delight. How the little creature remembers its birthplace and love-nest through time and distance we do not understand; but the nightingale is faithful to its breeding haunts, and every spring our primrose lanes ring with music as male challenges male across the moonlit Weald. When the females arrive about ten days later the song deepens to a thrilling intensity, and it is hard for one to sleep then through the passionate music of the nights.

Tulips are alight over snowdrifts of double arabis; peony shoots are bronze against apple-green iris blades, blue spires of grape hyacinths under velvet bodies of bumbling bees over a misty carpet of forget-me-nots; in every shady corner bunch primroses hold up their fragrant disks. The "joy of the ground" spills its wine under the purple plumes of lilac "Louis Spathe," while the same colour repeats itself up the wall of the old black and white house in the starry blooms of a red Montana clematis.

Veronica hulleana, loveliest of all its race, is dead as mutton, and the azara microphylla in its sheltered nook has a dowdy frost-bitten air, but ceanothus papillosus has stood the hard winter and about to burst into pale blue powder-puffs half-way across the south side of the house.

There is a good deal to do this merry month; box should be clipped and gooseberries thinned and sprayed, the raspberry beds cleared of suckers and strawberries dressed with superphosphate; winter jasmine, japonica golden-bell-bushes, mock-orange, pyrus malus, and flowering currants to look over, for if any pruning is

to be done it must be directly flowering is over. There are the seeds of hardy biennial plants to sow, and the lanes are growing their bright green grass almost quicker than the mowing machine can get round them.

And all the while there is the thought of that hateful green fly increasing by leaps and bounds among the roses. I used to go forth

with a spray and bucket, drenching the bushes of an evening with lathery soapsuds, syringing diligently, but the remedy was never sufficiently drastic and the wretched insect pursued its horrid way; it is a sapsucker of abominable reproductive vitality, draining away the life of our roses. Latterly I have tried Keating's powder, dusting it on the young shoots; it is a very quick remedy, apt to make one sneeze, but marvellous in the way it cleans the plants. If the weather is very dry one can syringe the bushes with clear soft



The coloured tulips are alight in globes of gold, cream, rose and purple among the May borders

water the last thing at night, lest a hot sun should blister the leaves.

By the wine-coloured blossoms of Pyrus Eleyi a round hole in the grass shows where the pet garden toad lives. But to-day he is not at home. In the spring toads foregather by the pools, marrying and giving in marriage. He is lost in a crowd of philanderers, trollying his hoarse, soft ditty by the hour fondling illusions, poor foolish heart.



From the Dream Bench high on a bank of primroses and wild orchids, we look over the garden pond

JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS



THE finest Water Biscuits in a new two shilling tin specially designed for serving on your table. The dainty packing keeps each biscuit fresh and crisp right to the bottom of the box. Both bakings (Highbaked or Ordinary) are supplied, also loose or in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets.

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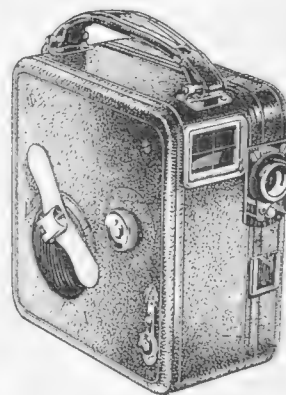


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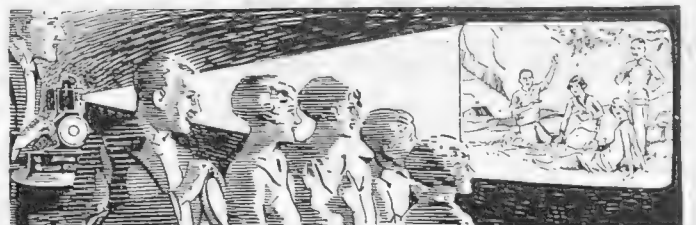
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Water-lilies are fascinating things to live with; the flowers of every species open and close with clockwork regularity at a particular time each day. They bloom over a long period, and when the lilies have been fertilised they withdraw into the water by making a cork-screw of the peduncle, the seed ripens below the pool, and in about six weeks the pod bursts and the matured seeds float up to the top for a last look at the sun; then they curtsy down to the bottom again and start a new colony of water-lilies.

VARIETIES suitable for large ponds or lakes, where there is a mud bottom, are the snow white Tuberosa and Richardsoni (one of the first to open, blooming till late September), Marliacea Carnea, robust rose-pink; James Brydon, rich crimson; Moorei, canary yellow; and Marliacea Chromatella, with large fragrant primrose flowers; Escarboucle, intense red with enormous flowers; Vesuve, brilliant amaranth; Indiana, the rich orange yellow; Mrs. Richmond, very free blooming, with immense pink globes and a crown of golden stamens.

For the small brick or cement pond, or for sunk tubs, a large flowered form is Caroliniana Nivea, pure white and fragrant; its sister Caroliniana is delicate flesh-rose and also sweetly perfumed. Robinsoni has star-shaped flowers of crimson-vermilion merging into ochre yellow. Solfaterre is most popular, the flowers yellow shaded orange red stand well out of the water. Aurora opens a soft rose-copper and changes to deep orange-salmon, ageing at last to ruby-red; it is easily grown in shallow water. Chrysantha gives a profusion of small soft yellow flowers, deepening in time to vermilion.

THESE are all suitable for the little garden pool; and like all the lotus family revel in rich soil, clear full sunshine, and quiet water. None of them like running water or shade. They must have full sun.

The little artificial lily ponds in our gardens made of stone, brick, or cement are provided, if they are properly made, with an outlet and overflow; before filling, a foot of good



The lotus cups of ivory amaranth, rose and gold, each flower lovely as a dream, are doubled in the mirror of the pool

strong loam should be placed at the bottom and trodden fairly firmly. It is at its best when made of the top spit of a pasture and laid aside for six months before use, with the addition of one-third its bulk in cow manure. After treading, the soil should be covered with one inch of sand; the lilies may then be planted and the water run into the pond to the required depth. That same compost of loam and cow manure put into boxes three to four feet square, pressed firm, and covered with the top inch of sand, makes a fine vehicle for the planting of water-lilies; baskets are frequently used instead of boxes, and answer just as well. When the lilies are planted they are lowered to the floor of the pond.

PONDS of cement must weather for six weeks before plants or fish are put in. There are many ornamental fish which add a liveliness to the lily pool and eat up the larvæ of mosquitoes. A useful hobby! Nowadays one can buy foreign cold water fish, and fancy Japanese fish as well as the golden orfe or golden rudd, carp and tench, newts, and Hi-goi, with which we are more familiar.

But almost always there will be visitors to our pool... small birds, maybe, happily drinking and bathing amid the cool leaves... one day, perhaps, a gorgeous dragon-fly, or, if we keep very, very still, a dazzling flash of blue will proclaim the fact that a kingfisher is there.



It has a startled expression as it stands up out of the water, this starry blue African water-lily



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*A new and amusing idea for destroying the 'garden robbers'
but not, please, to the exclusion of our trusty friend the hoe*

APRIL showers bring the May flowers; and with them, too, the abundant boisterous weeds; hardly have we had time to sniff the sweet incense of the lilacs and pass the time of day with an early peony or two, when we must leave these blandishments and get busy with sterner matters.

Weeds are robbers in the garden. They take the rich foods from those plants for which we bought it at great cost, and by which we placed it at great trouble; they reduce the vigour of our seedlings by shading them, and by their rank growth.

They grow, too, in an impudent hurry; one moment, it seems, we look upon clear paths, and the next we see grass and dandelions, chickweed and plantains, with a score of other ragamuffins, overflowing the sacred places dedicated to better uses.

The hoe it is to which we fly at first; a splendid priceless tool. I wonder who first fashioned a hoe? With it we can cut off weeds and scuffle the ground at the same time; with an easy, rhythmic movement we can do a great deal of good, honest cultivation in even an hour or two, and the regular, patient use of it will keep the garden clean from weeds and resistant to drought.

The crumbled top layer of well-hoed soil, is better than a score of watering cans. It makes a non-conducting blanket, and the process of rapid evaporation of moisture from the ground is stayed. Under the crumbly layer in a well-tilled garden, the roots can find sustenance in the driest weather.

Where there is a great deal of this work to be done, it saves a lot of time to get one of those single-wheel hand hoes which are sold for a small sum (about £2 6s., I believe), with attachments to make it also into a hand-plough and a hand-cultivator; that is, a pair of six-inch hoes, three steel cultivator teeth, and a plough. One can do

more in a day with this handy affair than in three days with a hand hoe; but it is not an economical investment for little gardens.

With all its uses the hoe is no good in the rockery or in flagged gardens and brick and tiled paths. There most of us resign ourselves to a knee-pad and an old kitchen knife. But there is a quicker, easier way for any who possess or can borrow a painter's blow-lamp! One points the flame at the weeds and moves it slowly along; giving about five seconds to the lighter weeds, and longer to stubborn dandelions and plantains. The grass between the stones of the rockery and paved places disappear in a twinkling. Practical

nurserymen employ the blow-lamp in their seed-beds, using a 3-gallon Primus blow-lamp with a 6-foot lead and powerful burner; and they claim to lift maximum crops of seedlings from beds so treated.

A blow-lamp cannot be handled with the careless nonchalance of a trowel or a hoe; one has to be careful where there are children and animals about. But used with discretion, it is a powerful help in weed-control, and will always be a staunch ally of the garden-lover.



*With all its uses the hoe is
no good in the rockery, and
here a blow-lamp can help*



*The glory of the garden where
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OTHER PEOPLE'S GARDENS

"OLIVERS," Mrs. Keen's charming house in the Cotswolds

By MARION CRAN

MRS. KEEN has set her garden on the Cotswold hills around a long, grey stone house, with jutting angles that look adventurous against the distant blue.

On the East side six years ago there was a farm yard, with stone cow-stalls full of nettles waist high and tin cans; a discouraging place, but very sunny and warm. Now it is a golden and crimson rose garden; in the centre is a fountain which sends up a tall jet of water from a figure group, modelled from Mrs. Keen's two grandchildren, by Anne Acheson. As those pretty babes grow up the fountain becomes more precious than ever to the lady who walks among her roses; captured in it are many memories, and the lost babyhood of the children who *will* grow up.

The garden at "Olivers" is a garden of streams and pools; when she first looked over that rather uninspired place, with only its hidden beauties to call to the heart of an artist and dreamer, she found a swampish puddle under a great ilex, over which brooded a curiously shaped dolphin affair of no known design, squirming its tail up. It appeared to be some sort of a spring head, for every now and then it would flow, and this intermittent fount was to her so exciting that at last she made her men dig down till they found several springs, with the help of a water-diviner, who traced the devious tracks of the underground rills. Then they made a stone stream-bed for them; so that now the dolphin stands at the head of a water garden, which drops in a

series of pools down the hillside; the stream wanders on, between rocky gullies sweet with flowers, dripping over waterfalls and under bridges and arches from small pool to pool until it reaches the wide green open, below the sunk fence, and spreads itself out in the "goose-pool."



"Olivers" is a characteristic Cotswold house of mellowed grey stone, set in a 'green and pleasant' land



On that porous hillside so full of springs, the rock-and-water garden naturally takes a great place

The stone work, as a whole, is done by faithful Hogg, the mason, who spends his time making marvels out of the native stone; he is digging out the tennis courts from the rock now, and making their pergola and garden house and grand stone stairways. Hogg seems to be part of "Olivers," and its beautiful garden of dreams-come-true; every time I go there I find him silent and busy, looking like a dusty miller among his tools and stones.

Mrs. Keen loves to grow plants from seed, ever the mark of a true gardener; and her hepatica and brooms are the strong plants of her own raising, as are most of the other things in her garden.

Whenever I think of her I feel afresh how mothering is her instinct with the plants. You will not find that great drift of blue catmint under the standard cherry trees is pared down in autumn to look "tidy"—the raggle-taggle of its dead brown wood is left until green shoots appear again; tidy or untidy, Mrs. Keen knows it protects the plants from winter frosts, and there it stops, and the same with the blue hardy geraniums in the border, where she blends her scheme of blues and mauves, her scabious, violas, irises, delphiniums, cranesbills, campanulas. The sense of abundant growth is in her garden; the green of her lilacs is tender, the bloom buds fat; the house is full of little wisdoms and the cleverness of a well-loved home.

The wild birds crowd round "Olivers," and children and dogs play where they will; they seem to know that what rules there is the heart of a mother.



Peggy leans back laughing while Rufus asks her to "play ball." The pinched ball sends up a tall water jet in the rose garden

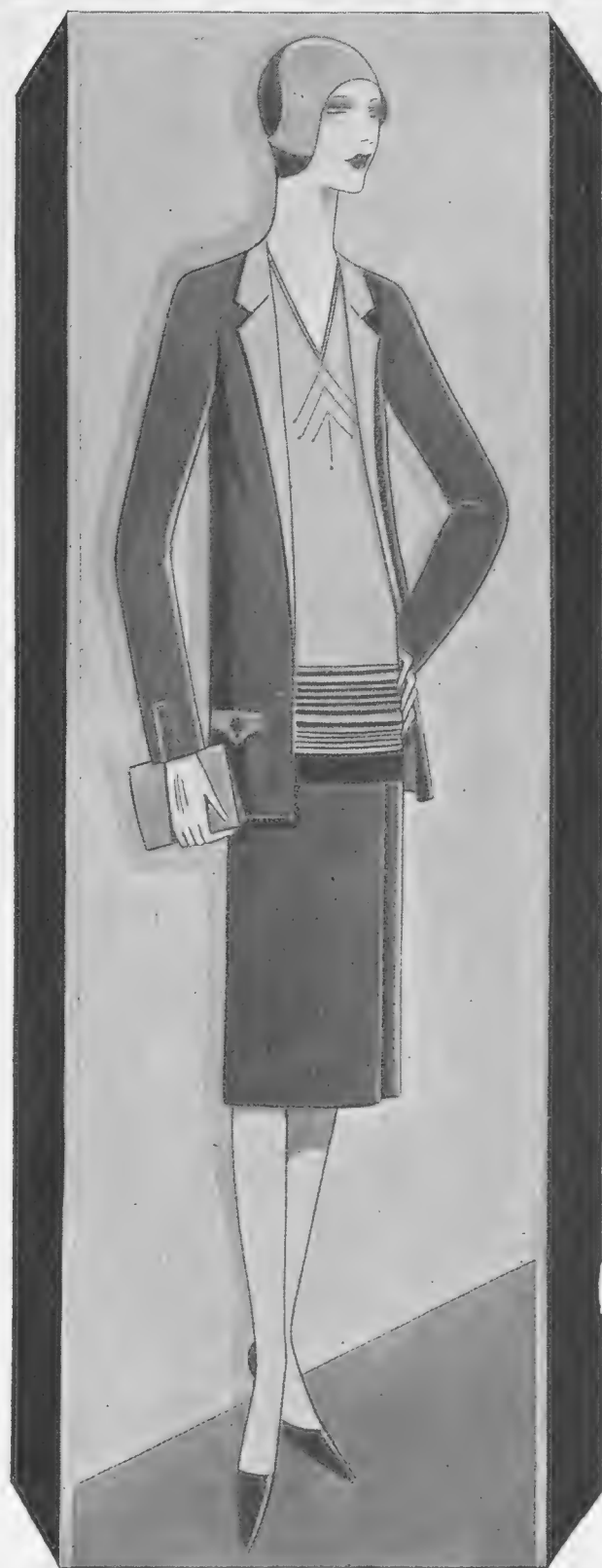
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"... The works of Mrs. Beeton might produce a cook ..."

A Section on SOCIAL ETIQUETTE

Edited by the Hon. Mrs. DOWDALL

CERTAIN signs of reviving interest in Etiquette and Behaviour (that long-neglected subject!) give us reason for hope that at last the time has come when everyone may convince himself that "Man makyth Manners," quite as much as "Manners makyth Man." This truth has not been discovered for the first time; all that is new about it is its opportunity for recognition, owing to the greater freedom of speech now possible between all classes and ages.

No doubt the young and subordinate have always held their own opinions about the behaviour of their elders and betters, who used to practise a rigid etiquette in word and deed without showing a corresponding superiority in moral worth. But which of them, except an outlaw from society, would have dared to be so frank as we are now? It was the better policy for scoffers to conform, for the same reason that makes it less trouble for most of us to learn one of Milton's poems by heart than to try to write one that will do just as well.

FROM time to time, kindly instructors among the elect did volunteer to publish rules for the behaviour of ambitious intruders into their midst, but, among all of those I have read, I find only one, written within the last hundred years, in which the apostle of culture offers any evidence of authority to support his teaching beyond a guarantee

that he and his friends behave in the way he advises and, therefore, the disciple cannot do better than imitate them as closely as possible. For instance, it was customary among them for "a gentleman to walk on the outside of the pavement when accompanying a lady," but all the writer adds to his information is that "a gentleman should always contrive" to do the same.

The real origin of the custom is laudable enough, and the quiet little shuffle that still takes place around a tactless female need not be discouraged; but the arrogance with which the elect scattered their pronouncements unexplained has been the cause of contemptuous misunderstanding. "What's he mean, hopping round his girl that way?" is a natural question for friends left behind on the social ascent, though it is now almost too late in the day for proper appreciation of the answer that he aimed at shielding her from mud and traffic.

AFTER the fish," wrote a more modern dogmatist about dinner parties, "turn to your left-hand neighbour," and, as usual, he forgets to give us the alternative procedure when there happens to be no fish on the menu, or if the diner's right-hand neighbour ignorantly persists in charming his ear. A third authority lays down an imaginary law, probably suggested by his own experience, that "Grapes should not be attempted by the tyro: he should begin with some simple fruit, such as the banana";



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but here also we seek in vain a ray of hope for the disillusioned tyro who may observe, too late, a Knight of the Garter "attempting" the rejected grapes with less dexterity than a new born monkey would display in handling its first banana. Now, at the end of the day, when grapes and bananas alike have achieved their destiny and both tyro and Knight of the Garter have vanished into their respective beds, who is the better or the worse for etiquette; except, perhaps, the tyro who enjoys grapes and detests bananas?

THE one sensible book already referred to was written in 1837. Its author explains the reasons for nearly all the ceremonies that the social student must practise, or run the risk of being voted "objectionable." Many of his reasons are impossible to challenge.

"Do not make a great display of jewellery," he directs, and then gives the reason why not: "Many persons load their fingers with rings and their necks with chains; this is not only exceedingly vulgar, but the excess is also liable to create a doubt of their intrinsic worth."

"In going out of church never put your hat on until you arrive at the porch. In showing this respect to the sacredness of the place, you will acquire the respect of others." A better reason for decent behaviour could hardly be offered to those who are ambitious to succeed in life while keeping strictly to the paths of good taste.

SPEAKING of smoking, he says that although "its practice is more especially patronised by soldiers, rakes and shop boys" it is not to be wholly condemned, because "to the soldier it may possibly be beneficial—to the rake, convenient, as it produces that drowsiness of feeling, that happy obliviousness which renders his effort to think unnecessary, while, on the shop boy, it has the happy effect of raising him (in his own opinion) to the station of a gentleman..... Though odious, therefore, the habit may be considered useful." Writers on etiquette are seldom so frank as this about the actual value of their advice.

Here is another example of this astounding candour:

"If, in company, you hear your friend attacked, be careful how you defend him..... Opposition prolongs argument."

I BELIEVE this writer was (at heart, anyway) a Scot, for I feel just as he did about the futility of using tedious ceremony if one is not sure it is necessary for business purposes.

"Use a silver knife in eating fish," he drones priggishly in another chapter, teaching his grandmother to suck eggs, as I thought when I read it; but not at all. He lavishes another half-sheet of paper to explain that "Acetic acid coming in contact with steel produces acetate of iron which overpowers the flavour of the fish." I do wish I had gone to a University before letting myself in for these articles on behaviour! Modern science shows more and more how wise this man was to warn us against capering about in search of moral maxims that have not an assured foundation of self-interest.



"... Grapes should not be attempted by the tyro ..."

THE wise writers of our own time decline to give any more definite answer to the questions showered on them by social orphans than, "Don't do anything in particular; do what you like doing; but if you are bent on doing something begin by getting rid of most of your things, including your probable house. Burn all your furniture, with the exception of a few pieces which may have a temporary value unknown to you. Any expert will advise you as to which to keep or destroy for ever. Do not attempt to dress yourself in unsuitable clothes. A simple sprigged muslin always looks better than a shoddy brocade. Avoid elastic sided boots and cotton umbrellas. If you want to give a simple dinner to your friends that will surprise them without betraying vulgarity, try this easily-achieved menu:—

*Artichoke Soup
Shrimp Croquettes
Cullets, Peas, New Potatoes
Cheese Straws
Dessert
Coffee*

THIS is a dinner fit for a king, and is in much better style than an elaborate menu, over or under cooked, and sloppily served because you have had to change at the last minute and probably spilled the ice merangue over your best shoes when carrying it to table." This seems to leave us very much where we were, plus a few insults. Other experts write with a blind



The Temptation of Adam

The particular lure with which Eve tempted Adam to his fall will probably be argued about until the crack of doom. But there is one lure that all the Eves—married or single—of all time can use with comparative certainty of success. If your Adam is restive, over-tired, or recalcitrant, give him a glass of

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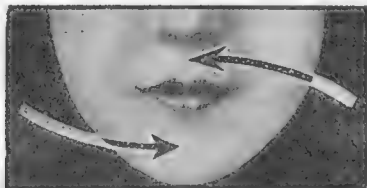
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helpfulness that makes me so nervous, I can only read a little at a time.

"When dining with Viceroy, if you happen to be seated between your host and a Prince of the Blood, remember to..... etc." (I am sure I shall remember, nor will I forget during the next shipwreck I happen to be in to use the word "belaying pin" when addressing the Officer of the Watch).

BUT all this nonsense will do us no service. What between adverse criticism of ourselves from those who always know how to do things, and equally adverse criticism from us about their criticism of our habits we shall never decide what it is that we really want to learn. Have seekers after truth the slightest suspicion of how few people (except those whose official position demands that they shall not make mistakes) can answer such questions as these:—

"Do I begin this letter 'Dear Dean' (of a Cathedral or college) or 'Dear Mr. Dean' and how do I sign myself?"

"Ought the orchestra to have refreshments before they begin, and risk their not blowing properly afterwards, or will they just think we are being mean if they get nothing till the end?"

"If you are buying a house, and the owner insists on including oil paintings of his relations among 'fixtures,' what is the best kind of letter to write, and can I say that my uncle, who is a solicitor, thinks I should have the right to the insurance money if they got burnt?"

THERE are occasions such as these, when the most carefully-thought-out behaviour breaks down utterly for lack of a sound general principle that will work in all emergencies. If none of the expert knowledge hitherto offered to the public can be reckoned on to produce gentlefolk (as the works of Mrs. Beeton, if studied intelligently, might produce a cook), how can we account for the undeniable evidence of our senses that perfect manners are often found securely rooted in one or more members of a family that has never bothered its head about the matter?

Politeness, the charm of ease and dignity, no trace of the vanity that takes or gives offence, all the secrets of good manners that cannot be hidden nor yet can be found without the gift of recognising them appear, independently of circumstances, parentage, or education, in the loneliest places, in the poorest, richest, or any other condition, even where a foreign language or an obscure dialect makes an exchange of words impossible.

THIS is a mystery which baffles everyone who thinks he has succeeded in defining the methods by which a work of art is produced. It is easy to go into details of how a would-be portrait painter must first buy a palette and cover it with blobs of paint;

to show him how he should arrange the paint according to the colour he intends to use, what brushes he had better choose for different purposes. He may be "taught to draw" better or worse than he is accustomed to, and when he has "learned to draw," he may "proceed to paint" (as a book on *The Etiquette of Drawing and Painting* could tell him). He might be instructed by the same authority to "remember to place the sitter in a favourable position as regards the light you design to fall on the features" and that he must "study the contrivances of the Old Masters to that



"... avoid elastic-sided boots and cotton umbrellas ..."

effect." The best and the worst critics of other people's performances in any art (including that of manners) are stumped at some moment of their game by the fact that a work of art is a gesture of the artist's mind, and if the critic would like to alter the quality of the gesture, he must remake the artist first.

FORTUNATELY, there is comfort to be found for the student in the school of manners, because clumsiness of execution does not matter. The social success of a lovable man will not be spoiled by his natural habit of inattention to the technique of behaviour, so he may hand on the compassion offered him to the poor painter who is obliged to keep his mind constantly on what he is doing.

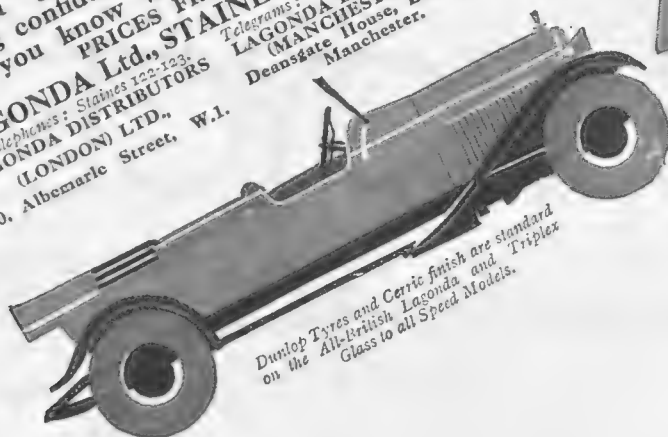
If the theory that "Man maketh Manners" as "an artist maketh art" can be accepted, then the minor difficulties of social confidence will not disturb anybody. Examined, one by one, in later discussions of the subject, they will be shown up as what they are—namely, bogeys and nothing else.

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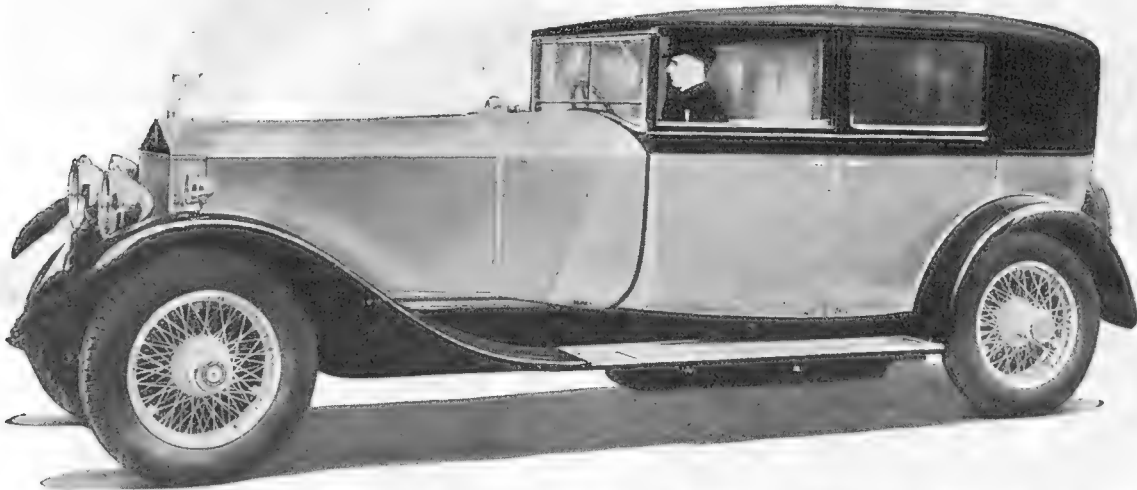
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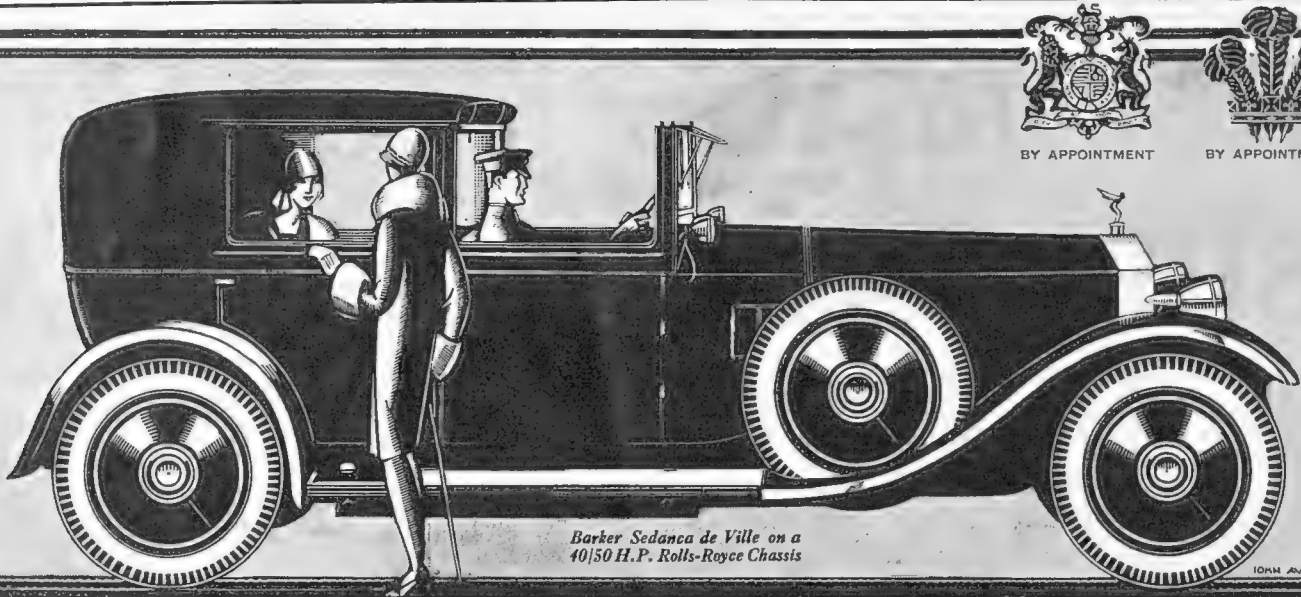
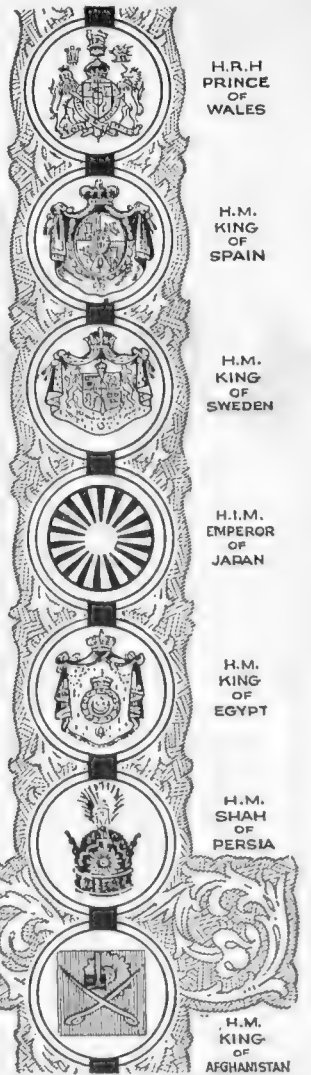
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MOTOR SECTION

For Men and Women

Edited by The EARL of CARDIGAN

The MOTORISTS' annual OPPORTUNITY

A few words of advice to those who are planning their Annual Motoring Tour through England

ENGLAND, for purposes of motor touring in the summer months, has just one serious fault. It contains too many inhabitants who either own or hire cars for the purpose of a summer motor tour. It is a strong characteristic of the average motorist that his dislike of seeing his fellow creatures raising a cloud of dust from country roads, consuming the al fresco sandwich in a sylvan setting, and making pilgrimage to those few beauty spots which still remain unspoiled, is only equalled by his delight in doing these same things himself.

In this respect I may fairly claim to be a very average motorist myself, and it is for this reason that I always think of the month of May as the Annual Opportunity which, perhaps fortunately, so many motor owners miss. August is the most orthodox month for holidays, although September is a popular alternative. Railway posters urge people to go early to the sea and countryside, and a good many respond both in June and July. In May, however, the majority of cars are still standing idle in their garages, or are only in use for business or shopping purposes.

Apart from the question of orthodoxy, it is difficult to see why this should be so. May is a warm month, and is no more prone than any other to excessive rain. The country looks its best, and it is only that "hardy annual," the charabanc, that has not yet sprung up and blossomed forth in all its summer glory. Everything, in fact, is propitious for the early motorist. The "open road" is "open" in reality.

Many of the places which at other times are better shunned invite a visit now. Cheddar, in Somersetshire, is one of these. To see the gorge there at its best you must drive down it slowly and let your eye rove

over the crags which tower so magnificently above the road. When the flow of traffic reaches its midsummer dimensions, and when someone behind you is trying to push past and make sure of his table at the inn, this is, of course, impossible. Similarly, the wonderful stalactite and stalagmite formations in the celebrated caves are ten times

more impressive when viewed in solitude.

Clovelly is another place which I personally never visit at the ordinary time of year. Its great charm lies in the fact that it has hardly changed for centuries, even such modern business establishments as Barclay's Bank being housed in tiny creeper-covered cottages. In May there is no solid phalanx

of cars and charabancs in the parking place above, and the donkeys near the harbour have an easy time. Their task is to carry visitors back up the cobbled and terraced village street again, the presumption being that after a heavy tea made glorious by clotted cream the latter are incapable of performing this office for themselves.

It is noticeable also that the standard of driving on the part of "the other fellow" seems higher when the roads are comparatively clear. This is possibly because it is only the hundredth man who is really dangerous, and when traffic is slight the chance of meeting him is proportionately reduced. There is likewise less risk of the novice getting rattled and allowing his baser instincts to get the upper hand.

Moreover, if all this were not enough, there is the undoubted fact that the May motorist receives from the denizens of his favourite holiday retreat a far more cheerful welcome than those who arrive in shoals during the succeeding months. He is something of a *rara avis*, and is prized accordingly. The best bedroom in the hotel is given to him at a lower price than that which will be demanded later on for a small one overlooking the back yard. His car practically has the garage to itself, and is immune from the indignity of being pushed (and, when he is not looking, driven) in and out by incompetent mechanics to the detriment of its wings and battery. In short, everything is done to encourage him to come again, which he does—at the same time next year!



NO RAILWAY runs to beautiful Kilmsey Crag in Wharfedale, but many motorists find their way there

WHAT TO AVOID WHEN TOURING

EVEN the most sensible people are apt to fall into one common error where touring is concerned—indeed, I sometimes think that it is the sensible people who are most prone to it. I refer to the habit of plotting out in great detail the route, the times of arrival and departure, the daily mileage, and a host of other plans. There are occasions when it is necessary to do this, as, for instance, where distant appointments must be kept, but a holiday tour emphatically is not one of them.

Obviously, it is desirable to direct one's wanderings according to some sort of plan, but a certain amount of elasticity must be allowed. I find that the desired result can best be obtained by making detailed plans some days before the start, studying them carefully, and then losing them.

Memory thus supplies the general plan, and memory's shortcomings the elasticity.

In addition to this, it is always as well to leave one day completely free. One sometimes discovers fresh attractions even in a district which one imagines one knows thoroughly. For instance, it sometimes happens on the coast that large shoals of fish are reported close inshore, and a day's fishing becomes too tempting to be missed. On such occasions the extra day becomes not only convenient but invaluable.

Then again, allowance must be made for the tricks that the weather is so apt to play. A rainy day can be spent more pleasantly by remaining in a town, whereas an unexpectedly fine one is a temptation to linger by the sea.

The increasing POPULARITY of the SUNSHINE Saloon

It is with great interest that we wait to see how the public will greet the arrival of these new models

IT will be interesting to see during the summer what degree of popularity the new "Sunshine" saloons achieve. Up to date it has been through the manufacturers' advertisements rather than through their actual appearance on the road that people have learned what these new models will be like. I spent an hour walking through London a few days ago, and only saw one saloon car fitted with a sliding roof.

I also walked into the show-rooms of a very celebrated firm, and enquired what their experience was as to the public demand for a car of this type. I will admit that I was surprised rather than otherwise when I was told that the interest shown by purchasers seemed to be considerable. Apparently this firm had been more or less forced to put a new model on their list owing to several customers insisting on drastic incisions in the roof of their standard saloon. They had already sold a number of these makeshift jobs.

Of course, one must not believe implicitly the conclusions that manufacturers and dealers draw. If they were always right, they would have made their pile and retired long ago. The public as a whole is naturally conservative, and a novelty must have some very strong points about it if it is to establish its popularity. Whether the "Sunshine" saloon is vastly superior both to the weather proof tourer and to the airy saloon as we already know them, I personally should hesitate to say.

As regards the closed car, the idea of opening a portion of the roof was initiated with the landaulette—a type which has gone completely out of favour since the war. Will the ability to slide open the forward part of the roof prove more attractive to the average purchaser? It is not impossible, since the new method does not interfere with the rounded back panel which is now in vogue. It is also claimed that the passengers can see more of the scenery through a sliding roof, but this is hardly a strong argument in a country where mountain passes are the exception rather than the rule.

Alternatively, will the new coachwork shake the constancy of those who remain faithful to the open car? This I should very much doubt, since the great advantage of the tourer is that on a perfect day it can be fully opened, enabling one to enjoy the sun and the fresh air to one's heart's content. Moreover, there has been for some years past a steady improvement in all-weather

equipment, so that the many objections to open cars in bad weather are being gradually weeded out and put right. When fully closed up, the modern tourer is as nearly



AN IMPOSING array of the new Hillman Straight Eights, which deserved a place of honour at Messrs. Rootes Ltd.'s Annual Show at Maidstone

weather-proof as makes no difference.

Of course, what we should all really like would be a noiseless example of the "all-weather" type of bodywork, with real windows and a hood that would fold down flat behind. This, however, is a counsel of perfection, for it has been found that cars of this type almost invariably rattle most abominably after a few months of use. There is one all-weather body now being made which is said to be free from the trouble which killed its predecessors, and a very ingenious job it is, but unfortunately it seems to cost a good deal more than the average saloon. Even in the case of a small car, the price goes up by something like £100, and no doubt increases still further with the larger ones. But for this, the "Sunshine" saloon would have so strong a competitor that its chances of succeeding would be small.

My own preference, I frankly confess, is for none of these. I like best of all a big two-seater, with plenty of leg-room and right-hand control. In such a car three people can comfortably sit abreast, and all of them are within the wheelbase, which means that everyone enjoys the full benefit of all four springs. Also, there is nothing to beat a dickey for carrying either big loads or a multitude of odds and ends. My own two-seater is a small one, but I always maintain that it carries a bigger load in greater comfort than many larger cars.

This, however, has nothing to do with the "Sunshine" saloon. The latter, if it does nothing else, will at least give us something to talk about during the next few months. The great question is—shall we talk as a preliminary to getting out our cheque books, or shall we merely talk?

AUTOMATIC FEATURES on the INCREASE

Is the growth of automatic control destroying the initiative of the modern car owner?

THE increase in the number of "automatic" features now available raises a very interesting point. We have yet to see how far we can go with safety in simplifying the control and maintenance of so complex a machine as the modern motor car. This problem has been exercising the designers' minds since the very early days, for I find that one firm produced in 1904 a car having the brake pedal connected with the clutch. It was quite rightly thought that something would be gained if the driver could bring the car to a standstill by means of one pedal instead of the usual two.

The experiment, naturally, did not prove a success. We now recognise that the moment when the clutch should be withdrawn occurs a few seconds before the car actually comes to rest, and is much better left to the discretion of the driver to determine. It is safer for him to stop his engine one or twice when he is learning than to be hampered by mechanical "assistance" when he has gained proficiency.

By a curious coincidence, the same old car incorporated another original feature which was as admirable as the device described above was futile. This was automatic ignition control, re-introduced quite recently as a novelty. It is remarkable that in one chassis of such an early vintage the best and the worst examples of "doing it automatically" should have been displayed.

No fault can be found with automatic control of the ignition, since it is difficult for the driver to do the job so well himself, and impossible for him to do it better. This is, in my opinion, the criterion by which all "automatic" features should be judged. If the function to be performed is a purely mechanical one, such as advancing the ignition in direct ratio to the speed of the engine, then it is better done by a machine. If it requires judgment, such as bringing a car to a standstill in the most expeditious manner, then it is better left to human agency.

Automatic or semi-automatic greasing devices are somewhere on the border line. They are certainly attractive, for no one enjoys greasing, and there is probably less danger of this job being overlooked when it is made simpler and less damaging to the clothes and finger nails.

There was, on the other hand, a certain satisfaction in screwing down a grease cap and knowing that one was forcing a goodly supply of grease right down into the bearing. A certain amount squirted out at the side and got over one's fingers, but the point was that one knew just where all of it had gone. In the near future, when we merely press Plunger B in accordance with the instruction book, we shall have only the compiler's word for it that, barring a leakage in the system, the stuff has gone where it will do most good.



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"DOING the KNOTS" on modern ROADS

The keen motorist is apt to sacrifice accuracy to dramatic effect when he is extolling the merits of his latest purchase

FROM new cars and a new touring season one's mind turns naturally to the old but evergreen question of average speeds. There is no doubt that a lot of nonsense is annually talked by those who wish to extol the merits of their latest purchase. Like the proverbial fisherman describing his catch, these people are not intentionally untruthful, but they are apt to sacrifice strict accuracy for the

the whole distance was almost precisely 25!

Of course I had averaged a good 30 m.p.h. for the first half or even three-quarters of the run. Then I had climbed Porlock Hill at a steady 5-10 m.p.h., gone cautiously down Countisbury, and climbed Lynton in my lowest gear. Once or twice I had slowed down or stopped to look at signposts, and had been held up at least once by sheep. A little of this sort of thing had speedily knocked 5 m.p.h. off the total average.

I mention the signposts, because these waste far more time than is generally realised. It takes only a couple of seconds to look at them, but half a minute may elapse between the moment of starting to slow down and the moment of regaining one's normal touring speed.

This is where the passenger can help. A good passenger will pick out the directions on a signpost as soon as they come within

readable range, and if he or she has keen eyes it may be hardly necessary to slow down at all. The one fatal crime, for which no passenger can be forgiven, is to give conflicting direc-



TIME CHANGES, but the open road remains. The modern car and the "Sunshine Saloon" of the good old days present a picturesque contrast in appearances and, incidentally, in average speeds, the subject of Lord Cardigan's article on this page



SMALL CARS of to-day can be depended on for a good average over a long run. A fine view of Tintern Abbey from the Chepstow Road is seen above

sake of dramatic effect. It is so easy to average 40 m.p.h. if one starts by the hall clock which is five minutes fast and finishes by one's wrist watch which is a trifle slow!

I believe it is quite the exception for an ordinary car on the ordinary road to average more than 30 m.p.h. I admit that there is one stretch of the Bath Road over which I habitually average 35, and that I have averaged over 40 m.p.h. on another road which I happened to know like the palm of my hand. These, however, are exceptional cases, and it is quite another matter when people claim to have maintained a similar speed over the ordinary give-and-take road which they do not know particularly well.

I remember once making rather an interesting experiment. I calculated with the greatest possible exactitude my average speed on a run of about 150 miles, the route being one over which I had not travelled for some time and including about 30 miles of big hills and country roads. The first 30 miles, on the other hand, was over a first-class road with which I was quite familiar. I received quite a shock when I found my average over

tions until it is just too late, and then say, "No, by Jove, you ought to have gone to the right after all!" It is as bad as persuading someone to take you shopping, and then saying, "That's the shop—the one we passed back there!"

Of course, when it comes to keeping up a good average over country roads, no car, however powerful, can hope to compete with the humble motor "bike." I remember once in Devonshire being passed by a very noisy fellow on a perfectly ordinary machine. Not liking his dust, I gave chase, but for five miles or so I could hardly keep with him, and I should never have passed him at all but for an unexpected bit of "straight." This was amusing, because the car which

I was driving at the time was supposed to be capable on the level (I never tested it) of 120 m.p.h.!

Yet another instance of the extent to which the average speed of a car is affected by the steep and twisting nature of West Country roads is afforded by the organised London to Land's End and London to Exeter runs. The average which has to be maintained on these occasions is a mere 20 m.p.h., and it is not immediately obvious how anyone can fail to win a gold medal at the very least. When, however, intermediate figures are recorded over a short but "difficult" section, it is found in practice to be comparatively easy to lose marks.

The inference is that, whereas we may swallow some tall tales with regard to averages along main roads, a certain suspicion is not unjustified when spectacular speeds are claimed over stretches which include sections of the "give-and-take" variety.

THIS MONTH'S MOTORING HINT

Do it in Reverse

IT often happens in London and other cities that cars have to be parked in a row around a square or along a certain street. When only one or two isolated spaces are left unoccupied, difficulty arises for some drivers in getting their cars neatly into position parallel with and close to the kerb.

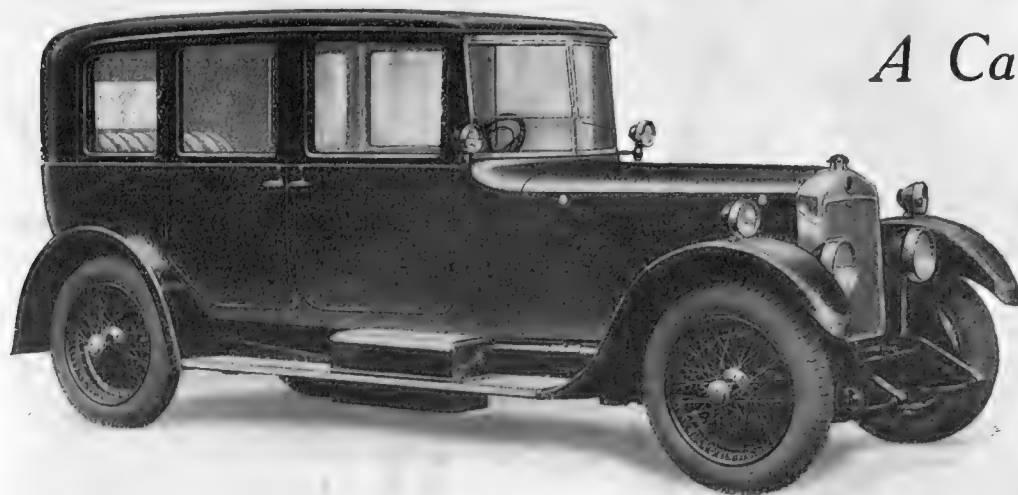
The back wheels seem determined to stick out into the street, and by none of the ordinary manoeuvres can they be persuaded to occupy their proper place. Matters are frequently made worse by the well meant but misguided advice of an attendant whose experience of motor cars is secondhand and completely unreliable.

The whole trouble is due to the fallacy that it must be easier

to do the job in a forward gear than in reverse. In this case the exact opposite is true. The car should be backed in towards the kerb, and the back wheels got into position first. The front of the car, being most immediately affected by any movement of the steering wheel, can be manoeuvred quite a long way to right or left within a foot or two. Thus a big car can be driven backwards into a confined space much more easily than the smallest car which goes in forwards.

"Go in backwards; come out forwards" is the general rule that may be stated to meet such contingencies. The only thing that makes reversing difficult is the fact that some people lack practice in the art through persistently avoiding it, and for this there is an obvious remedy.

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R. P. H. in the "Motor News."

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The NEWEST A Feature for Gramo- Conducted by

"WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy"—when I was seven years old my parents took me to my first concert. We were living in Manchester, it was the Thursday before Christmas, and the occasion therefore of Sir Charles Hallé's annual performance of *The Messiah*. I remember three of the singers quite perfectly. They were Madame Albani, full-bosomed and furbelowed; Edward Lloyd looking, with his impressive moustache, oily hair, and positively exuding manner exactly like the portraits one sees of Grand Masters, or whatever they are called, of a Masonic Lodge; and of course Charles Santley, looking a hundred or so to my childish eyes but probably not more than sixty. Whether the fourth singer was Madame Patey or Miss Ada Crossley I cannot remember. I have never forgotten the sight of the Free Trade Hall packed to the doors, and I think that even then I sensed the extraordinarily dramatic quality of the opening recitative. I was to hear Lloyd sing this many, many times, and he always seemed to me to sing it and the aria which follows with the same absolute perfection. All this came crowding back on me when I put on the H.M.V. record of "Comfort Ye" and "Every Valley" from *The Messiah*, Mr. Walter Widdop singing.

WELL, there's no doubt that Christmas and a crowded hall are a help to full delight in these noble numbers. I shall not do Mr. Widdop the disservice of comparison. He does well enough, and as I am writing at the end of Grand National week, let me say that if he does not take all the fences in the aria clean, he gets over them, and is left standing up at the end. Quite correctly he and Mr. John Barbirolli's unnamed orchestra finish in a dead heat. This is a disc for all Handelians; but then, so are all Handel records. Your true Handelian is known by this, that his great master cannot do wrong, while some other great masters can, in comparison, hardly do right. Samuel Butler, the author of *The Way of All Flesh*, was the Handelian *par excellence*, and it is almost pathetic to think that the gramophone came some twenty years too late for him. How he would have revelled in the hurdles of Handel's great aria, and Mr. Widdop's surmounting of them, though I cannot help thinking that he would have grumbled a little at the introduction of the letter *h* into the middle of the word *valley*.

WITH the reader's leave I shall in these notes always consider first oratorios.

RECORDS

phone Enthusiasts

JAMES AGATE

opera, and orchestral works generally; then the major solo performances, instrumental and vocal; then lighter music of all sorts; and lastly, jazz, fox-trots, and rubbish unashamed. It is obvious that everybody cannot, and would not, want to possess permanently every record that is published or even written about; and I shall therefore mark with an asterisk those records which seem to me to be worth buying for keeps. An asterisk will denote that the material recorded is the best of its kind, that the performance is first-class, and the recording faultless. A masterpiece badly performed or badly recorded will not receive an asterisk; and readers are begged to bear these conditions in mind when they remark that a one-step is starred in preference to a concerto. The starring simply means that the one-step record is quite perfect in its kind.



THE Columbia rendering of the Overture to *Der Freischütz*, played by the Basle Symphony Orchestra, is workmanlike, methodical, scholarly, and dull. But then, of course, if a piece can be made to sound dull Weingartner is the man to do it. Weber had two moods, one of essentially German and laboured romanticism, the other pure sparkle; and it is only the sparkle which is worth hearing to-day. Technically these two records are of varying quality, the orchestral tone being well reproduced in some places, while in others what we hear is the common flat-iron denominator of that which I must call essential gramophone. Two H.M.V. records of (*) Mendelssohn's Overture to and Scherzo from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are brilliant reproductions of the brilliant playing of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Musical critics have grown grey debating whether Mendelssohn was a great little master or a little great master. The point is quite immaterial. The fact remains that sea-pieces in the cinema have always been totally unable to get along without the *Fingal's Cave* and *Ruy Blas* Overtures, just as no battle-pieces on the screen seem to be complete without Beethoven's *Egmont* or *Coriolan*. As for the fitness of *The Dream* music to *The Dream* one could almost use the poet's own words:—

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.



A FANTASY from Delibes's *Coppelia*, played by the Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin (Parlophone), brings

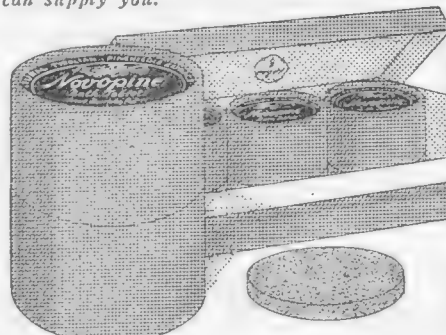
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back happy memories of Katti Lanner and the ballet at the old Empire. It ends up rather weakly with the "Danse de la Poupée," which, being less vigorous, should have preceded the "Mazurka." Of Mr. Norman O'Neill's Incidental Music to *Mary Rose* (on a single H.M.V. record and conducted by the composer) one imagines Boswell saying, "Do you not find, Sir, that this music recalls the Hebrides?" and Johnson replying, "Why, yes, Sir." To those of a later day it will recall many poignant evenings in the theatre. (Let me brazen it out and confess that I am a *Mary Rose* fan.)

The Third Act Trio and Finale from Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* (H.M.V.) will give people an opportunity of hearing these enchanting excerpts when they, the people, are fresh. *Rosenkavalier* shares with *Die Meistersinger*, my other favourite opera, the fault of being too long. The Trio in the one opera and the perfected Prize Song in the other always fall on ears too tired to appreciate them. For hearers not in special training three hours of opera is enough—a thing which no German has ever been able to understand. It is for this reason that this record is particularly welcome.



THE Finale of Act One of Verdi's *Otello* (Parlophone) gives us a pleasurable chance of becoming better acquainted with the last stages of the genius of this grand old man, while an aria from *Traviata*, splendidly sung by Beniamino Gigli (H.M.V.), serves to remind us how much better early Verdi is than early almost anybody else, always excepting Mozart. Amateurs of the *démodé* or "amusing," in the up-to-date phrase, will be delighted by the same singer's recording of an aria from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But if they share my views they will be thrilled beyond descriptive possibility by the Signora Margherita Salvi's warbling of (*) the "Cavatina di Zerlina" from Auber's *Fra Diavolo* (Parlophone). The Signora is an admirable vocal gymnast. But the stuff itself! I can only say that it is a cyclopædia of all that is meaningless, a rhapsody on the theme of nullity, nothing

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LITERARY

Open to all

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally, to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupon herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

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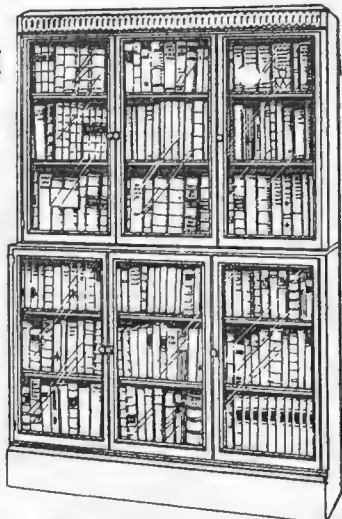
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by James Agate

raised to its musical *nth*, and bearing about as much relation to music as the over-elaborate windows of a Tottenham Court Road furnisher bear to the normal living-room. I have starred this record because I doubt if this song will ever be heard again except in the recitals of our pyrotechnical hyenas!



IN the matter of light songs Mr. W. F. Watt sings "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" (Columbia) and another Irish air, both composed to Moore's words, and the former singularly akin to "The Gentle Maiden"; Mr. Paul Robeson in his singing of "Sonny Boy" (H.M.V.) shows that he is white, clear white inside; Mr. John McCormack also has a go at this tear-compeller, and again in "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac-Time" (H.M.V.), makes display of that voice which so oft in the stilly night has torn sobs from multitudes; and Mr. Derek Oldham sings "Good-Bye" (H.M.V.) Tostically and tristfully. A good bundle for the lachrymose.

(*) "Entry of the Spring Flowers" (Marek Weber and his Orchestra) is a delicious little music-hall gem which no trapeze-artist can afford to neglect. Listen carefully and you will positively see the lady with the spangled thighs defying the laws of gravity, while in the background her sister, momentarily inactive, dabs the rosin on her plump, pink palms. On the other side of this H.M.V. record is "You Shall Be the King of My Heart," a perfect piece of cinema-music to which, in the mind's eye, two lovers stroll into the October sunset while Japanese-cherry trees bestrew them with the petals of May. Both little pieces are perfect in their kind. Mr. Jack Hylton, best of jazz-conductors, gives us "You Made Me Love You" (H.M.V.). But one thinks that he might usefully renew acquaintance with Nikisch's admirable "Strauss-Parodie." One of his band, alas, sings—whereby I am reminded of the old army injunction to "put a sock in it"! Paul Whiteman's "What D'ya Say?" (Columbia) is capital if rather noisy jazz.

COMPETITION CIRCLE

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All entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia & Eve" not later than first post Monday, May 13th.

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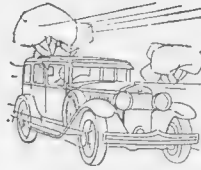
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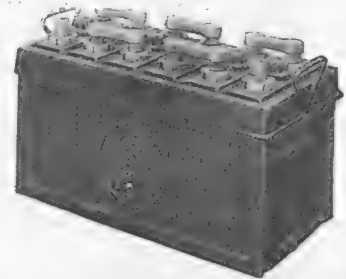


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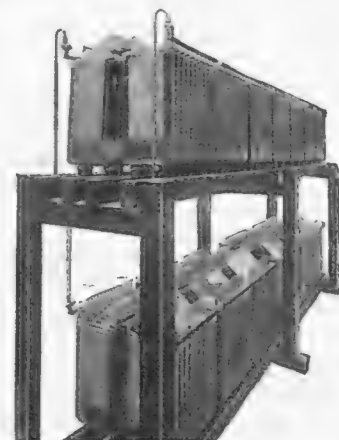


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JOHN of ETHIRDOVA:

By Hector Bolitho

(Continued from page 91)

When he was almost sixty years old, John made his last journey to the mountain of Ethirdova. By mid-day, more than eight hundred people had gathered in the valley. He had set out at dawn, when the first pink light appeared on the edge of the snow. And while he climbed up and down the ridges which led to the summit, the people in the valley cooked their food and told the strangers the story of John and of his father, who was dead, and of his mother Deborah, and of the cross of silver light that old people saw on John's forehead, before they died. And the children and the young people who listened did not understand.

The wind grew in strength until it shook the trees and the houses in the valley and made the stream angry and sullen and loud. Those who could, stayed within their houses and the strangers were allowed to shelter, holding their children near them and wishing they had not left their houses, so many miles away. The clouds came down the mountain and closed in over Ethirdova. They moved over the red turrets of the castle, and the rain came and with it the wind came too, stronger and more terrible. Swords of lightning stabbed the hills.

John had passed the low ground, where snow lay in the crevices or on the sheltered sides of the rocks. He climbed through a cloud, so thick that he could see nothing of the lowland nor of the mountain in front of him. He saw only his own hands, swinging vaguely in the mist. The cloud wheeled around him, and then, when he had climbed beyond it, with his hair sprinkled with shining drops of water, his red face, and his lips purple from the cold, he looked back and saw the cloud, like a whirlwind, below him. It spun round in the currents of air and rolled down the mountain side, whirling and eddying, tearing its edges on rocks and the buttresses of the cliff faces.

WHEN it was almost dark, he came to a place he had never seen before. The mist was so thick that he could not see whither he walked. Sometimes he would stumble over a stone, but, recovering himself, he would walk on, up through the snow. But, once, something soft touched his leg. He put down his hand through the mist, which moved slowly and quietly about him, and his fingers touched soft leaves. He moved his hand. Then he knelt down, and he found white lilies growing in the snow. The mist cleared, and while the great thunder and the rain and the clouds tormented the valley, the top of the mountain was calm, and the last rays of the sun shone upon it. As the mists moved, John found himself standing between two walls of rock. They were so steep that there was no snow upon them. They were made of red stone, and were marked with crude yellow lines. When the mist was completely cleared, he saw that there was no snow upon the ground here, and that the whiteness came from the lilies which grew, pressed closely together, over all the space between the walls of rock. Their smell filled his nostrils. But he was tired, and he fell upon his knees, and here, when it was warm and quiet, he went to sleep.

As he slept, he dreamed that he was still lying among the white lilies.

Lying there, he looked up at the smooth untrodden slope, past where the lilies grew, and he saw a figure standing against the

great, moving sky. As he looked, the mist came down again. But there was a golden cloud which moved past them, and out of it came a hand. He looked and saw within the palm, seven shining stars.

A voice spoke to him in his dream, and said: "Who art thou?"

He answered: "I am John, the half-wit of Ethirdova."

Then the voice asked him: "What art thou?"

But he trembled so that he could not speak. Then quiet came to him, for he felt the hand pressed down upon him, and he answered: "I am nothing. I cannot count sheep in the hills, nor could I serve my master as I promised."

He felt the hand move from his head, so that he was able to raise his eyes. The mists had cleared. The figure before him was tall, standing among the lilies, with hands made of gold, and within the palm of each of them there shone silver stars. John was afraid to raise his eyes beyond them.

The voice spoke to him again and said: "Every year thou hast come to Ethirdova. Every year thou hast come to the mountain and because of this thou hast had faith, which is greater than wisdom. For their faith, and not their wisdom, will men be made immortal. Thou shalt not go back to the valley; but because thy faith was greater than thy wisdom, a flame shall burn for ever here upon the mountain, to tell the people with whom thou hast lived that thy faith was great. It shall be a warning that their faith should be likewise."

Still John did not lift his eyes, and in his dream he saw God moving away from him, beyond the lilies, where the earth was bare and dreary. John saw His feet, which were made of gold, and in each place where they touched the earth a lily sprang up and gleamed white in the snow. And behind Him there walked One whose feet were cut so that they stained the lilies with crimson.

WHEN it was almost midnight, the people in the valley moved from their houses, for the storm was past, and the clouds broke and showed faint streaks of moonlight shining through. So they climbed the hill, towards the cave where the Dukes of Ethirdova were buried. The strangers who had sheltered in the outhouses of the castle came, too, so that there were more than eight hundred people gathered upon the hill.

The ground was wet, but the wind and rain had passed. The clouds lifted, so that the white sides of Ethirdova shone in the moonlight. Some of the people went into the cave to see if John was there. But he had not come down from the mountain. They waited and watched the clouds rising, until the top of the mountain was almost clear. Sounds came to them from over the hills, now that the wind had passed. But they looked up the mountain side and saw that the last cloud was coloured like a flame. It moved up into the great space above the mountain, and on the summit there burned a light which was not of the moon, nor of a fire. And the old people knew that John would never come back from the mountain, and they fell upon their knees in the wet grass, and the younger people followed them, until all the eight hundred people who were in Ethirdova were prostrate upon the earth, their heads raised, and their eyes fixed on the flame which was like a white sword at the summit of Ethirdova.

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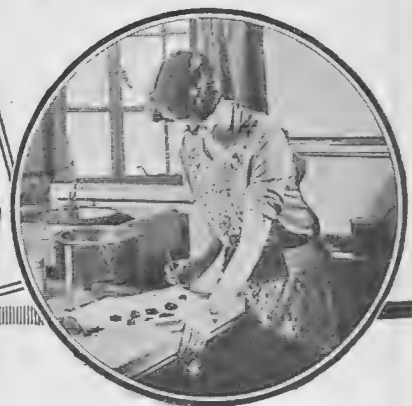
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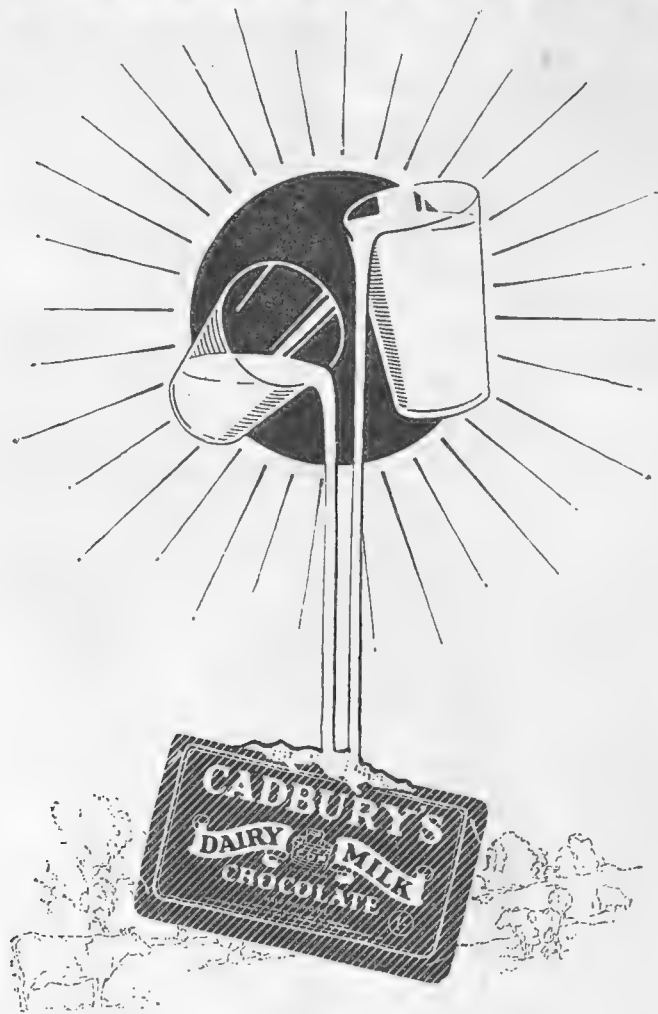
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2^D bars
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Lady Warren Hastings

By Lion Feuchtwanger

(continued from page 19)

not from the husband. While she had previously given Mr. Imhoff the cold shoulder, she now took a sympathetic interest in the man who was being neglected by his wife.

Mr. Hastings was accustomed to direct a conversation in the manner which suited him. In extremely difficult palavers with natives, in which the crookedest, floweriest way was the most direct, nothing could divert him from his purpose. But in this conversation with Baroness Imhoff, it was she who was the leader. Mr. Hastings patiently corrected the numerous mistakes which the Baroness made. She laughed, made a better attempt, and the next minute she was making the same mistake again. Hastings thought her witty and charming.

At table the Baron told the First Councillor of the Presidency of Madras what his views on India were. The Baron was an imaginative man with a feeling for colour, for the poetical side of things. Mr. Hastings took to him. He himself was fond of poetry. He was working at the translation of a short Indian epic. But he made a neat dividing line between poetry and business.

AFTERWARDS, in bed, the Baron explained to this wife that the successes of this Mr. Hastings were due to the fact that he was not a philosopher. A man who spent a long time asking the why and the wherefore could never carry out an undertaking with real success. He, Karl Adam, was by nature far more gifted than the gentleman in the coffee-coloured suit. But unfortunately he was a philosopher, in fact, he might almost say, a poet.

While Karl Adam was explaining this to her, Marianne fell asleep in an affable mood. She had an enormous respect for her husband and his philosophy. He pleased her, because she felt superior to him. The romantic Baron was superior to her, and that was why she loved him.

THE next morning there was an unpleasant little scene.

The child Karl soiled the cabin. The Baroness, who was a stickler for cleanliness, ordered the stewardess to put things straight. Scarcely had the cabin been put in order than Karl again soiled it. The stewardess, on being sent for again, became surly. The Baroness asked Karl Adam to give the girl a tip. Karl Adam said he was unable to do so. He was no money-grubber, but the fifteen louis d'or which now formed his sole wealth, were intended for their stay in India.

Marianne considered whether she should complain or not, but finally thought it would be better to speak kindly to the girl and to bring her round by the gift of a small trinket.

Marianne now chattered a great deal in German; when she spoke English, she made the same mistakes. Mr. Hastings thought her Swabian prattle was just as charming as her imperfect English. She loved her husband and determined to become Mrs. Hastings.

GENERAL CLAVERING'S wife now spent a good deal of time with Baron Imhoff.

If Marianne came up, she put on a wooden expression, kept her mouth shut, and soon took her departure. Marianne determined to become Mrs. Hastings and to take precedence of the General's wife.

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SENSATIONAL CASE

THE TRIUMPH OF RADUIM OVER RHEUMATISM.

THE FAMOUS AUTHORESS, LILLY PORTHAN, RELATES HER EXPERIENCE.

"A small grey piece of flannel that looked like worn-out homespun." Thus begins the authoress in her account of her experiences of "Radicura" radium packs. She continues:

So simple and unassuming is the external appearance of the celebrated Radium pack "Radicura." But it contains radium, which substance for the human body means health and strength. And, therefore, the pack is worth far more than gold or jewels.

As I myself have been entirely cured of serious rheumatism in the joints by these packs, I wish to convince other sufferers of the wonderful and rapid paregoric qualities which the "Radicura" packs possess.

A year ago I fell ill with severe pains, which began in both knees and quickly spread to all the joints of the body. The doctor declared that it was a most severe kind of rheumatism in the joints and very hard to cure. Medicines, compresses, electricity, nothing relieved or helped. The pains were horrible. The joints had become much inflamed, and I could not in the slightest degree move the left arm and the right leg. New ointments, new compresses. All in vain!

Every day I had fever, and the heart weakened through waking and pains. A burning headache gave me a presentiment that the rheumatism had already reached so high up. The sight became bad, and even the eyes ached, so that I saw everything as through a red mist. I had myself lost all hope. Then I heard something spoken of that was sure to cure. Just as a drowning person will clutch at even the weakest support, so I did at the new remedy which would be sure to cure me. It was ordered and it came.

I must admit that it was with a feeling of great disappointment, almost of contempt, that I examined the plain Spartan piece of flannel which was called "Radicura," and which would for certain restore me to health.

There on the sick-table was standing a considerable collection of proud jars containing expensive ointments, bottles of strong-smelling and richly-coloured liquids and patent tablets in neat glass tubes. These had not helped at all. And now the small radium pack was going to show them all what it could do.

It was placed on the most affected knee. And I waited. After about half an hour I fell

asleep. When I woke up, after having slept for three hours, the pain in the knee had grown considerably less and the fever had disappeared. The pack was placed on the shoulder. Two days later I could move as I liked the arm which had hitherto been stiff, and no pain was to be felt in it any more. Now I knew that it was the little pack which had brought me relief in my illness. I ordered a larger one. And thanks to these two packs, I got quite well, so that, after having used the same night and day for four weeks, I had no more pains whatever and slept excellently. And my sight has grown much stronger since I have worn the pack on the forehead during the night. It was the radium, that wonderful substance, which soothed and cured.

(Signed) LILLY PORTHAN.

So much for the authoress. But it is not only against Rheumatism or its numerous forms that "Radicura" has proved its unique healing effect, but also against Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Insomnia, and other diseases which have their origin in defective metabolism. Our imposing collection of testimonials from persons in all ranks of society and in different countries bears witness to this.

Every "Radicura" bears a sealed certificate signed by an eminent Government Geologist, attesting its Radioactivity.

It can be kept in the house for years and used again and still retain its activity. The "Radicura" material may be purchased for a few shillings upwards, according to size.

Radicura may be obtained through Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, Barkers, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and leading Cash Chemists. But wherever or whenever you intend to make your purchase, you should read the free booklet, so cut out and post the coupon to-day to Radicura-Radiowoll, Ltd., 53, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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Three days later Warren Hastings fell ill. The Reverend A. Salmon, who had some medical training, could not ascertain the source of the trouble. And somewhat at random, he prescribed sedatives. But the illness of Mr. Hastings was due to his lack of occupation; for he felt well only when faced with odds and amid restless labour.

Marianne Imhoff sat in the hot, stuffy cabin and nursed the sick man.

Gazed at his long nose, which, without any bridge, formed a continuation of the forehead, and which now in the haggard face, seemed longer than ever. Gazed at the powerful chin, the vast forehead, which was extremely high and bare, as the skull of Mr. Hastings, now thirty-nine years of age, was beginning to grow bald. Listened eagerly to the words which crossed his thin, dry lips. Understood nearly everything, understood that he was talking about administration, about the army, that from time to time he quoted a Latin classic.

In Stuttgart she had often heard Latin; she could not help laughing at the English pronunciation of Latin, and, lo and behold, the sick man, who assuredly did not know she was there, laughed as well.

Then Marianne Imhoff, who loved her husband Karl Adam, saw that she and this man would get on well if they lived together, and she determined that, whatever happened she would nurse him back to health.

From now onwards she scandalously did not budge from his cabin, by day or night.

WHEN Hastings was getting better, and his mind was quite clear for the first time since his illness, he asked for a mirror.

Marianne did not understand his words, but she guessed their meaning. With a swift instinct she found the razor, prepared the lather, made ready to shave him. He made a horrified gesture of protest. But Marianne insisted, and in the course of three quarters of an hour, after having cut him only five times seriously, she caused the former face of Warren Hastings to emerge.

But during these proceedings Warren Hastings sensed a deep, unseemly but highly gratifying intimacy between himself and this woman. With the same vehemence with which he was resolved to hold India entirely, he resolved to make her Mrs. Hastings.

When he was able to walk on deck again, he asked the Baron to paint a miniature of him. The other passengers thought it rather funny that the First Councillor of Madras should have his portrait painted by the dubious German. First in his coffee-coloured suit and then in the claret-coloured dress coat which he wore on State occasions.

DURING the sitting, Mr. Hastings discussed questions of German, English, and Indian law with Mr. Imhoff, especially those relating to marriage. Mr. Hastings had gained political, military and commercial victories, but none of them had gratified the serious-minded man so much as the statement that before the courts of Franconia marriages could be dissolved by reason of mutual dislike, incompatibility of temperament.

Warren Hastings now recovered his health rapidly, for he had a task before him. Accustomed to the wearisome protractedness of oriental negotiations, he stalked the fleshy, fantastic Imhoff.

The latter saw him coming, knew that the struggle was lost before it began. He loved Marianne, and Hastings had made a strong impression on him. Both were more energetic than himself. And as a fatalist he did not shut his eyes to the fact that a shrewd man could extract

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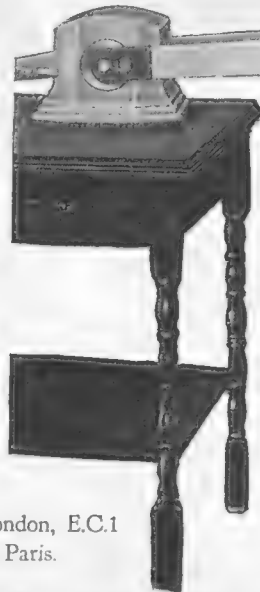
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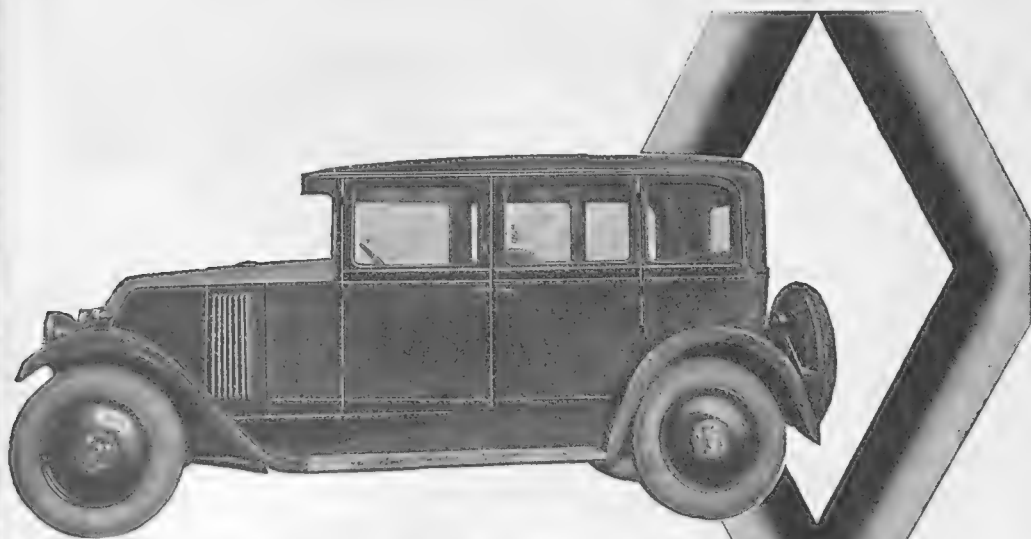
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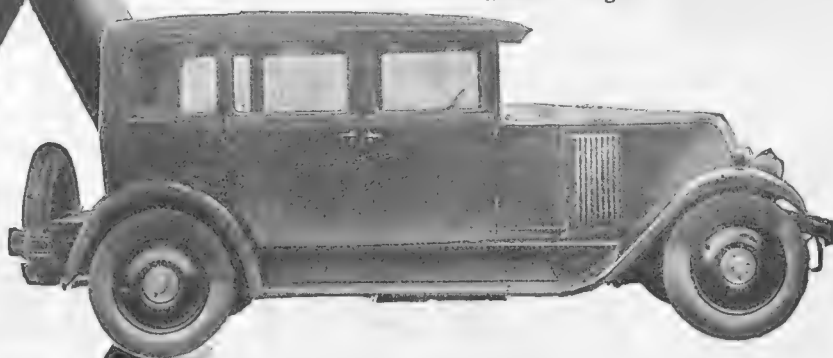
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much from the lavish hand of this young conqueror of India.

Herr von Imhoff worked away at his miniatures with crayon and brush, and did not let his adversary have it all his own way. Not until the two miniatures, after wearisome labour, were finished to his satisfaction, did he condescend to a final discussion of the matter.

At this discussion Mr. Hastings and Mr. Imhoff, politely and without grandiloquence, set forth their respective points of view.

It turned out that these points of view were at variance, but were not incapable of being reconciled.

ON the following night the Baron talked things over with Marianne.

At first Karl Adam wanted to adopt a worldly, sceptical, cynical attitude, but somehow he did not quite manage it. His fleshy face looked distressed, old, and Marianne loved him very much. She tried to give a jocular turn to the whole affair, indulged in much laughter, which displayed her small teeth. But she could not carry it off either. At last she wept.

This was the second occasion during the long time they had been together that Karl Adam saw her weep; for she was an exception in an emotional epoch, and was not fond of tears. This time she wept so copiously that the pillow became soaked.

It was then decided that at the next port of call the Imhoffs would despatch a petition for divorce to the law court at Nuremberg, on the ground that their mutual dislike was insuperable, and that they should then remain at Madras or wherever Mr. Hastings happened to be staying, until the German divorce decree was received.

Mr. Hastings was to make himself responsible for their upkeep on a fitting scale. After the divorce Mr. Imhoff was to return to Germany, and the little boy Karl would remain with his mother.

Having settled this, the Imhoffs, husband, wife and child, and Mr. Warren Hastings led an harmonious family life on board.

BUT it took six years before the divorce could be obtained. During these years Warren Hastings became Governor of Bengal and First Governor-General of British India.

Conquered India entirely. Filled the coffers of the Company. Broke the malicious, stubborn opposition of the councillors whom London had set on his track. Had, to this end, caused the first man among the natives to be hanged by the neck. For the same purpose wiped out a brave race which he liked, for a cowardly one which he loathed. Built roads. Alleviated famines. Was as just and unjust as the River Ganges.

Marianne Imhoff was close at hand and understood nothing of all these proceedings.

She lived at Calcutta in princely style. Dressed with elegance and variety, consumed several lacs of rupees, induced the native princes and dignitaries to make presents, which they laid at her feet in a spirit of fury and huge meekness, laughed and showed her small teeth. Felt superior to Hastings and was fond of him, spoke bad English and never improved it, and Hastings thought that everything about her was marvellous.

Her long neck became withered, her features sharp, and the little boy Karl grew into an ungainly, swaggering, obnoxious young lout.

JUST as Mr. Hastings in his daring, ingenious and lawless manner had broken the resistance of his three opponents on the Indian council, the divorce decree arrived from the law court at Nuremberg, and

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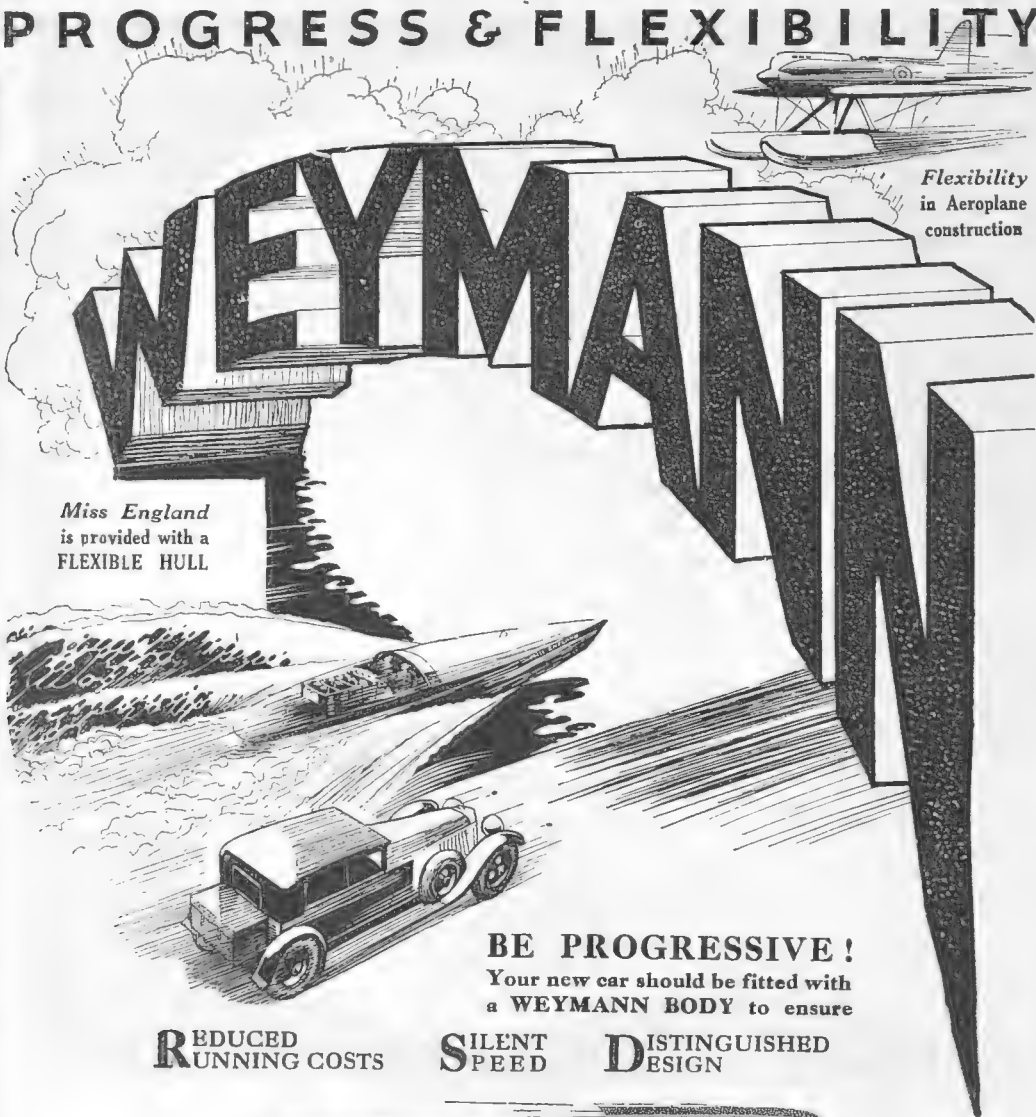
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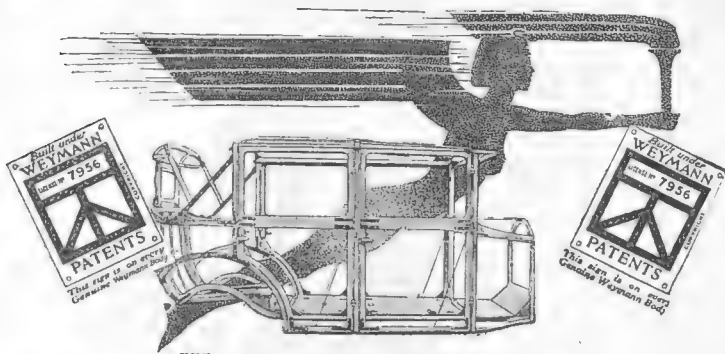
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Lady Warren Hastings

Hastings was able to marry Mrs. Imhoff. But one of the three councillors whom he had overcome was General Clavering. After the truce which had just been precariously patched up, the General could not very well absent himself from the Governor's wedding.

Two days before the celebration, Clavering fell rather alarmingly ill. The general's wife asked to be excused, as she had to nurse her husband. But on the day of the wedding Hastings, at Marianne's wish, came personally to the general's house, and by his persistent affability forced the general and Lady Clavering to attend the celebration.

Marianne Imhoff was happy for the greater part of her life.

She was happy in Stuttgart, when the worldly, stylish baron had seduced her; she was happy when he married her; she was happy when she first suckled the baby boy Karl; she was happy when the man in the coffee-coloured suit began to take a warm interest in her, and she was happy at the many and increasingly higher achievements in his career. But it was the happiest day of her life when the general's straitlaced wife congratulated her.

It may be added that General Clavering died three days after the Governor's wedding, either because he had overtaxed his strength or else because he had eaten his heart out with annoyance.

SIR WARREN HASTINGS was strolling in the Daylesford Park. It was a June morning, very early, and Daylesford House lay white and stately above the cheerful lake.

Hastings, now seventy-three years of age, was, contrary to the prevailing fashion, dressed in a simple coffee-coloured suit, and he was walking alone through his extensive and well-kept gardens.

He bent down to read the botanical name of the tree which was neatly inscribed on a small tablet: *Nephelium Litchi*.

At last he went into his study. The little old gentleman sat down at his table on a chair which was dignified but not very practical, inlaid with much ivory.

He wrote. Verses. It was very quiet. The servants were only just beginning to stir. The old gentleman pondered between each strophe. Then he wrote the verses down, fluently, without crossing out a letter, in a small, powerful, punctiliously exact handwriting.

He read through what he had written and was pleased with it. He proceeded into the wide, cheerful breakfast room. Three covers had been laid there. Warren Hastings smilingly folded up the three sheets of the papers with the 17 strophes, and placed them under the plate which contained Marianne's cover.

MARIANNE, well-groomed and elegant, appeared very soon afterwards. With her a very old lady. Hastings greeted the very old lady with enormous respect. It was Marianne's mother.

Yes, the old Baroness Susanna Apollonia Chapuset had at last found her way from Stuttgart to Daylesford. She had not seen her daughter since she had left with Karl Adam for Nuremberg.

Of course, she had heard many strange things about her daughter's doings. Also from time to time had received very substantial messages from Marianne, bills of exchange, ready cash. But she had continued to be sceptical in her attitude towards the strange, wild country in which Marianne lived. To a slight degree the old Baroness Chapuset shared the views of the very reserved court circles at Stuttgart who looked down haughtily, disparagingly on the Governor of India. India was a sort of menagerie, a circus, its Governor a cross between a shopkeeper and an animal-tamer.



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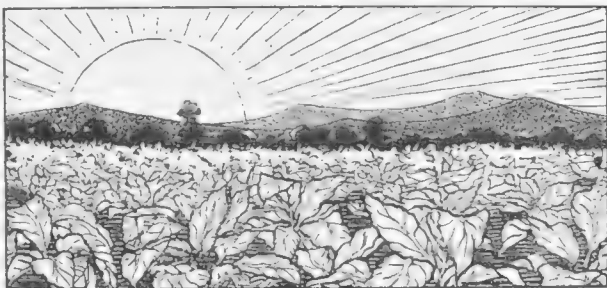
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(Ref. 186)



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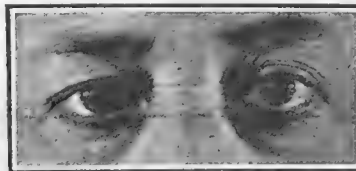
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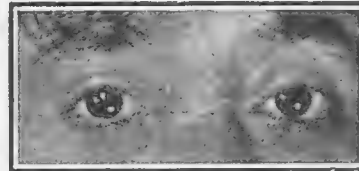
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The above authentic photograph shows a lady, age 65, before treatment.



The same eyes a week after treatment, the result guaranteed for life.

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A Husband writes:—"I feel I cannot express what I think of your great skill and my appreciation of the great care you gave my wife while she was in your hands. I can only say I feel most grateful to you for all you have done."

LADY MAUD WARRENDER writes in an article (reprinted from the "Tatler", March 13th, 1929) entitled "A Woman's Dearest Wish Fulfilled":—"I am glad to find that the mental suffering of those women who have tried in vain to eradicate their wrinkles and signs of old age is totally unnecessary. They can regain their lost looks. I have just investigated the latest scientific method of rejuvenating the face at the Hystogen Institute, 40 Baker Street, London, W.1, and I am completely astonished at the results. I interviewed the specialist with the wonder-working hands, and he introduced to me a case actually under treatment and also others he had treated some considerable time ago. This treatment is so simple and so safe that I can foresee the time coming soon when I will visit the consulting room of the Hystogen Institute will be as much a part of life as going to the dentist, except that it is quite simple and pleasant."

Consultations are absolutely free and without obligation. Ladies who have been treated have offered to show the results on their faces, to convince the most sceptical investigator. If you are unable to call, write in full confidence.

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Lady Warren Hastings

Stuttgart people weren't going to let themselves be taken in by that kind of thing. It was only when Marianne became mistress of Daylesford House that the old Baroness Chapuset began to admit that her marriage with this Mr. Hastings was perhaps, after all, not a mésalliance.

IN the intervening years Marianne had lived the life of a queen in India.

Through her actions and her remarks, which he thought charming, and which at the worst he excused on account of her faulty English, she had placed the Governor General in awkward predicaments which were often difficult to adjust.

Then, for the sake of her health she had proceeded to London before her husband, and there she had been received in an extremely gracious manner as a friend by Queen Charlotte.

Many people did not believe that her first marriage had been dissolved merely because of incompatibility of temperaments and looked askance at this dubious divorcée. It was a delightful task to straighten the expression of those people who looked askance, and Marianne, with the Queen's influence behind her, had frequently repeated the snub which she had administered to General Clavering's wife. This so occupied her time that, when the Governor General, after his return, was impeached by Parliament for his doings in India, she did not observe much of this huge trial.

She had then induced Hastings to obtain large sums of money from the East India Company's Office in London. She had openly supported her numerous uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins, male and female. Nor had she forgotten her former husband, Baron Imhoff, who now, remarried, roved about in Germany and Austria. She had arranged a brilliant career for her son Charles, a stout, red-faced, uncouth person who fell foul of everyone.

And so now she had her mother with her, and of all her happy days, this was one of the happiest. Sir Warren thought his dear old mother-in-law was marvellous. What a woman! She had made the journey from London to Daylesford, 17½ hours, in a single day. What activity! Admirable.

UNFORTUNATELY he could not understand a word of the old lady's conversation. For she spoke only German.

There they sat, the three of them, Hastings and Marianne were drinking tea, the old Baroness coffee. Marianne, whose features, now that she was fifty-seven years of age, were very sharp, her neck very withered, found under her plate the poem that he had put there. It was not the first time that she had found a poem like that, but again she was joyfully surprised. Then the two ladies chatted away in their rapid Swabian. But Warren Hastings sat close by, happy.

The old Baroness Chapuset stayed only four days.

On the last day she too found a long, neatly written poem by her son-in-law under her plate. Out of politeness he had written it in Latin, because he assumed that it would be easier for her to get it translated in Stuttgart.

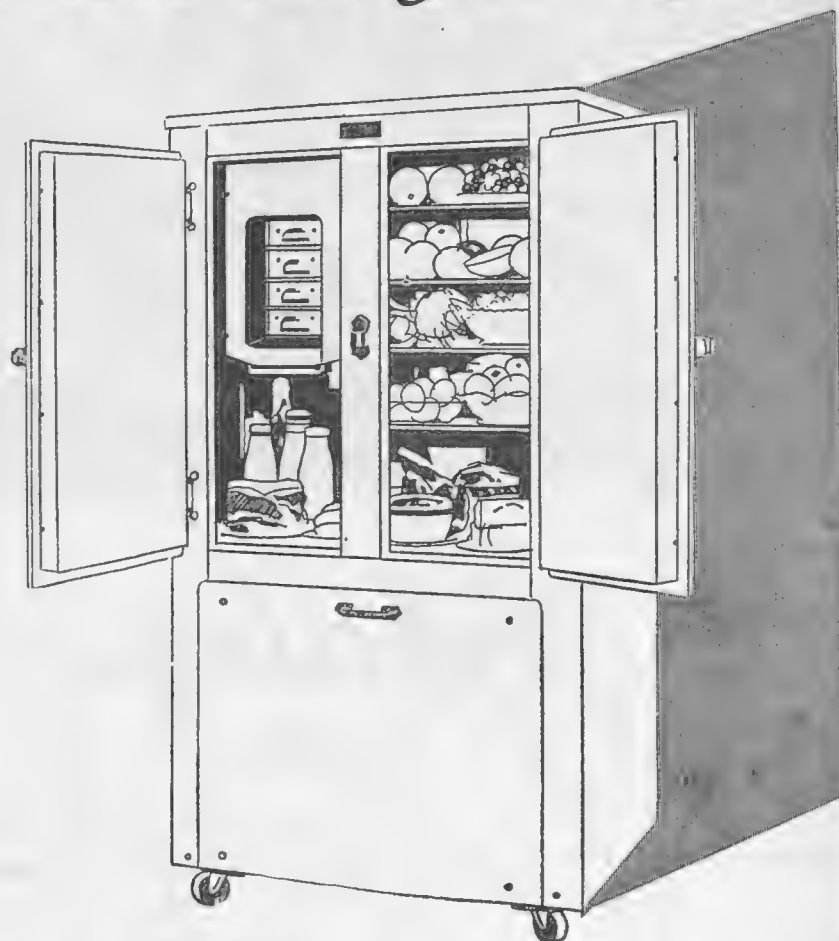
Then he accompanied the old Baroness to Harwich—a three days' journey—where she embarked on board ship.

On his return journey, in London, he called at the offices of the East India Company to make a report on an urgent matter. He cut the meeting as short as he could, for he was longing to hear his wife's voice at Daylesford.

THE END.

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RM4

The Double Saddle

By P. C. Wren

(Continued from page 45)

Even Captain Zarlès himself sometimes marvelled at what this broken-down gaol-bird would bear without sign of remonstrance or resentment.

One of Captain Zarlès' many boasts was that he could sleep while he marched. Many soldiers can do this—if a condition of mental blankness and lethargy amounting to inability to receive and record sense-impressions can be called sleep—the eyes of the body open, those of the mind tight shut: a state of somnambulism, in fact.

Undoubtedly he could sleep on horse-back, in brief snatches, actually closing the eyes; and, with feet well thrust home in shortened stirrups, knees wedged beneath holsters, and hands holding the saddle pommel as well as the reins, leave the subconscious mind to maintain the balance of the unconscious body.

As for the comfortable padded seat of his camel-saddle, deep and broad, with its high-cushioned back-rest, Captain Zarlès could sleep in that as though in his arm-chair at home. With feet in stirrups, arms folded, and with nothing to look at but the back of *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond, the blue sky and the yellow sand, it was indeed sometimes very difficult to keep awake.

Occasionally Captain Zarlès even had a suspicion that the man in front of him was very much more than half asleep, as his body sagged slackly, leaning against the high padded peak of the front seat, swaying gently from side to side with the motion of the camel as it jogged steadily along at the ambling trot with which it covered eleven kilometres every hour.

On the return journey from a desert expedition, the driver might well have slept without fear of consequences, for the camel would, in any case, go straight as a ruled line to the place where food and rest awaited it beneath the dusty trees of Captain Zarlès' compound.

But *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond did not sleep.

Rather, he watched and waited, watched and sought, and one day, seeking with untiring eye, found what he wanted. His master being apparently asleep, he, greatly daring, turned round and looked at him. His eyes confirming what his ears had heard, he then made a dangerous experiment; and for the first time in months, perhaps in years, he smiled.

CAPTAIN ZARLÈS rose to his feet, brushed sand from his riding-breeches, strode forth from the shadow of the palm beneath which he had lunched, and climbed into the rear seat of the saddle of his kneeling camel.

Having adjusted the Captain's stirrups to his boots, *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond saluted, seized nose-rein and stick, sprang into the front seat, brought the camel to its feet, and started it off on its forty kilometre journey to Zabat.

Before very long, certain rhythmical sounds indicated that Captain Zarlès was exercising his boasted powers of sleeping in the saddle. Doubtless the outward journey, begun before dawn, the labours of map-making, a long and sporting stalk on foot, gun in hand, a late hilarious party overnight, and a bottle of *pinard* with his dejeuner of roll and meat, had combined to give Captain Zarlès that after-lunch feeling to an unwonted degree.

Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel knew that his hour had



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Model 820. CLASPAROUND MODEL in Pink Rayon Broche, semi-elastic top. Elastic sections at sides. Boned diaphragm and at back. 4 Hose Supporters. Sizes 26-36. **16/11**

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Model 9334. Famous Two-in-One Foundation Garment, with slenderising hip and diaphragm belt—in Pink rayon material with soft rayon stockinette top. Bust sizes 32-44. **21/9**

Model 2411. soft top Same style without **21/-**

Model 2104. Another quality. **12/11**



Model 80551. A new Belted COR-SLETTE for the stout figure—specially cut to give slimming effect—in rayon stripe material, with soft top and reinforced over diaphragm. Bust sizes 36-44. **27/6**

Model 80509. Same style, without soft top. **22/6**

Model 80358. Another quality. **16/11**

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75-76 MARGARET STREET, LONDON, W.1

come, and he straightened himself on the saddle, squared his shoulders and once again smiled. Also, he very gently and unobtrusively introduced to the notice of the admirable racing-camel the long, thin stick that he carried. Not, of course, by anything so violent and vulgar as a blow, but merely by holding it where the camel could see it, and occasionally swinging it forward as he rode.

The camel, who could take a hint, increased his pace imperceptibly, and did so each time the stick swung forward. Before long, without jolt or jerk or change of step, the beast was going at top speed and its driver was gently putting increasing pressure on its left rein.

WITH a yell of alarm, Captain Zarles was suddenly hurled from his seat, flung from an ugly nightmare of uneasy sleep into a far more terrible nightmare of waking reality.

What in the name of God was this! What had happened? . . . He was on the ground. . . . There was no ground. . . . He was in water. . . . There was no water.

What—?

Captain Zarles struggled to rise and found no foothold. His legs, his whole body, his arms, were held as in a giant hand. Rather, a giant mouth was sucking him down and down, swallowing him alive.

Ceasing his wild struggle, he gazed for a moment at a writhing, heaving, seething mass of sand and water where the struggling camel fought against its dreadful death.

Turning his head, the only part of his body that he could now move, he glared wildly round—and encountered the mocking smile of Michel Valmond.

"Help! Help!" bawled Captain Zarles.

"There is no help," smiled Michel Valmond.

"I'm sinking! I'm sinking!" shrieked Zarles.

"You are, indeed," replied Valmond. "And so am I . . . We are both sinking . . . You, being considerably the heavier, will sink first, and I shall have the ineffable pleasure of seeing you do so . . . Now pull yourself together, my good Zarles, and though you have not lived like a gentleman, try to die like one."

"Help me!" screamed Zarles.

"But, my good animal, I brought you here. I, rather neatly, if I may say so, placed you exactly where you are."

Zarles struggled violently and sank the deeper.

"Good," observed Valmond, who, motionless, his arms spread abroad with palms extended flat, was sinking imperceptibly.

"You will certainly die before I do."

"Help!" screamed Zarles again.

"And I thought you were such a very, very brave man, Zarles!" mused Valmond. "Come, come; if you can neither live nor die like a gentleman, die like a man at any rate. Positively, the poor camel made a better showing. He didn't cry for help, and I deeply regret that the nobler beast had to be involved in your fate."

AGAIN the agonised man turned his despairing eyes to the unanswering skies and screamed for help.

"Really, Zarles, what an infernal row! You deafen one. But it will not be for long. In a very few minutes there will be complete silence here, and all that will be left of the great and noisy Zarles will be—a bubble.

"Think of it. The last sound, just the quiet bursting of a bubble.

"The great Zarles' suitable epitaph—a bubble upon sand.

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New Low-Back Camibocker in reliable quality pure silk crêpe-de-Chine, an exact copy of a recent Paris model, trimmed with dainty lace and silk rosebuds, which also form the shoulder straps. In Lemon, Black, Coral, Pink, Ivory, Cyclamen, Mauve, Apricot, Biscuit, Grey and Pale Green. PRICE **39/6**

Also in Silk Georgette in lingerie shades. 49/6
With high back, in crêpe-de-Chine. 49/6
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Triple Ninon Nightdress in the new coat shape, an exact copy of a recent Paris model, entirely hand-made by our own workers. V-neck and small sleeves composed of dainty lace, finished satin ribbon to tie. In Black, Mauve, Cyclamen, Coral, Apricot, Ivory, Green, Lemon and Pink. PRICE **98/6**

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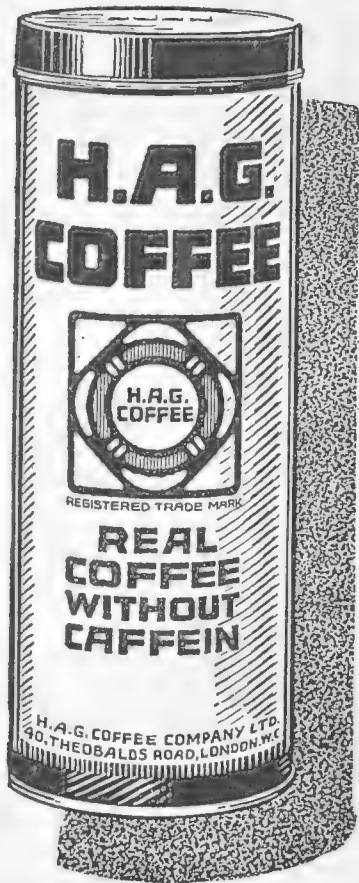
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Even if you are so perfectly healthy, so full of vitality that the usual forms of coffee do not seem to harm you, it is not wise continuously to take into your system a harmful drug like caffein.

H.A.G. Coffee is real Coffee, a choice blend of the costliest Central and South American Coffees. Nothing is added; nothing is taken away except the drug caffein. The charming flavour, the spicy aroma of good coffees are present in H.A.G. Coffee as before.

H.A.G. Coffee can be obtained in two sizes, 3/2 and 1/8, either ground or in the bean. If your grocer has no stock, we will supply post free on receipt of your remittance.

To H.A.G. COFFEE CO., Ltd., 40, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1

Dear Sirs, Please send me free and post free a GENEROUS SAMPLE OF CAFFEIN FREE H.A.G. COFFEE for comparison with ordinary Coffee.

FREE
SAMPLE
COUPON

Name

Address

Street's

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"Yes—the bubble 'Zarles' is about to burst.

"And I shall see it, Zarles. It will be the last thing that I shall see, and I can think of no sight more agreeable . . ."

The dying man threw back his head and shrieked again as the wet sand touched his chin.

"Help! Help!" he screamed.

"No good, my poor Zarles," observed Valmond. "If a wandering Arab heard you and came, he could do nothing—except sit and gloat . . . You wouldn't like that, would you? You, the relentless scourge of the Bad Bedou and the Treacherous Targui to be seen and heard squealing like a stuck pig? That would never do, surely . . ."

Zarles, his eyes almost starting from his head, glared wildly at his terrible mocker.

"But, I confess," continued the latter, "that I wish La Belle Angelique could be here. Her re-action to the situation would be very interesting. What do you think it would be?"

Again Zarles, with his remaining strength, struggled feebly and bawled for help.

"Personally, I think she would laugh at us both," continued Valmond. "Laugh heartily and say 'Oh! La! La! Ce pauvre Etienne et ce pauvre Michel. In the soup together, this time!' . . . Yes . . . And if she had a rope and a camel, to which of us would she throw that rope, Zarles? I wonder. To you probably . . ."

"Yes! Yes!" shouted Zarles, who appeared to be insane with fear. "She will throw it to me."

"I think she would," Valmond went on. "because you have a franc where I have a centime."

"But when we all three meet in that happy Hell where there is no money," he added, "I somehow fancy things will be different . . . for the Devil is a gentleman of ancient family and will understand a gentleman. And Angelique, another devil, will then prefer me—as she did before, my good Zarles, as she did before . . ."

ZARLES strove to speak, but only "the bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony" resulted, as sand and water entered his mouth.

"G . . . g . . . r . . . i . . . r . . . " a terrible sound floated for a second above the hideous and sinister quiverings of the quicksand, as the face of Etienne Zarles disappeared beneath its surface.

A bubble formed and broke.

Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel smiled.

THE END

Let "RANEE" read
your character from your
handwriting

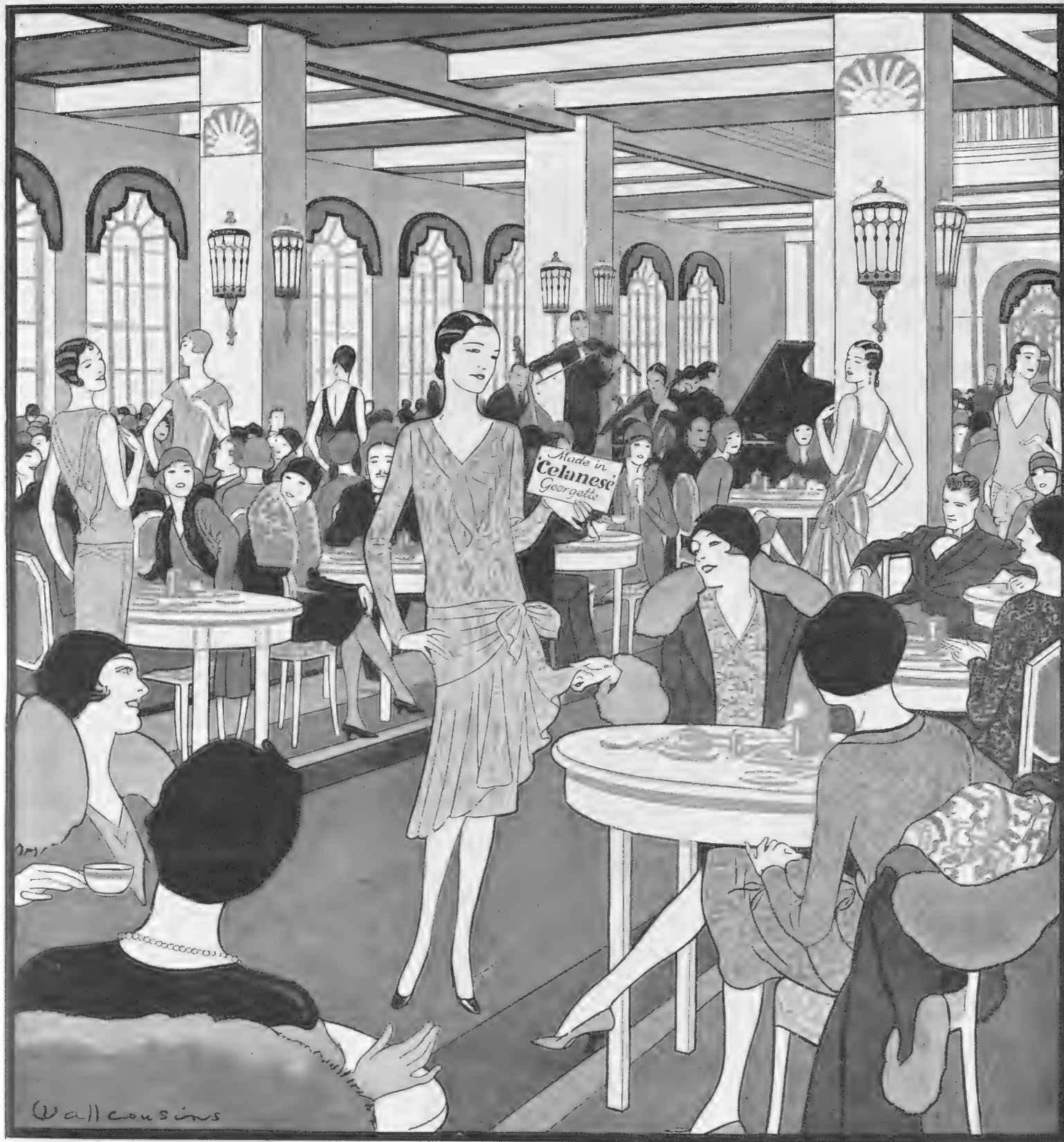
"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

Encore

By May Edginton

(Continued from page 26)

Gloria, I do think . . . " And she, herself, answering: " Oh, but Arthur is so fond of Marjorie," and, " She's such a dear girl, really . . . " and there were Arthur and Marjorie out in a punt all day, evading the others, talking, dreaming . . .

There were the friends with a house-boat a mile up river, and the Welshes charmed to dine thereon: and Arthur and Marjorie preferring a quiet evening by themselves.

WONDERFUL moonlight night of white fire, heat like liquid velvet, silent silver river, dense dark shadows of trees peopling it. . . . One knew, and Fate knew, that an artist in emotion like Arthur would stay late upon the river.

" We must sit up for them," said Evelyn Welsh, agitatedly, when they returned at midnight and found Arthur and Marjorie still out.

Gloria didn't sleep. She sat silent at her window. She saw the punt steal softly in; saw Arthur and Marjorie come ashore; heard Arthur go to the study off the hall, where he was sleeping; heard Marjorie come slowly up the uncarpeted oak stairs. And still she waited by her window, almost confident of Marjorie and her stupid heroic resolves—but not really quite confident till she heard the almost noiseless opening of Marjorie's door once more, heard the almost noiseless passage of Marjorie down the stairs again.

It was nearly five o'clock when Gloria went, without a sound, in her bathing suit and a towelling wrap over it, to Sylvia's door in the narrow corridor, cheek by jowl with her own, and knocked upon it. When the maid came out, the mistress was half-way down the stairs, beckoning her.

" Sylvia. Hush! Miss Marston isn't in her room! "

She must have gone out for an early swim, and really it isn't safe for anyone who doesn't know the current just here, when the river's high."

The eyes of maid and mistress met.

" I suppose the punt's in, ma'am? "

The maid softly opened the French windows and looked across the verandah.

" Yes, ma'am, the boats are there! "

Then Gloria stole back and knocked on Sir Henry's door, and he came out in a grey dressing gown, the grey old man.

" Henry, I got up for my early swim and went to Marjorie's room to see if she'd like to come, too, and she isn't there! "

Evelyn appearing, stout and perturbed: " What, Gloria? "

" Hush, darling. I don't want to wake Arthur. He hates being disturbed."

Sir Henry: " Damn Arthur! "

Lady Welsh came half-way downstairs: " Didn't they get in at all last night? "

" Oh, darling, but, of course! I'm so afraid Marjorie has gone out alone for a swim, and the river's too high if you don't know the current."

" Wake Arthur," said Lady Welsh.

" Perhaps I ought," said Gloria, and she took a stride to Arthur's door and knocked.

His answer was slow: " What is it? "

" Arthur, come out."

His answer was again slow, but defiant, nervous: " Don't disturb me."

" But, Arthur . . ." How naturally and suavely one spoke!

Then the two voices rose behind the shut door; Marjorie's crying: " Open the door, Arthur. I want to be found out! We want

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it, darling! We're not ashamed, darling! Let them all see!" And Arthur's: "For God's sake, child . . .!"

And Sir Henry's hurried: "Gloria!" Only one did not listen to that; nor to poor fat Evelyn crying: "Gloria, dear, come away. Let Henry talk to them."

ONE felt all the while the quiet, knowledgeable eyes of Sylvia upon one intently—Sylvia, whose devotion had guessed at the wild misery of one's heart.

The door flung open. Marjorie and Arthur were there, both in dressing-gowns.

Evelyn Welsh screamed a small, high, shocked scream.

Old grey Henry, as man of Gloria's side, stood stoutly forward.

Gloria fixed her veiled triumphant gaze upon Arthur's pallid face and uneasy eyes.

"What's the meaning of this outrage?" Arthur cried.

"Outrage?" said Sir Henry. "Outrage indeed, sir."

"Disgusting—disgusting curiosity, intrusion," Arthur stammered, drawing up his tall, slim figure in its wonderful dressing-gown, and trying to step into his usual frame of fastidiousness.

Then the hot-hearted, hot-headed little fool of a girl thrust forward before him.

"I'll speak! I'm not ashamed! I'm proud! . . . I love him and he loves me . . . I went to his room—he didn't know I was coming. I meant us to be found. And now we're both glad—glad! Arthur, tell them you're glad."

He stood staring, picturesque and proud. And only his wife knew the fear in his heart.

"Adorable child. I'm proud of—of your love . . . but . . ." And he stammered, "I—I want to see my wife, alone."

The girl cried: "No! No! . . . You shall not see that woman alone. She'll beg you . . . influence you . . . appeal to you." She clung to his arm. To Gloria: "Arthur's sensitive, and he's starving for love and understanding. You've none to give him! Well, what have you to say now?"

Gloria remained silent.

Arthur stammered: "Marjorie, for your own sake I'm going to tell them . . ."

"Ah, no, Arthur! Please, no! Arthur! It's over, thank God." A shaft of pity quivered through Gloria's breast as she listened, but she plucked it out and threw it away. "They've seen all they need."

He stammered: "It—it's all so disgusting . . . for you, child . . ."

The girl cried, adoringly: "Nothing's disgusting, Arthur. Don't be disgusted. Oh! it's been heaven to be in your arms at last."

THE girl said, steadily, to Gloria: "You've never cared for him; you're cold; stony. But I know him as no one else does. If ever there was a Galahad in this world, it's Arthur." A choking pause. "He told me nothing on earth would make you divorce him—there was no hope for us."

"I shall divorce Arthur now."

"Gloria," said Sir Henry, "Evelyn and I will take you away with us at once."

"Oh, why?" said Gloria in a loud, careless voice. "Oh, why? This cottage is mine. I'll stay in my own house. But Arthur and Marjorie will leave at once."

Arthur gasped incredulously: "You turn us out!"

"At once. Pack. Go."

"Pack and go, sir." That was old Henry. And in a few minutes one stood alone in the little square hall.

The Sutton divorce case was smooth and swift. She went abroad with the Welshes prior to its brief hearing, and between the decree nisi and the absolute. If Arthur

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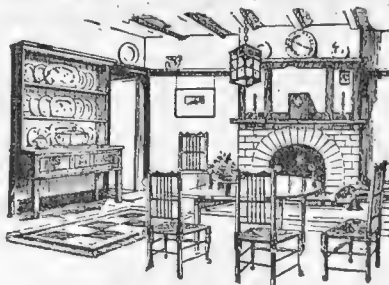
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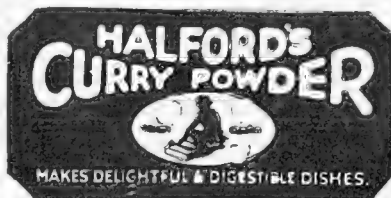
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tried to reach her ear, he failed. Her lawyers protected her.

III.

"THEY'VE gone."

Gloria regarded Irma.

"Who, my dear?"

"Those interesting people. What an unhappy face he had! She's probably dreadfully cold. Coldness in women is responsible for a lot of misery. They weren't long at dinner—"

Gloria rose slowly from her corner:

"You've finished, too, my dear? I'm not going to dance this evening, even if I had a partner. I'm going to read in my room, and go to bed early. You don't mind?"

"Not a bit."

Gloria was aware of the smoulder in Irma's breast. Irma was anxious to be out after the Suttons to the lounge.

"You'll stay down to dance, Irma?"

"Oh, if I have a partner!"

She would have Sutton. Gloria was aware, too, of this. Sutton's eyes, roving round in search of feminine sympathy, would find Irma's; the *rapprochement*, urged on by the widow, would be quick, if decorous . . .

"I'm crazy on dancing," Irma sighed.

"All temperamental people are, I think."

Mrs. Pole remained quiet and smiling, going up to her room. Such a well-found room. And, opening the biography—by Strachey—which she was reading, she gave a little more brief thought to the Irmas.

Marjorie . . . she had been an Irma. Bigger, braver, but a fool of an Irma.

The strains of the dance orchestra came up from below, making Mrs. Pole sigh a little. She was a wonderful dancer. Few—if any—of her women friends knew it. These last years she had danced in varied arenas—in Venice, in Vienna, in Budapest, in Cannes, in Paris. Few—if any—of her women friends had ever read her. When the quiet Mrs. Pole disappeared for a quiet holiday, they never knew; never dreamed. . .

Ah, life was fun!

And, enjoying, savouring keenly, the Strachey biography, she roused herself at the sound of a sharp knock on her door, to realise that nearly an hour had slipped by.

SHE rose, went to the door, and opened it. Marjorie walked in with a crudity of gesture that could only come from an urgent despair.

Mrs. Pole shut the door quickly.

"Ah, good evening, Marjorie; or, I must say now, Mrs. Sutton."

"Good evening, Mrs. Sut—"

"Mrs. Pole, now; no; not married again; a condition of a legacy."

"Oh . . . yes?"

"Sit down."

"You're surprised? But I saw you at dinner."

"I, too, saw you at dinner; and Arthur."

"He—he didn't see you."

"I was in a corner. And I came up here directly after dinner, especially so that neither of you should see me."

Now they sat opposite each other in two satiny chairs.

"Forgive my comment; but you don't look exactly like a radiant young wife. And I thought it was all going to be so radiant when you married Arthur."

"I'm wondering. I've been wondering a lot of things since—"

"Since you returned from your honeymoon, were you going to say? You must have had a heavenly time. I heard you went to Italy. I suppose you went out of the beaten track, discovered some of the lovely little villages with vineyards round them—honeymoon paradise."

"Stop!"

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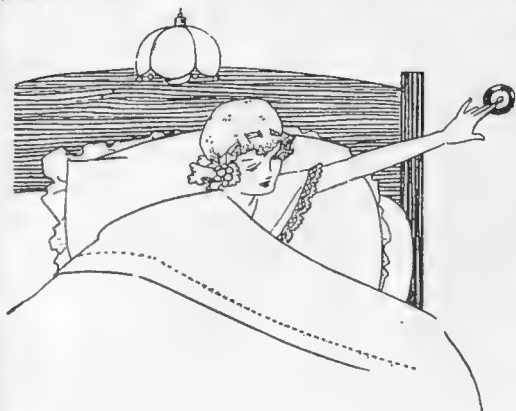
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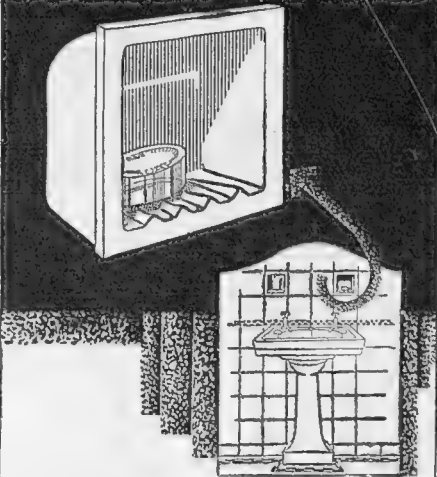
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"Then Florence? Rome? . . . Ah, it would be a young bride's dream!"

"Stop!"

"My dear?"

"When I saw you to-night, I thought—I thought: She shall tell me."

"About Arthur? But I thought you understood Arthur so perfectly?"

"Don't mock me."

Mrs. Pole answered quietly and seriously: "I am not mocking you—Marjorie."

"Gloria—may I call you Gloria?"

"You will probably call me hell-cat before you've done," said Mrs. Pole, still very quiet and serious.

THE frail, changed, burning young woman began wretchedly:

"He—he's strange. He's queer. And he doesn't face things. If I ask him questions, if I beg him to tell me why he doesn't care for me as—as—I expected, he evades it all; says something cruel, or something witty."

"He pretends it's I who am not satisfying him. And yet how can it be? I adored him. When at last the divorce was over, and we were married, I was afraid I'd die before I was his wife, for sheer happiness. Were you ever as happy as that?"

Gloria took a cigarette.

"Arthur always is aloof."

"Gloria." She broke into sobbing. "I'm not proud now. Pity me, Gloria. Pity me."

Gloria said: "No. I don't pity you. I did, when I first saw you going crazy over Arthur. I said to myself: 'You've learned to be strong. Go on being strong. She's only a youngster. She might be your young sister.' . . . Only Marjorie, you drove me, with your insults and hostility. And, I wanted so badly to let him go!"

Arthur's wife wailed: "What—what do you say?"

"Just as you will," said Gloria. "Women have gone crazy over Arthur before, but he has never been driven so far." She laid a hand, for a moment, on her breast, and then, contemptuous of drama, dropped it again. "But—I was very tired; and very tempted. And you were the most determined of them all; of all the silly fool women who hung round him. When a woman gives away a husband as freely as I did, she is ready to give, believe me."

The girl whispered: "My God!"

"And if a girl goes after a married man as pertinaciously as you did, has she much to complain of when she is given what she asked for?"

"N-N-No. . ."

And Gloria said: "What was the history of that night at the cottage?"

OUT of a silence, staring at her, the girl whispered: "You know. . ."

"He gave you his bed and sat beside you, holding your hand, protecting you from yourself."

After another long silence, the girl whispered: "You sneer. But you don't explain."

"Explain. Arthur? What is there to explain? There are many men like him. Silly women take their sentimental talk for physical passion. They want nothing. They don't love; they pose as lovers. So many women are taken in. Women are so ignorant. They see a melancholy-looking man and try to take him away from his wife because they think he's misunderstood. . ."

The smoke from her cigarette curled upward, between them.

"He didn't want you," she said. "You must have dismayed him terribly that night . . . but I was very tired; and I knew your parents would make him see it through." She looked at Marjorie. "Between that



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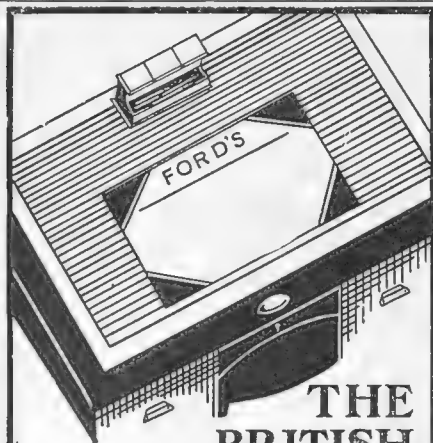
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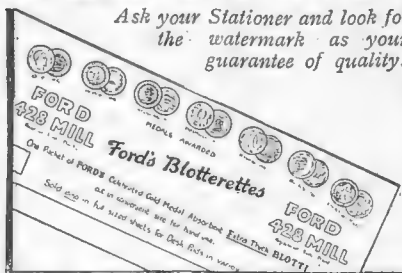
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Address

B

night and the decree absolute, they kept you up in Scotland with relatives, hushing down scandal. . . I heard all about it."

"Stop!" Arthur's wife cried huskily. "Stop! You make me think! Did you know I was in Arthur's room that night?"

"I heard you go down."

"You—you called all those people together—"

"Arthur would certainly have persuaded you to return quietly to your own room, before anyone was up."

"You are what you said I'd call you! A hell-cat! A hell-cat!"

Before the sobbing creature left her, Gloria said: "Listen, Marjorie. Perhaps you are going to lose him just as I did."

IV.

A FINE morning. Irma came in to luncheon with the suppressed primitive excitement of woman on the chase. She wore a charming sports suit; looked ten years younger, was beautifully and faintly made-up—not too much for out-of-doors. Mrs. Pole was already in her shadowy corner seat at their table.

"Queer your not wanting to come out this morning, Gloria! What did you bring your clubs for?"

"You didn't mind my being bone-lazy, did you, dear?"

"Not a bit, if you feel that way, darling." To the waiter: "*Truite Meunière*, please. . . Ah, there he is coming in." A fraction of a gesture; a smile; a hot gleam in Irma's eye.

"Who? Oh, the nice-looking man?" And Gloria said casually: "Their name is Sutton. I've been talking to the little wife this morning. She, also, didn't go out."

"No. I daresay not. She doesn't care a bit about him, about his tastes or hobbies or anything. He told me all about it when we went round the links this morning. I don't know why he felt he could confide in me; but it's the saddest story! What that man wants is sympathy. Passion. Yes, I'll say it. *Passion*. All men do. He's a man, isn't he?—Yes, mineral water, please. Soda, with a slice of lemon."

"Did you get a good game?"

"He's starved. Starved for love and sympathy. She hasn't even the smallest comprehension of that man's needs. He's so chivalrous, too—won't blame her; says she can't help it. That man's chivalry is too wonderful."

"Irma. . ."

"You're a cold woman, Gloria. You don't know. But that's a man worth going through fire and water for."

"Through the divorce court?"

"Divorce, nowadays. . . You haven't finished, have you?"

"I have, darling. I have to tell you that I had a wire from my solicitors this morning, and I've got to go back to Town. I'm too sorry to cut my week-end with you short. Why don't you stay on and play some more golf? You will? You look so much better. It's doing you lots of good."

"I think I'll stay on, darling."

"I should, darling. Bye-bye. I'm just off to get the car. They've brought my bags down, I expect. Bye-bye, darling, and play a great deal of golf."

As Mrs. Pole walked out of the dining room—various pairs of experienced male eyes lifting to follow her movements—she turned the big collar of her tweed coat up very high. Had Arthur looked up from his table in the middle of the room, he would just have seen the back of a slim, tall woman, swathed from head top to knee in fur-trimmed tweed, like dozens of other women. Irma mentioned to him, later in the day, that her departed friend's name was Pole.

THE END

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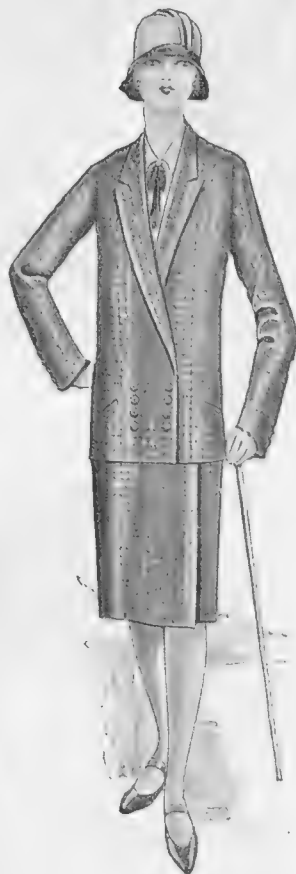
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The First Lady in the LAND

(Continued from page 29)

One writes of her as the Queen, and it is perfectly true that she is always the Queen, not in the imperious manner of the late Queen Victoria, but with a royal dignity that is most happily suited to these days. Yet one likes to think of her at Sandringham. There, if anywhere, the crown can symbolically be put aside. There Her Majesty is the Squire's lady.

SANDRINGHAM is not a princely pile; it might not even be numbered with the "stately homes of England." The late King Edward bought it for a shooting box. York Cottage is dear to the King and Queen because they spent many happy years there before King Edward died.

The King, as everyone knows, is an excellent shot, and now and then the Queen will walk with the guns. But her heart is in the place and the people. She has taken pains to know them. Often, before going to some almost domestic function, she would make enquiries about the people she was going to meet. She would be interested to learn that Mrs. X lost a son in the war; that Mrs. Y's daughter had just got married—the sort of details that make intercourse easy.

Queen Mary moves amongst these people like a chatelaine. But she moves with a watchful eye, and hearing ear, a thoughtful mind. She learns that Mrs. A is very ill. Mrs. A suddenly receives a visitor bearing an armful of flowers. It is the Queen of England. No wonder the people of Sandringham love her.

ONE is not therefore surprised that during the King's illness the Queen has moved about with a tact and surety of action and demeanour almost beyond praise. She has schooled herself to do things and to see they are done. Nurses are engaged and their comforts thoroughly safeguarded. There are duties outside? The Queen fulfils them. And there is no fuss, no failing.

I said just now the Queen's favourite colour was blue. She has, however, a liking for pink in decoration. And she has just knitted a pink and white wool coat for the little Princess Elizabeth.

One might think that with her manifold duties she would have little time for knitting. But employment is a habit with some people. The Queen has always had an hour's rest in her boudoir before dinner. But rest with her does not seem idleness. There is some crochet work at hand so that this "rest" hour can be profitably used!

The Queen has obviously not the time for reading possessed by some of the ladies who subscribe to the libraries; but she is very keen on certain branches of literature. She likes novels, of course, but she enjoys particularly diaries, memoirs and history. Anything which tells her about real people and actual events is something to capture her. She is, too, very interested in anything which relates to antiques, old furniture and miniatures. Of miniatures she has an excellent collection, and quite recently she had three set in a bracelet, one of each of Princess Mary's sons and one of the Princess Elizabeth.

Now and again there come to Buckingham Palace very strangely addressed letters. The Queen has been addressed as "Mrs. England."

"Mrs. England" is good.

THE END.

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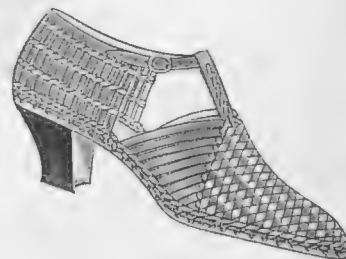
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FOOTPRINTS: By Jeffery Farnol

(Continued from page 48)

comfort was rendered cosier by the bright fire that flickered on the hearth with soft, cheery murmur; and before this fire a great, cushioned chair from which was thrust a limp arm that dangled helplessly, with a drooping hand whose long, curving fingers seemed to grope at the deep carpet.

"So, there it is, pal!" quoth Mr. Shrig briskly "Let's see vot it's got to tell us," and crossing to the chair he stooped to peer down at that which sprawled so grotesquely among its cushions.

"Dick," said he at last, and so suddenly that the Corporal started, "light them candles, will ee?"

"Candles, Jarsper?" enquired the Corporal glancing vaguely about.

"Right afore ye, Dick, on the mantel-shelf." Having lit these candles at the fire, this big Corporal who had faced unmoved the horrors of Waterloo, blanched at the thing in the chair which death had smitten in such gruesome fashion.

"Ay," nodded Mr. Shrig, bending yet closer, "'e's pretty considerable dead, I never see a deader, no! And yet, in spite o' the gore, 'e looks werry surprising peaceful . . . werry remarkably so! . . . Killed by a downward stab above the collar-bone, lookee,—in the properest place for it. . . . A knife or, say a dagger.

"Comrade," exclaimed the Corporal in sudden excitement, "will ye step over here to the winder?"

"Eh . . . the vinder?" murmured Mr. Shrig, his keen gaze roving from the figure in the chair to the gleaming moisture beneath it, to those helpless fingers and the shining object they seemed to grasp at, to the small table nearby with open book, the paper knife, the delicate Sevres cup and saucer, "Eh . . . the vinder? Why so Dick?"

"It's . . . open, Jarsper!"

"Oh?" murmured Mr. Shrig, his roving gaze fixed at last, "Is it? Look thereabouts and y'may see summat of a dagger, pal, or say, a knife—"

"Why Jarsper. . . . Lord love me, here it is!"

"Werry good, bring it over and let's take a peep at it. . . . Ah, a ordinary butcher's knife, eh Dick? Vally about a bob—say, eighteen pence. Has it been viped?"

"No, comrade, it's blooded—"

"That cup and saucer now?" mused Mr. Shrig, "Half full o' coffee . . . vot's that got to tell us?" Saying which, he took up the dainty cup, sniffed at it, tasted its contents and stood beaming down at the fire. Then from one of his many pockets he drew a small phial into which he decanted a little of the coffee very carefully.

"What now, Jarsper?"

"Why Dick, I'll tell ye pat and plain. There's coffee in this world of all sorts, this, that and tother and this is that—And, Dick old pal, the only thing as flummoxes me now is veels."

"Wheels?" repeated the Corporal, "Jarsper I don't twig."

"Vell, no Dick, no, it aren't to be expected. But you've noticed so werry much already, come and take another peep at our ca-daver. Now, vot d'ye see, pal?"

"The pore old gentleman 'ad upset his snuff box—there it lays now, agin the fender."

"Eh, snuff box?" exclaimed Mr. Shrig, starting, "Now dog bite me if I 'adn't missed that. There 'tis sure enough and there . . . by Goles . . . there's the snuff—vot d'ye make o' that, now?"

"Why Jarsper, I makes it no more than—snuff."

"AY, so it is, Dick and werry good snuff, too! Blow my Dicky if I don't think its the best bit of snuff as ever I see!" Mr. Shrig became so extremely attracted by this small pile of spilt snuff that he plumped down upon his knees before it, and was still lost in contemplation of it when the Corporal uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Lord, comrade. See—yonder! There's evidence to hang any man,—look there!" And he pointed to that small, shining object that twinkled just beneath the grasping fingers of that dangling, dead hand, "Mr. John's . . . Mr. Winton's seal!"

"Oh ar!" murmured Mr. Shrig his gaze roving back to the snuff, "I've been a vondering 'ow it got there, ever since I see it, Dick, so eggsackly under corpse's daddle."

"Why Jarsper, he must ha' snatched it, accidental-like, in his struggle for life, and, being dead, dropped it."

"Lord love ye, Dick!" exclaimed Mr. Shrig beaming up affectionately into the Corporal's troubled face, "Now I never thought o' that. You're getting as 'andy with your 'ead as your 'ook!"

"Its his'n, Jarsper, and no mistake!" sighed the Corporal, "See, here's a J and a W and here, round the edge: 'To John from Adele' So, God help the poor sweet creetur, I says!"

"Amen, Dick, with all my heart. So the case is pretty clear, eh?"

"A precious sight too clear, comrade."

"Then, Dick, lad, the vord is—march! No—stop a bit—the vinder! Open? Yes. And werry easy to climb. But this here bolt now."

"Off with it, pal! Ha—so, and off she comes! By Goles, you're stronger than I thought."

IN the hall they were stayed by one who goggled at Mr. Shrig from pale, plump face, bowed, rubbed nervous hands and spoke in quavering voice:

"A dreadful business, sirs—oh, a terrible—"

"Werry true!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "You're the butler, ain't you? Is your master about, I mean your noo master?"

"Mr. Roger is . . . is in the library, sir. He desires a word with you. This way if you please." Leading them across a wide hall the butler rapped softly at a door, opened it and ushered them into the presence of him who sat facing them from behind a large desk whereon lay books and papers all very orderly; and a strangely imposing, very handsome presence this was—immaculate as to clothes and linen—a compelling face with large eyes dreamily watchful beneath lofty, pale brow, shaded by thick-clustering silky locks, a high-bridged nose, a thin-lipped, sensitive mouth.

"SO, Shrig, we meet again?" said Mr. Roger, sighing gently and shaking his head. "Our last meeting was—"

"A year ago this werry night, sir!"

"A strange coincidence, Shrig, and a very terrible one. By heaven, there seems to be some curse upon this house, some horrible fate that dogs us Glendales!"

"Werry much so indeed, sir!" nodded Mr. Shrig, and his voice sounded so hearty as to be almost jovial.

"And 'ow do you find yourself these days, Mr. Roger, pretty bobbish I 'opes, sir?"

Mr. Roger blanched, throwing up a white, well-cared-for hand:

"An odious, a detestable word, Shrig!" he expostulated.

"A hideous word and most inappropriate as regards myself for—" the sleepy eyes glared suddenly, the pale cheek flushed, the delicate fingers became a knotted fist, "I am the same breathing Impotence! The same useless, helpless Thing, Shrig!"

"And yet," demurred Mr. Shrig, "you're astonishin' spry with your fambles, sir, your 'ands, Mr. Roger, or, as you might say, your daddles, sir!"

MR. ROGER glanced at the white, shapely hands in question, flicked their fingers delicately and wheeled himself back behind the desk.

"Well, Shrig, my cousin, Miss Adele, forestalled me in summoning you, it seems, but you have seen . . . you have looked into this new horror that has smitten us Glendales?"

"Vith both peepers, sir!"

"Well, speak out, man! Have you discovered any trace of the assassin? Formed any conclusions?"

"Oceans, sir!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "The ass-assin is as good as took! Ye see the fax is all too plain, sir! First—the open vinder. Second—by said vinder the fatal vepping—'ere it is!"

"Very horrid!" said Mr. Roger in hushed accents, viewing the dreadful thing with a very evident disgust. "Anything more, Shrig!"

"Sir, me and my comrade, Corporal Richard Roe, found all was to be found—this! Number Three! A clincher!" And beside that murderous knife he laid the gold seal, beholding which, Mr. Roger started in sudden agitation, took it up, stared at it and dropping it upon the desk, covered his eyes with his two hands.

"Aha, you reckernize it, eh sir?" said Mr. Shrig, thrusting it back into his pocket and wrapping up the knife again.

"Beyond all doubt . . . to my sorrow! And you found it . . . near . . . the body?"

"Beneath its werry fingers, sir; looked as if it had fell out of its dyin' grasp. Pretty con-clusive, I think. And now, sir, 'aving dooly noted and brought along everything in the natur' of evidence, I'll be toddling—no, stop a bit—the cup!"

"Cup, Shrig? Pray what cup?"

"The coffee-cup used by deceased."

"Why trouble to take that?"

"Well," answered Mr. Shrig dubiously, "I don't 'ardly know except for the fact as 'twere used by deceased aforesaid and might come in as evidence."

"How so, Shrig? Evidence of what?"

"Well," answered Mr. Shrig, more dubiously than ever, "I don't 'ardly know that either, but I'd better take it along. Ye see, sir, there's some coffe in it as they might like to examine."

"But my poor uncle was stabbed, not poisoned."

"No, more 'e wasn't!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "And I ought to get my report in—sharp. And then again if said cup should be wanted I can fetch it to-morrow."

"You locked the door, Shrig?"

"Seeing as the key was a-missing, I did not, sir; but I've took all as is needful."

"Good night!" said Mr. Roger, ringing the bell at his elbow.

"Sir, good night!" answered Mr. Shrig, and turning at the opening of the door, he and Corporal Dick followed the pallid butler, who presently let them out.

"Nice and dark!" said Mr. Shrig, clapping on his hat.

(Continued overleaf)

FOOTPRINTS

By Jeffery Farnol

(Continued from page 201)

EVEN as he spoke, the stout oak closed behind them.

"Run" hissed Mr. Shrig, and broke into a heavy, though silent, trot. . . . In among shadowy trees, along winding paths to a terrace whence a row of windows glinted down at them.

"Number five should be it. . . . And Number five she is! After me, pal!" And he opened this fifth window and clambered through with surprising agility.

"The bed, Dick; it's big enough to hide us both, and—sharp's the word!" The heavy curtains of the huge, sombre four-poster rustled and were still, a cinder fell tinkling to the hearth and then came the Corporal's hoarse whisper:

"What are we waiting for, Jarsper?"

"The murderer."

"Lord!"

"A desprit willain . . . dangerous, pal! But you've got your 'ook and I've got my barker." Here was the sharp click of a cocked pistol.

SILENCE, for the great house was very still; the clock chimed the quarter, the dying fire chinked, this room of death grew slowly darker; the clock chimed the half-hour. . . . A faint, faint rattle at the door, and into the room crept a sound of soft movement with another sound very strange to hear—a crunching rustle that stole across the carpet towards the hearth; a moving, shapeless blot against the feeble fire-glow, a faint tinkle of china, and then a voice sudden and harsh and loud:

"In the King's name!" A leap of quick feet, a whirl of sudden movement, a flurry of desperate strife, an inhuman laugh of triumph, and then Mr. Shrig's gasping voice:

"Ecod, Dick; he's done us! Catch that arm . . . no good! I'm diddled again. Get the candles agoing—sharp!"

"Lord love us!" gasped Corporal Dick, the lighted candle wavering in his grasp. "Mr. Roger!"

ROGER GLENDALE lolled in his wheeled chair, his lips up-curling from white teeth. . . . and from these writhen lips issued a wheezing chuckle.

"Right, Shrig . . . you were right. . . . I'm not . . . not so helpless . . . as I seemed. . . . I was Master of Life . . . and Death. I'm . . . master still! I'm . . . away, Shrig, away. . . . And so . . . good night!" The proud head swayed aslant, dropped forward—the shapely hands fluttered and were still, and Corporal Dick, setting down the candle, wiped moist brow, staring with horrified eyes.

"Love us all!" he whispered. "Dead—eh?"

"As any nail, Dick! Pizen, d'ye see. He was too quick for Jarsper and strong as any bull."

"Comrade, how . . . how did ye know him for the killer?"

"'Twas very simple, Dick—in that bit o' snuff as you p'inted out to me, I see the tracks of a veel, his footprints, so to speak, and—there ye are, pal!"

"Why, then . . . what now, comrade?"

"Now, Dick, get back to them as is a-vaiting so werry patient in the coach and tell 'em as Jarsper says the shadder, being only a shadder, is vanished out o' their lives and the sun is rose and a-shining for 'em and so—let all be revelry and j'y!"

THE END

THE REAL NOEL COWARD

By C. B. Cochran

(Continued from page 37)

PHILOSOPHERS and industrialists are wont to tell us that our time is an age of specialisation. If this is so, Coward ranks with men of the kidney of Leonardo da Vinci in that he scorns to restrict himself to one narrow technique.

"Daring," "modern," "shocking," he has been called. Of course, he is modern. Shocking, too, perhaps, inasmuch that, like all writers with something to say or a viewpoint to express, he gets on with his job without considering the futile susceptibilities of the shockable minority. But be assured Coward never set out to become the *enfant terrible* of the Philistines. In one of his prefaces he rebuts the suggestion in these words: "I certainly deny very firmly the imputation (made by several) that I wrote 'Fallen Angels' in order to be 'daring' and 'shocking.' Neither of these exceedingly second-rate ambitions has ever occurred to me. . . . I admit there is a tendency among the modern writers to discuss some of the various phases of sex a little more openly than was usual a few years ago, but I fail to see where this can be harmful to the public morals. . . . the sluggish waves of false sentiment and hypocrisy have

"The Marquise") as easily and speedily as a contribution to the drama of ideas, it is in the sphere of revue that Coward has achieved his highest success. Here, again, he is never at a loss, whether a sentimental song-number, a sparkling comedy-interlude, or a lightning glimpse of some odd or typical phase of contemporary life is required of him. He will "cod" the Sitwells or a simple scoutmaster with equally penetrative insight; he will reveal at one moment "the really frightful minds" of "Six Dirty Little Choirboys," and then capture the charm of "A Room With a View."

WITH over a dozen plays, enormous song successes, and distinguished acting honours to his credit, Coward might be forgiven if his head were turned. But he remains the charming, kindly fellow despite all this. The adulations of the public and the lures of Society have not destroyed his individual viewpoint or interrupted his output. Now, having conquered in the twin fields of "legitimate" drama and light entertainment, he has turned to operatic writing, and his latest work, which I shall present in London

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Terborch (1617-1681), most exquisite of the "Conversation painters" of Holland, learned his art from his father, a wealthy amateur. A pupil at sixteen of Pieter Molyn, the elder, he came under the influence of Frans Hals, Titian, Rembrandt and Velasquez. His portrait of Helene van der Schalke is a lovely thing, subtle in colour, brilliant in lighting. The charm of the sitter lies not in her beauty, but in the odd elfishness of the grown-up little person in white dress and apron, basket on arm, playing the part of a good Dutch housewife.

"The Princess with the Parrot":

(By Mengs)

A quaint little person, mingling the stiff air of the Spanish Court with the charm of childhood! Mengs (1728-1779), who painted her, was a genius at sixteen. At eighteen he married, in Rome, the beautiful girl who posed as the Madonna for the picture which made him suddenly famous. Mengs, at thirty-three, was Court Painter to Charles the Third of Spain, and for ten years, warmed by the rich legacy of Velasquez, painted portraits. By his portraits he will live, and not the least part of his immortality will rest in his portraiture of children.

been washing over reality far too long already in the art of this country. Sex being the most important factor of human nature is naturally, and always will be, the fundamental root of good drama."

UNDER the witty nonchalance of Coward's demeanour there is a fine vein of sincerity and kindness. So, too, in his work, beneath the occasional flippancies and through the scathing satire or the wilful brilliance of aphorism, there are to be discerned purposeful honesty, an individual philosophy and idealism.

The fact remains that Noel Coward must be reckoned with as a serious dramatist. His sympathies may or may not be with certain characters or aspects of the dramas he creates, but his ideas and evaluations demand consideration.

IT is, however, not as a "straight" dramatist that Noel Coward has made his greatest assault upon popular estimation. Though in that sphere he has shown us that he can write about a widely-varied range of characters, from the hunting county folk of Horseback Hall to the middle-class intelligentsia of Heartbreak House (to use Shaw's aptly descriptive phrase), and though he can write a vehicle for a star (such as

shortly, is a musical work of ambitious form and amazing brilliance. In this, as in his other compositions, he demonstrates his extraordinary mastery, by himself doing book, lyrics and music. Indeed, he seems to conceive all three at once, writing the words while he hums the melody or jotting down harmonies while his brain revolves the verbal phrase.

AND all this has been achieved at an age when most young men are just settling down to their jobs and deciding whether or no they are on the right lines. Not yet thirty, Coward has made his mark in the drama of ideas, light comedy and musical entertainment. As an actor he has played important parts in his own and other notable plays, and he has conquered New York with even greater ease than he put London at his feet. He has had his failures and disappointments, and they have taught him everything except defeat. Successful, rich, courted, unspoiled and keen, this amazing young man looks about him for the next job of work with all the zest and enthusiasm that possessed him when, twenty years ago, he went with his mother to a Baker Street office to seek a thirty-shilling-a-week engagement in a kiddies' play.

THE WIFE OF THE DICTATOR: By William McFee

(Continued from page 52)

THE place was changed. A solid concrete pier curved round to the cay. The half-tide rock, where the old *Andromeda* hung for three weeks, had a lighthouse straddled on it. The town ran half-way up the bluff, and screened houses peeped from the trees along the lagoon, where a wireless station now stood.

The harbourmaster was a newcomer, a Swedish ship captain who had married a Costaraguan.

"Fuenmayor?" he said. "I'll ask my wife. But der's so many Fuenmayors in dis contree."

Even the *Cantina del Sol* was gone. The Bank of Costaragua had a concrete office on that corner. But the climate was the same. Sitting with the harbourmaster at a table on the sidewalk by the Hotel Bolivar, Captain Musker could reconstruct the scene of long ago. And at night, pacing the board walk towards the harbour, the fronds of the palmettos gleaming harshly in the arc lights as though they were made of painted iron, he surrendered himself to those reflections which in middle age afford us some compensation for the lost glories of youthful folly. He had no regrets save that in his mind there moved a wonder whether in his brief adventure here in Puerto Balboa he had exhausted all his resources, whether he might not have achieved a career for himself had he taken his courage in his hands and gone up into those huge silent ranges, which he could see from the harbour, with the sinister glare of forest fires showing up for a moment the lofty summits.

HE wondered, though he knew he was only playing with conjectures. The country had changed. There had been insurrections without number; death and destruction had swept over the land. Now they had a military dictatorship. A general, after defeating the liberals, had placed one of his own nominees in the presidential palace, and the country was "pacified." And this General Cipriano Marino was travelling to New York on the *Biskra*. Going to Washington to raise a loan, no doubt. Captain Musker gave Costaragua's political fortunes very little of his attention. He was thinking of the past and what might have happened if he had gone into the interior with Dolores instead of to the *Andromeda* and sailing away.

THEN, coming into the dining saloon and seeing, beside that dried-up grey-faced little shrimp in his heavily embroidered uniform of olive green khaki, a magnificent woman, loaded with jewels, fierce and arrogant in her pose, and with the face of Dolores! There was little cause for wonder at him stopping so short, as the observant Mr. De Courcy had related. But he had recovered at once and had taken his seat, with Senora Marino on his left.

There were others at that table, of course, and conversation, after murmured salutations, became general. He stole a look at her, and saw she was studying him with a frank, interested scrutiny. She hadn't changed so much, but he had. He knew that much about himself. Most men of forty-five are unrecognisable by those who have known them twenty-five years before. So are most women. But Dolores Marino had grown only more solid in texture, more assured and composed in manner.

IT was usual for interesting women to study Captain Musker. He was used to it. But now he couldn't make up his mind

whether she was merely interested, or whether she was interested because the sight of him awoke some dim long-slumbering memory of the past. And he discovered that he had not the courage to make himself known.

He looked at the General. Cipriano Marino, Dictator of Costaragua, was not a formidable-looking person at first glance, even when seated. He was short, and his dark-tanned face, with its hook nose, prong-like grey moustaches and high, flat cheeks disfigured with depigmented blotches of white skin, inspired the onlooker not so much with fear as with confusion, because his pale eyes, the colour of blonde beer, were seen blinking behind shell-rimmed glasses. He was so thin, so scraggy of the neck, so despicable in spite of his superb green and gold uniform, with the heavy incrustation of embroidered serpents' heads and the plumage of the hyacinthine macaw, the national emblem of Costaragua, on the high collar. And the reason for his insignificance was the powerful and radiating personality of his wife, in whose shadow he seemed to shrink and shiver, and meditate some appalling infamy.

Captain Musker withdrew his eyes. Senora Marino was speaking in expressive broken English. The rich, husky voice gave the Captain a queer sensation. The same! Her superb physique had always enthralled him when he thought of her, and out of it her voice had come in thrilling vibrating tones to dominate his heart, to hold him for those few days while the *Andromeda* had been held on her rock, and to echo through the caverns of memory.

UP on the bridge, looking from beneath the awning upon a star-strewn sea, Dolores Marino sat up suddenly in her deck chair and peered at Captain Musker's glowing cigar.

"How do you know my name?" she demanded uncertainly.

"How do I know you worked in the *Cantina del Sol*?" he replied. "Once I had a fight with you, Dolores, my *querida*. Have you so many fights with men that you forget the *Cantina del Sol*?"

"So that was the trouble," she muttered in Spanish. "I wondered where I had seen thee before. It was a long while since I was in the *Cantina del Sol*. Por dios! Thou art my lover Henriquez! Well!"

Suddenly she flung the gold-tipped trash she was smoking through the rail.

"Give me a cigarro," she demanded brusquely. "I have no fancy for these things."

HE passed her a cigar and her strong teeth bit the end. In the flare of the match he saw her eyes, hard, brilliant and amused. The spark from them suddenly ignited an inflammable charge in his heart lying thereunder years of useless lumber as though waiting for this moment to explode.

"The General is a big man, these days," he said, as though thinking aloud.

"He!" She gave a brief laugh.

"Why did you marry that . . . small person, Dolores?"

"You ask too much, but I will tell thee, my Henriquez. I married him because he could do as he pleased with me or any other woman in Costaragua. At the time of the revolution, when he shut that old bookworm, that grey bearded *cabra*, Miguel Castovar, in the president's palace and took over the government, he was a man to be feared."

"Castovar was a goat, eh?" said the Captain. "What do you call your general, I wonder?"

"A weazel, a *comadreja*," she laughed.

"Where did the weazel find you, Dolores?"

"My husband was Administrador of the Customs and Minister of Haciendas, if you know what that means," answered Senora Marino.

"It means he was rich," said Captain Musker drily.

"Very rich. And a speculator. He had bribed himself into the ministry and of course he took bribes. He was appointed by Castovar."

"Where is he now?" asked Captain Musker with some curiosity.

"I am not sure, but some say he is a waiter in Tequigalpa across the frontiers. The Dictator took over his offices and made out the divorce papers."

"Like that, eh? Dolores, how you must love your dictator!"

THERE was a silence, and the two cigars glowed. The captain gained a conviction that she did not love her dictator beyond reason, and he put this conviction into words whispered in her ear.

"He goes to Washington," she said sombrely, "to secure recognition for this new president he has appointed. I shall remain in New York. I have heard of it. Once Umberto, my other husband, took me to Paris. Is New York like Paris, Henriquez?"

"Far better," said Captain Musker. "I shall see you every day while the ship is in port. Do you remember the house behind the palms on the lagoon, Dolores?"

"Why ask me?" she sighed. "I remember it well. I was happy and you left me as a mule leaves his shoe on the trail."

"Well, and now you are a rich woman married to a great man."

"He lies on his back and snores like a pig," she remarked calmly. "He has a miserable soul."

"Are you going back to San Benito?" asked the Captain.

"He never discloses his plans. But I think he understands that the new president is planning a revolution on the Pacific side, where the people are discontented because the Dictator revoked the concessions for a railway. And he has not left Costaragua without providing for the future, my Henriquez."

"How happy you must be, Dolores, with your dictator!" Captain Musker said softly. "Listen, my friend," came the thrilling voice at his side. "Do not speak to me like that or I shall grow angry."

"Grow as angry as you like, Dolores, but don't forget I am in command of this ship and of you, too, for that matter. This is not the *Cantina del Sol*," and reaching out in the darkness Captain Musker laid hold of the woman's firm smooth shoulder. Suddenly he heard her laugh. She bent over and bit his hand.

"Henriquez, thou art the same murderous man! You shall show me New York."

AND as the ship sailed north, the idea burned and burned in his brain. He sat at his table, contemplating General Cipriano Marino, absorbed in his Latin moroseness, and wondering that such people existed in the modern world. General Marino knew no English and spoke to no one save the purser, who had communicated to Captain Musker the news that the General had placed

in his care several heavy strong boxes too large for the office safe. They were in the bullion chamber, under seal, he said.

IN the mind of Dolores, a strange piratical mind for a woman, the same idea burned. Only with her the idea took the shape, sharp and clear, of a new life under northern skies. All her life, which had been of necessity perilous and subjected to the passions of unscrupulous, desperate and nimble-witted men, blown hither and yon by the winds of war, she had accepted treachery as an integral factor of existence. Captain Musker had loved her and left her; and now, since Fate had flung them together again, she deemed it was her turn. To her untutored intelligence, this commander of a huge bright ship was as omnipotent as a general of armies.

And to do him justice, Captain Musker contemplated the future with an unusual pleasure. To him Dolores, with her fierce temperament and superb vitality, was a spiritual intoxication. She had that quality in which he delighted beyond measure, a vigorous belligerent personality, uncontaminated with the silly sophistication of so many modern women accustomed to men who are too lazy to pursue them.

So they dreamed each in the way life had inspired them and so absorbed were they in their dreams they never noticed that General Cipriano Marino was entertaining a dream of his own, a dream born of an insensate jealousy.

MR. De Courcy again. That efficient young officer was on the bridge with Mr. Popham, the chief mate, looking out for Hatteras. He knew the Captain was not far away. He had been aware all the voyage up that the Old Man was spending his time with that spiggotty woman, the wife of the General. He had heard old Drinkwater, the chief steward, tell the doctor that the military party in Suite Seven was going crazy. The electrician, sent to fix a fan, had had a gun poked in his face as he opened the door of Suite Seven.

So that night, Hatteras expected any moment, Mr. De Courcy wasn't at all surprised to discover Captain Musker, in his dress uniform, on the bridge all of a sudden.

"Look at the log, will you?" said the captain, and Mr. De Courcy at once hurried along the top deck to where the log extended from a boom on the rail. He had a flashlight in his hand of course, but he didn't need it to see that the two private deck chairs by the Number One boat were both empty. "She's gone down," he said to himself and gave the matter no more attention until General Cipriano Marino stepped out of the shadow of a ventilator with a revolver in his hand. "Looking ugly," said Mr. De Courcy, when he divulged the matter to Captain Musker later. What he did was in keeping with his alert and competent mind drilled by five years of naval discipline. He turned his flash on the tormented features of the distinguished passenger, who was disconcerted by finding nobody save this sharp youth he had never seen before, and snatched the blue barrelled automatic out of the hand which wavered uncertainly.

"LOOK here old chap, that's not allowed, you know." The thing suddenly described an arc over the rail. The passenger glared, "looking pretty sick about something, if you ask me, Sir," said Mr. De Courcy to the Captain, who hadn't.

BUT in spite of his silence, Captain Musker was alive to the significance of General Marino's presence up there on the top deck. It only hardened his determination to see the adventure through. Husbands who were wise behaved differently. The captain was much too clever, and in this case much too alive to his responsibilities, to justify revenge of that nature. He sent the doctor, who understood Spanish, to the General's suite. And he told Dolores Marino exactly what he had heard from Mr. De Courcy. She turned lazily in her chair and regarded him through half-closed eyes. "My Cipriano is sick, that is true," she said. "Sick with jealousy. Hast thou just discovered that, Henriquez?"

CAPTAIN Musker, celebrated for his gallantry, suddenly comprehended that this woman fed on jealousy as some spirits feed on honeydew. He ought to have known she would not take these things in a civilised way. That was part of her immense lure for him. He experienced a stab of doubt of the outcome.

"Why do you not put him in prison?" she demanded.

"Too many questions on arrival," he told her. "The doctor is looking after him. When he goes to Washington. . . ."

"He says he will not go to Washington," she replied. "He said to-night we shall never reach New York."

"And you are not afraid?"

"In San Benito, with his army round him I would be," she muttered. "I was six months in a fortress, underground, because he thought I had tried to kill him. That was before he married me," she added.

"You! In a prison."

"Well, I did try to kill him," she said simply. "The others were shot."

"Good God!" said Captain Musker to himself. To her he said nothing, only grasped her arm, firm, solid and powerful.

"Now I know what to do, my Henriquez."

IT was time to go. She stood up and went to the rail; she turned, and in the darkness shot by fugitive gleams reflected on the painted deck he saw her fierce eyes flashing.

"You remember, Henriquez, how I taught you to say *Vaya usted con Dios*?"

"I remember," he said. "You said it to me and I went."

"Say it now, then," she muttered, looking down suddenly, "and I will go. And I will see thee in New York."

MR. De Courcy, just off watch at midnight tapping at the Captain's door.

Captain Musker, lying down in his clothes—a single light, deep-shaded, said "Come in."

Mr. De Courcy had a communication to make. Had a *flair*, as the French say. While along to see the log again, leaning over the rail to haul it in from the boom, had seen something, far down emerge violently from a porthole and fall. Just a few minutes ago.

Captain Musker lay still. His unusually keen hearing had caught the sound of an unfamiliar scrape of feet outside. He waited. Then Mr. De Courcy, wondering, caught the sound. There was a knock at the outer door. A gesture from the Captain sent Mr. De Courcy silently into the chart-room closing the door after him. The young man stared at the chart, gleaming like a pool of delicate brilliance under the hooded lamp, and scratched his lip. He was worried by a suspicion whether the little chap from whom he had snatched the revolver and flung it overboard, had not been meditating suicide rather than murder. The sight of that amorphous bundle, resisting and clinging for a moment before dropping into the

dark water, had upset Mr. De Courcy. What were they saying in there? He suddenly decided to go round and turn in.

TO Captain Musker, sitting up and confronting his purser, doctor and steward, who had come to report the suicide of an important passenger, the problem was not to be escaped by turning in. The Senora Marino was in a state of collapse in the hospital, he was informed. General Cipriano Marino had climbed through the open window and just as his wife entered the room had plunged into the sea. "When was this?" asked the Captain. "That was just the trouble," said the Doctor.

Senora Marino was incoherent with grief. How long it was before she rang for assistance could only be conjectured. They were searching the ship as a matter of form, said the purser, but it seemed useless to discredit an eyewitness. The doctor said the General had been distraught in his manner while being attended that evening.

"Better write a report," said Captain Musker, and the officers retired.

BUT Captain Musker could not lie down again. It was not so simple as these people imagined. He had a feeling as of waking up half stunned, just after some terrific explosion, wondering where he was and whether he was alive now or in some previous existence. As the great ship vibrated faintly to the thrust of her propellers he seemed to come to the surface again in a world of extraordinary clarity and calm. Captain Musker, celebrated and even envied for his gallantry, seeing what he had let himself in for, suddenly realised also that the past can never come back. Only the joyous buoyancy of youth can enable us to sail through the rapids and maelstroms of a passionate romance. For him, commander of the *Biskra*, twelve thousand tons, there was no return to the young Harry Musker, second mate of the poor rotten old *Andromeda* ashore in Puerto Balboa. And yet there was a tremor in his heart as he thought of what he would be giving up, of what that magnificent creature might do if she for a moment suspected him of treachery. He had bade her "Go with God," and she had gone. She had made him promise to come to her in New York and she would expect him, her lover of old, to come.

He was pondering the subject when the superintendent entered his cabin.

"Bad thing, this, Musker," he said, sitting down and taking a cigar. "Nothing to do with you, though. We'll take it up with Washington, after the inquiry. Now you're for vacation, as you know, and as a rule we'd be keeping you here to look after things until she sails for Egypt. But the *Sonambula* is sailing this afternoon for Liverpool to refit, and you'll take her."

HIGH in a palatial suite of an hotel like a vast Babylonian tower from whose windows could be seen the great curves of the bridges and the lights of ships going down the rivers to the sea, Dolores Marino lay on a gilt and crimson lounge and gazed out upon this monstrous and gorgeous city of light, so different from the chill and sombre silence of San Benito. She lay there in a mood of calm content and anticipation, regretting nothing and unwitting of the future. She lay there with an occasional glance at the gold clock on the table beside her, waiting for Captain Musker, who at that moment, as the *Sonambula* sailed eastward, was staring reflectively towards the lights of the pleasure harbours on Fire Island, and the distant glare of the great city.

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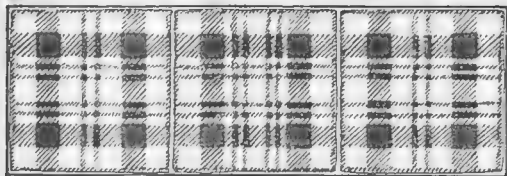
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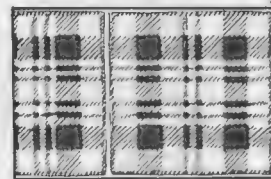
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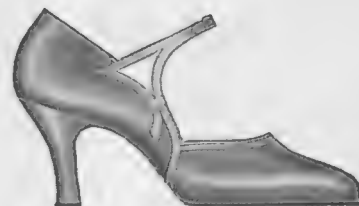
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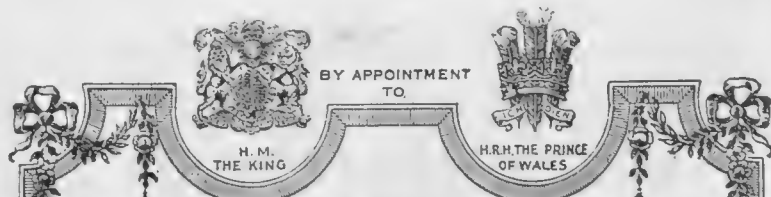
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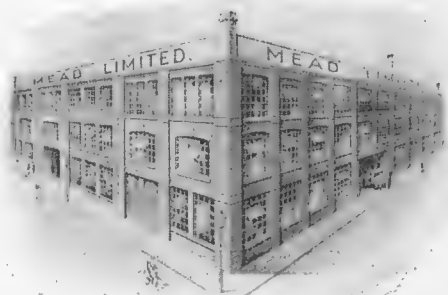
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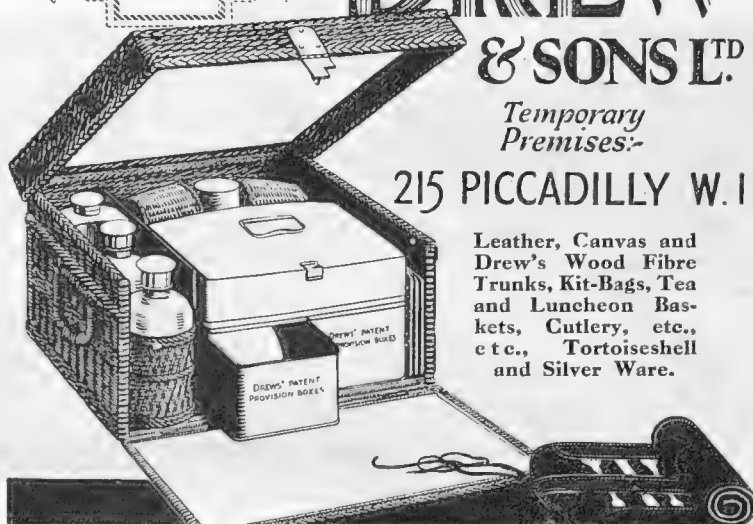
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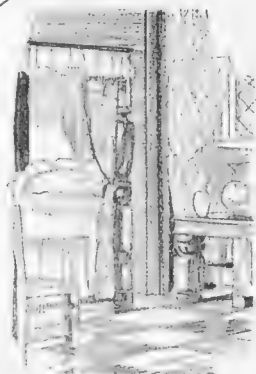
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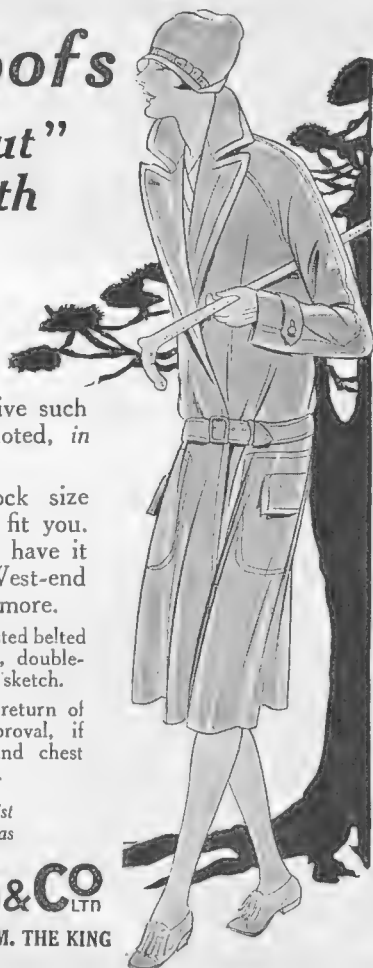
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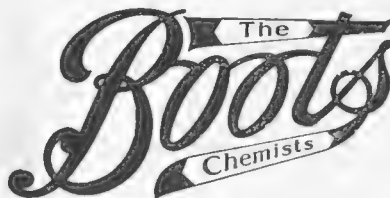
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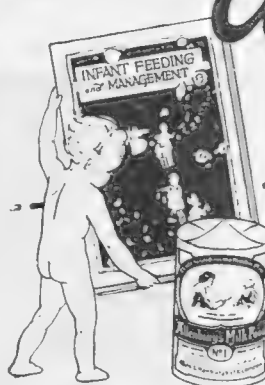
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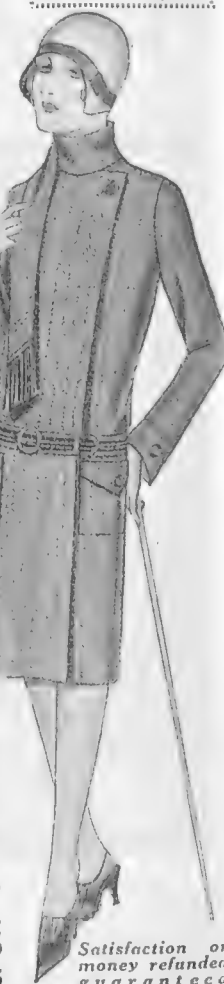
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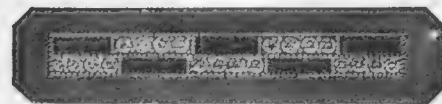
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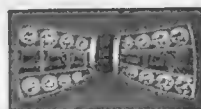
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and Jewelry

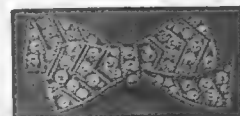
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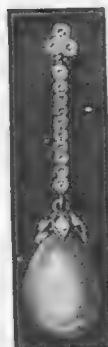
Charming Kessla Diamond and Gem Bar Brooch
£1 0 0



Selected Kessla Diamond
and Gem Bow Brooch.
£1 0 0



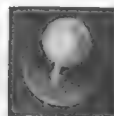
Dainty Kessla Diamond
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with specially
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Pearl Drop.
£1 0 0 per pair.



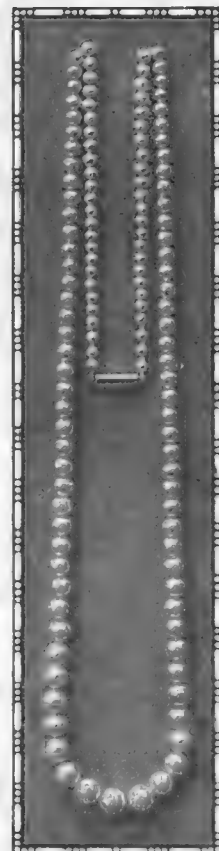
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finest Kessla
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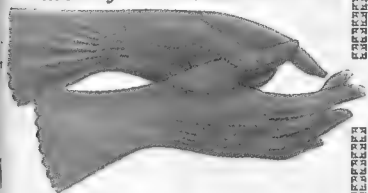
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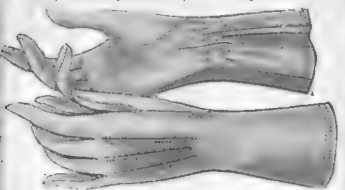
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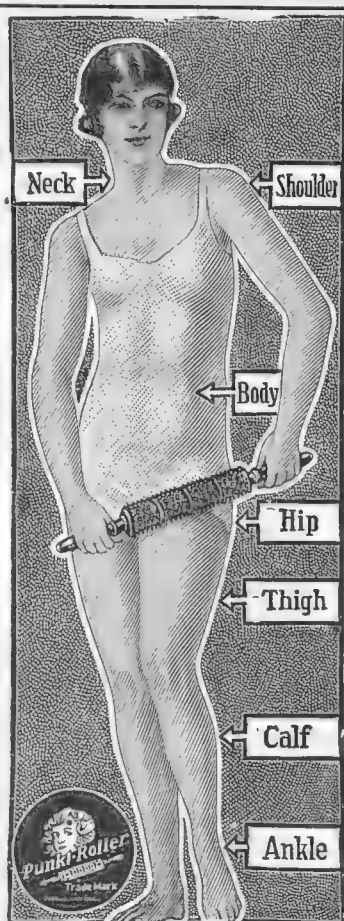
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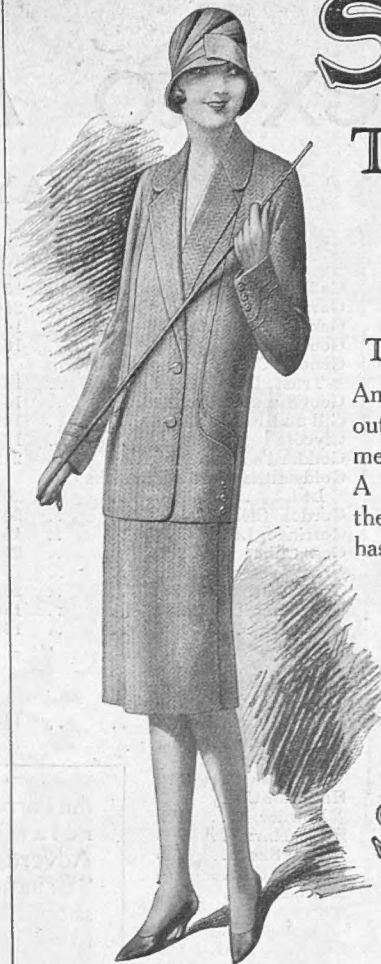
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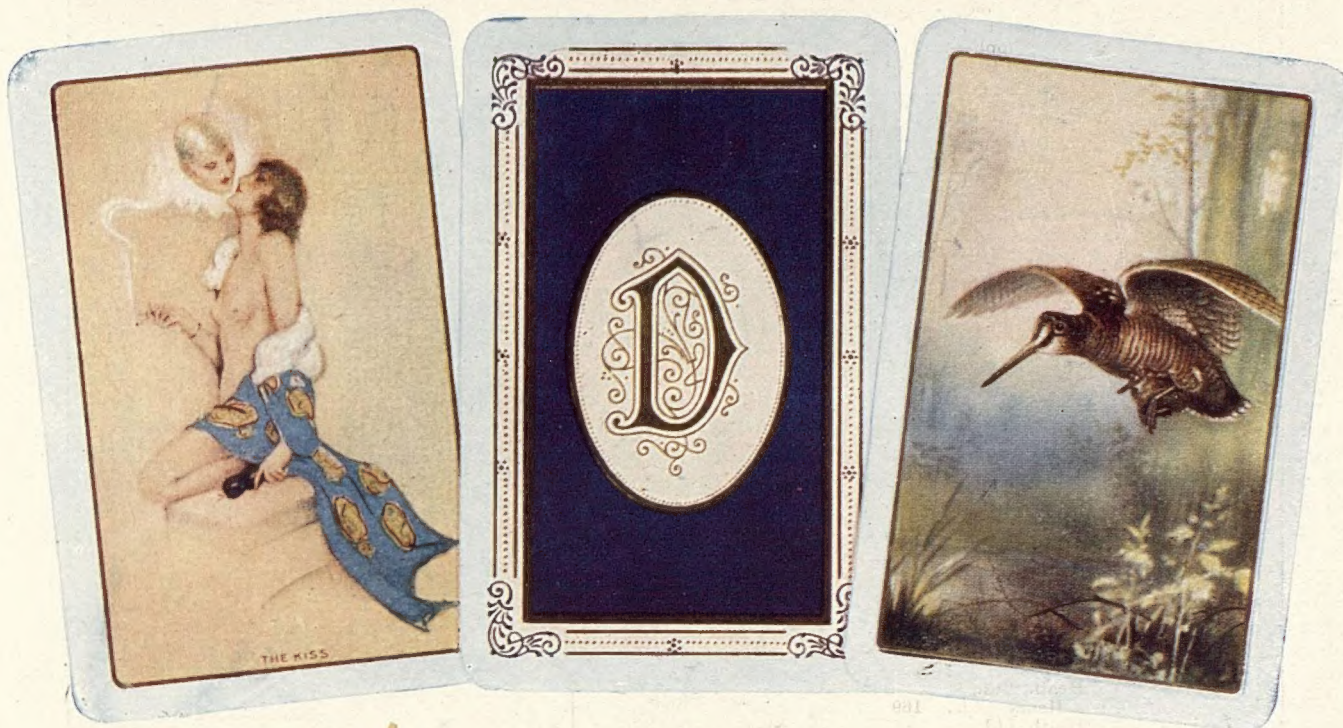
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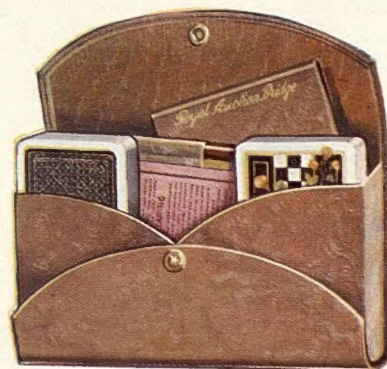
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